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TRAVELS OF THE RUSSIAN MISSION
*through Mongolia to China, and Residence
in Peking, in the Years 1820, 1821. By
George Timkowski; with Corrections and
Notes by Julius von Klaproth. 2 vols. 8vo.
11. 10s. London: Longman & Co. 1827.*

THE unfortunate results that attended the only two missions which have yet been sent from England to China—that of Lord Macartney, in 1793, and of Lord Amherst in 1816—have hitherto tended, not only to embarrass our slender and precarious relations with that empire, but almost to shut us out from any sort of further intercourse with it, which might extend our acquaintance with its national history, literature, manners, and institutions. To the intelligent gentlemen who have left us their different accounts of those missions; particularly to Sir George Staunton, Messrs. Eneas Anderson, Clarke Abel, Barrow, and Ellis, we are indebted for a great portion of the authentic information we possess concerning China. To Sir George Thomas Staunton, the worthy successor of his celebrated father, the

Patre docto filius doctior,

if we may be excused the parody, we owe still greater obligations in this respect. His work on the "Laws of China," his "Translation of the Narrative of the Chinese Embassy to the Khan of the Tourgout Tartars," and his Treatise on the Literature and Trade of that jealous and mysterious Empire, have contributed to extend our knowledge of it far beyond what, under the circumstances, we had any probable reason to expect.

But still we remain almost wholly ignorant of the face and condition, population and manners, of the interior provinces of China. The members of the two missions had few opportunities, and those very brief and unsatisfactory, of seeing the country between the eastern coast and Peking; their acquaintance with that capital was still more restricted, as they passed through, or resided in it as prisoners; and if they have transmitted to us somewhat more copious and more interesting descriptions of the territory, situated between Peking and Canton, these only serve to deepen our regret that writers so highly accomplished, and so successful in turning to the best use all the

materials that came in their way, should have been prevented by a miserable policy, from pursuing their inquiries over the whole empire.

That the time is approaching when the experiment of a third mission may be made, with greater prospects of good fortune, we have little hesitation in believing. Our Indian dominions have recently made such considerable strides towards the "celestial empire," and the enemies of our power in that quarter have been so signally humbled, that it is but reasonable to suppose, that, under these new circumstances, his Chinese Majesty would feel inclined rather to court than to deprecate our alliance. Besides, we imagine, that we can trace in the recent accounts from China, scanty as they are, some symptoms of incipient improvement among the native authorities; some little heretical backslidings from the orthodox gravity and reserve of former ages. We have fancied even, that we could discern in the Chinese horizon some flickering beams—the *avant couriers*—of that light, which within the last ten years has increased so prodigiously in Europe. It was, therefore, with no ordinary feeling of curiosity that we opened the long promised volumes now before us, as we hoped that, even if indifferently executed, they would enable us to make a favourable comparison between the China of 1793, and that of 1820.

Nor have we been altogether disappointed. We must indeed regret that the task of writing the account of the Russian mission to Peking had not fallen into abler hands than those of Mr. Timkowski. We do not expect to find in every country, particularly not, as yet at least, in Russia, a Staunton or a Barrow; but we should hope that the public service of that empire boasts of many officers of greater intelligence, abilities, and knowledge, than the gentleman who performed the double duties of inspector and author on the present occasion. In the lowest departments of our revenue establishment, individuals might be found much more competent than he appears to be, to the various exigencies of the station which he fulfilled. His descriptions of the country which he traversed between Siberia and Peking, are remarkably jejune and monotonous. Novel objects seem to make but a slight impression on his mind, and hence he speaks of them with as much indifference as if they had been fami-

liar to him all his life. He is credulous in the extreme. He sets down on loose hearsay statements of the most extravagant kind, without taking the least trouble to ascertain whether they were true or false. He evinces not only a want of judgment in the compilation of his materials, but occasionally the grossest ignorance in the use that he makes of them. So indolent, or so diffident is he, in seeing and observing with his own eyes, and noting with his own pen, that he prefers to depend on the labours of other writers who preceded him, and from whom he copies scores of pages, sometimes even without acknowledgment.

Many of these redundant extracts, his commentator, the learned and judicious Klaproth, has properly omitted. Several of his most material errors have been also corrected by the same hand. But much still remains to fatigue the reader, who is accustomed to the luminous and animated narratives of our own travellers. Too large a portion has also been translated, of matter that is not only antiquated but apocryphal, the publication of which might, for aught we know, be sufficiently suitable to the present state of literary taste in Russia, but is with us extremely objectionable for its proximity and nonsense.

Under all these disadvantages, however, we consider Mr. Timkowski's work as deserving of attention, not only on account of the details with which it furnishes us respecting those parts of Mongolia and China which he visited, but inasmuch as his volumes are among the very few useful contributions to literature which Russia has yet produced. It is, besides, an indication of the enlightened domestic policy which was acted upon by the late Emperor Alexander, that, although the Russian government has had a regularly established religious and scientific mission at Peking, for about a century, which has been usually renewed every ten years, the present journal is the first that has been published under the imperial sanction and patronage. Indeed, with the exception of Lawrence Lange, who was attached to the mission in 1727, none of its members appear to have drawn up, or at least to have preserved, any account of its proceedings. His work was published in the *Nordische Beiträge* of the celebrated Pallas, but has never appeared in any other than the German language. It is, therefore, natural enough that Mr. Lloyd (who has re-translated Timkowski's volumes from the French version, which was made under the revision of Klaproth,) should inquire "what advantages literature and science have derived from the Russians having thus possessed, for a hundred years, an opportunity which, if allowed to natives of England, France, or Germany, would most probably have long since made us fully acquainted with every thing relative to the history, the institutions, the government, &c., of this great empire, and its extensive dependencies?" To this question, as far as we know, he is correct in saying, that "no satisfactory answer can be given."

The treaty of peace, to which the Russian mission owes its establishment at Peking, was concluded on the 14th of June, 1728. It is composed of six ecclesiastical and four lay

members. The avowed object of the former is to perform the spiritual duties for such Russians as are permitted to reside at Peking; for which purpose they are allowed to have two houses of worship. The lay members of the mission are young men, "who are obliged to study the Mantchoo and Chinese languages, and to acquire an accurate knowledge of China," under the pretext, that such knowledge is necessary for the officers who are employed in the Russian custom-houses on the frontiers. All the members of the mission reside in a vast building, called the Kouan.

The mission to which Timkowski was attached as inspector, left Petersburg in 1819, in order to relieve the one which had been at Peking since the commencement of 1808. It arrived on the 1st of July, 1820, at Kiakhta, the frontier town of Siberia; and left that place on the 31st of August, for Peking. Its course was through Mongolia, and the desert of Gobi—an arid and excessively uninteresting country, which Timkowski has rendered, if possible, still more so, by the prosaic dulness of his descriptions. We shall therefore suffer him to pursue his journey undisturbed, until we find him passing under an arched gate through the "Great Wall," which has been now in existence upwards of sixteen centuries.

"This wall, observes our author, is properly composed of two thin walls, the top of which is crenated; the interval is filled up with earth and gravel. The foundations consist of large unhewn stones; the rest of the wall is of brick; its height is twenty-six feet, and its breadth at the top, fourteen. Towers, in which there are many cast-iron cannon, are placed at about an hundred paces from each other; the great tower is decayed from age; the gate is much damaged, as well as the adjacent wall. No care is now taken to keep it in repair."—vol. i. pp. 300, 310.

On the second day after passing the wall, the mission reached the suburbs of Peking: "the noise, the bustle, and the crowd announced the vicinity of the most populous city in the world," which they entered in procession on the 2d of December. The narratives of the British missions to China are particularly defective on the subject of private houses. The following information respecting them will therefore be the more acceptable.

"I am able to give some general information respecting the Chinese houses, because the hotel of the Legation, as well as the Russian convent in Peking, is built in the manner of the country. All the dwellings, from the hut of the artisan, to the palace of the rich man, are of one story, and built of brick, and stand in a court-yard which is always surrounded with a high stone wall, so that from the street nothing is to be seen but the roof. Shops joining to the houses are an exception. Large windows, with paper instead of glass, occupy almost the whole of the front, which is always turned towards the south, as far as the situation will allow. The windows of the convent have Muscovy glass, which is a kind of mica; the rooms are tolerably high, and hung with white or coloured paper. In most houses, in all

the shops, and even in the palace of the Emperor, remarkable sentences of celebrated philosophers and poets, are written on these hangings, as well as on white, red, or other coloured paper; these inscriptions are called *touitsun*. In the houses of the rich, the doors and partitions are of costly woods, such as camphor and cypress, and adorned with carved work. Besides being agreeable to the eye, they diffuse a pleasing perfume in the apartment. The tables and chairs, made of the finest wood, are highly varnished and polished. Large houses have a whole range of rooms which have no communication with each other, but all open into a covered gallery supported on pillars, which runs in front of them.

"There are no (open) stoves in the rooms, which are heated by coals placed in copper vessels made for the purpose, or in hollows contrived under large stone benches; these benches are placed under the windows or along the opposite wall, and serve as seats during the day, and as beds by night. The form of the roofs of the Chinese houses is well known in Europe: they are not flat, as in the hot countries of the east; but high and concave from the top to the edges, which project beyond the walls of the houses, and are curved a little upwards, something like the summer houses in our European gardens. Some travellers have remarked that these roofs resemble the form of the dwellings of the primitive inhabitants, that is to say, the tents of the Nomadic tribes.* All the buildings are covered with tiles, which are sometimes glazed with a green, red, or yellow varnish. Here, however, there are rules for every thing, and according to these, only the imperial buildings and the temples may be covered with yellow tiles; those of princes and great men, with green; for other houses grey tiles are used. In other respects the style of the houses differs only in such particulars as the locality, and the circumstances of the proprietors, naturally cause. Thus the houses in the southern provinces differ from those of Peking."—vol. i. pp. 322—324.

It gives us great pleasure to learn from Timkowski, that Father Hyacinth, who was a member of the former mission, has "translated, from the Chinese into Russian, a history of China, and a complete geographical description of all the countries subject to that empire." We trust that this work will not be secreted among the archives of the Russian government, but that it will be published without delay. Illustrated by Klapproth, and transferred to our language by the judicious translator of the volumes before us, it would form a most desirable accession to our literature. The same learned Father has also composed a Chinese dictionary, according to the Russian alphabet, which, if it were published with the addition of an explanation in Latin or French, would greatly facilitate the acquisition of the Chinese in every part of Europe.

Our author is careful to remark the vicissi-

tudes of the weather, which took place during his stay at Peking. Thus, under the date of the 15th of December, he observes:—

"The weather had been very fine since our arrival at Peking; on this day the sky became gloomy, and snow fell."

"December 16.—The wind during the night was very violent, and in the morning the thermometer was ten degrees below Zero."

With a carelessness, not at all unusual with him, our author a few pages after says:—

"December 19.—During the night we had, for the first time, a fall of snow; the weather throughout the day was misty and cold."

Upon the whole, we collect that during the six months which our author spent at Peking, the weather he experienced there did not differ very materially from that which he might have encountered in the same season, in England; with this exception, that Peking is liable to violent storms, which sweep over the Yellow Sea, and in their progress collect from the coast clouds of sand, which are sometimes so dense, that they cause an extraordinary degree of darkness.

Upon the subject of clothing, we meet with the following remarks:—

"Clothing in general, and especially for the men, is very expensive. The Manchooks and Chinese of all ranks must have a particular dress for every season of the year, and persons in office put on three at once, not to mention those for court and holidays. This extravagance involves the Manchook officers in considerable expense, and obliges even the most distinguished men to have recourse to the pawnbrokers; they pledge the clothes which they do not want, and redeem those which they had previously pawned, and which they require for the season.

"On account of the heat of the climate (in summer) the Chinese wear very wide garments. The principal one is a long robe lined, which much resembles the Russian dress, only that the officers have them open both before and behind. Over this robe they wear one with wide sleeves, which in its shape is like that of the Russian clergy. The poor people make their dresses of calico or nankeen; those of the rich are of flowered silk, and sometimes of cloth or kerseymer. The favourite colour is blue, next violet and black. Green, pink, and particularly rose-coloured, are mostly adopted by the women.

"In winter the robe is lined with a wadding of cotton, but rich people use for this purpose squirrel and sheep-skin of superior quality, arctic fox and sable. Persons of fashion wear in winter the upper robe of sable, or of black cat's skin, tipped with white, which is highly esteemed; the fur is worn outside to show its beauty. These upper robes are sometimes no longer than our spencers; as they are very light and convenient, they are worn when riding on horseback. The girdle is silk, but more frequently of worsted or tape, with a handsome buckle in front: the sword hangs on the left side, and also a knife in an elegantly varnished, or tortoise-shell sheath, together

* Mr. Buckingham adduces a striking instance of this resemblance, in his *Travels through Mesopotamia*.—Rev

with little ivory sticks, which serve instead of forks. On the right side hangs an embroidered silk purse, containing a snuff-box, and in summer also a fan, which the men use as well as the women. For the sake of symmetry, to which great attention is paid by the Chinese on all occasions, they wear on the left side a similar bag filled with spices, which they eat at dinner to season their food. Under this robe is one very light, of silk or linen, which answers to the chemise; but this is not in general use, and is but rarely washed. This want of cleanliness, which we meet with even among persons of rank, is the more disagreeable, as the Chinese, unlike all the other nations of the east, are either unacquainted with the bath, or but seldom wash their bodies; they even consider it unhealthy to bathe in summer. They use neither pocket-handkerchiefs, nor napkins at table; a piece of paper answers the purpose. Their trowsers are either of nankeen or silk; the greater part of the Chinese have their boots made of these materials, but the rich have theirs of black satin. Shoes are also worn, the soles of which, as well as of the boots, are very stiff and inconvenient, being made of papier mâché an inch thick. Persons of distinction wear oval caps of cherry-coloured satin, with a black border and red tassel. The border as well as the dress varies according to the seasons; in summer it is made of velvet, and in winter, of sheep-skin or sable.

"The caps or hats worn in summer, are in the form of a cone or funnel. They are of bamboo, so finely platted, and with so much taste, that if they were of a different shape they might be adopted by European ladies. The caps of public functionaries are surmounted with a button, the colour of which announces their rank. Persons of the lower class generally wear a nankeen jacket, and little felt caps like those of the Lithuanians, which are exchanged in summer for those made of straw. The men shave their hair on the forehead and temples, and braid the remainder in a tail, which hangs down the back. A long braid is considered as a great ornament; it is frequently an arshen and a half in length, and false hair is frequently resorted to, to supply the deficiency of nature.

"The dress of the women differs but little from that of the men. They comb and arrange their hair with much taste and elegance, and seldom cover their heads. Artificial flowers, rich pins of gold or precious stones, and beautiful butterflies, form an agreeable contrast with their black hair."—vol. i. pp. 352—355.

The translator speaks in his preface of the Russian mission at Peking, as the only one from any Christian nation permitted to be established there. How is this assertion to be reconciled with the fact, that a Portuguese mission resides at this moment at Peking, and has been fixed there from a period we believe long before that of Russia? Tinkowski mentions this mission in terms that savour not a little of religious and national jealousy. He says, that "the Portuguese reside at Peking, in the capacity of members of the astronomical and mathematical academy," and leaves it to be inferred that they would not be suffered

to continue there, if the Chinese government did not stand in need of their assistance for "compiling the Almanack."

We suspect also that our Russian has been biased by sectarian and national prejudices, in his account of the persecutions to which the Roman Catholics were subjected some years ago.

We were told that the Catholic Missionaries had incurred the displeasure of the Chinese government, by their too ardent zeal in making proselytes, by the law-suits concerning their revenues, and by the continual disputes between the different European priests residing in China. In 1805 the persecution was very violent; it was chiefly directed against the Chinese, and still more the Mantchoos, who had embraced the Christian religion. The following was the origin of it:

"The Italian, French, and Spanish Jesuits had, by common consent, sent letters to their brethren in Europe, and reports to Rome of the number and situation of their flocks, and of their success in propagating the Gospel. A Roman Jesuit, named Paul, had even sent to the Pope a Chinese, seventeen years of age, of promising talents, and chosen, as had been done previously, from among the poorer class. But the devout zeal of the fathers for the head of the Romish church went still farther; one of them, called Adeodatus, who followed the business of clock-maker to the court at Youang-ming Youan, and was at the same time a skilful topographer, drew a map of a Chinese province, on which he noted a great village, the inhabitants of which had embraced the Christian religion; the places and several particularities were written in Chinese characters, with the Latin pronunciation. I was assured that this map had been sent to the Pope by the Jesuits of the French and Italian convents at Peking, accompanied by bitter complaints against the Portuguese ecclesiastics, and detailed accounts of the revenues and landed property of which the latter had taken possession. All these papers, as well as the young Chinese, were sent direct to Canton to be embarked on board the first ship for Europe; but the messenger of the Jesuits was stopped on the way, probably by the machinations of the Portuguese, and conducted to Peking. The papers were laid before the Emperor Kia-king, who was of a pusillanimous and suspicious character; the map immediately filled him with violent suspicions, for he thought that the Pope could not pretend to extend his authority over a part of the celestial empire, which is separated from the whole world by the ocean, by lofty mountains, and desolate steppes. All the European priests of the Catholic religion were summoned to the palace of Youang-ming Youan, where they were shown the letters and map.

"As the authors of the letters confessed having written them, the others received permission to return to their convents. The person who had drawn the map was sent to the common prison, and at the end of a hundred days was transferred to Jehu, his convent demolished, and the Jesuits received from the treasury an indemnification of 3,400 silver ru-

bles. These events occurred towards the end of July, in 1805.

"In consequence of this occurrence, a fresh persecution was commenced against the Christians. They wanted to oblige them to trample upon the cross, and to abjure their errors; those who refused, were threatened with death. At Peking many thousand persons were discovered who had embraced the Christian religion, even among the members of the imperial family and mandarins. The enraged monarch commanded that the common people should remain unmolested, and directed all his vengeance against the members of his family. He appointed a special commission composed of the director-general of the police at Peking (Ti-tou), of a prince of the blood, and the president of the department of criminal affairs, and ordered all those who obstinately refused to abjure Christianity to be imprisoned and tortured in the most cruel manner, after having been deprived of their rank and fortune; to be beaten on their cheeks and thighs, to have incisions made in the soles of their feet, and the wound filled with horse hair, finely cut, then closed with a plaster and sealed up. It is affirmed that such tortures had never before been practised in China.

"Several of these miserable beings, chiefly Chinese soldiers, lost their courage during these tortures, but the majority remained faithful to their religion. In the sequel, the president of the criminal tribunal having learnt that in his own house nearly all his relations and servants were Christians, was less rigorous in his examinations, and more indulgent towards the Christians. An order was issued for seizing, in the four Catholic convents in Peking, all works relating to the Christian religion, written in Chinese or Mantchoo, as well as the blocks which served for printing them, but the priests succeeded in saving the greater part.

"Thus the distrustful character of the Chinese, and the indiscreet zeal of the Jesuits, in sending the map and the young Chinese to the Pope, were the principal causes of the persecution against the Roman Catholic Christians; for otherwise the Chinese government is in many respects distinguished for its great toleration."—vol. i. pp. 363—367.

We add the following paragraphs, which appear to furnish a key to the author's national wishes on this subject. It is not at all improbable that the Russian missionaries were, at bottom, the real instigators of the persecutions, which our author has not even the decency to deplore.

"Father Hyacinth told us that a short time before the arrival of the new Mission, one of the lawyers or procurators general of the empire, had represented to Kia-king the necessity of passing a law concerning the Roman Catholics living at Peking.

"Several members of the tribunal of foreign affairs insinuated that it would be better to fill the places of astronomers with the Russian ecclesiastics or students at Peking instead of the Roman Catholic Missionaries. The Chinese have long been desirous of driving away the latter, who maintain their ground only by virtue of an ordinance of the Emperor Kanghi."—vol. i. p. 367.

Our author has interwoven with his narrative, descriptions of Eastern Turkestan, or Little Bucharia, of the country of the Sungarians, and of Tibet, which we shall take leave to pass over, as besides leading us away from the main subject, they are borrowed for the most part from sources upon which little dependence can be placed.

The Russian mission is certainly treated in a very different manner at Peking, from either of the missions which the British government sent to that capital. During the stay of our officers in China, they were watched as if they had been so many spies, and kept close in quarters as if they had been a company of mutineers. The Russians, on the contrary, appear to have free access to all parts of Peking, and to lounge and loiter about wherever they like. We can easily imagine the feelings of Lord Amherst, or Mr. Ellis, on reading the following passage:—

"January 3d.—We visited to-day the shops of the merchants, situated, for the most part, in the Chinese suburb of Vai-lo-tching.

"At the commencement of the street of Lieou-li-tchang, which is very narrow and dirty, there are several booksellers' shops. They sell Chinese and Mantchoo books, which they keep ready bound, and in good order; but when we come to examine them, we soon discover that many of them are imperfect. The Chinese booksellers, like many of ours, will ask five times as much as a book is worth: they try to put off copies which want some leaves, or are composed of the sheets of three or four different works. You must be very much on your guard to avoid being imposed upon: the same mistrust, indeed, is necessary in the purchase of other articles. The best books, and chiefly historical ones, are printed at the imperial press, where the booksellers of Peking and other towns buy them at prices fixed by the government. This press, likewise, publishes every two days, a gazette containing the extraordinary events which occur in the empire, ordinances, and especially a list of the promotions and favours granted by the emperor, such as yellow robes and peacocks' feathers, which are equivalent to orders of knighthood in Europe; the punishment of Mandarins who have been guilty of misconduct, &c.

"Printers and even booksellers have copper and wooden plates engraved for works of minor interest; as many copies are printed off as are required, and which are sold at arbitrary prices. Very neat and legible characters, printed on fine paper, enhance the price of the work. Moveable types cannot be used for the Chinese language: their best paper is made of cotton.

"Further on, in the same street, are the jewellers' shops, where they sell pictures, articles sculptured in jasper, ivory, and fine wood for ornamenting apartments, the workmanship of which is very good. We also see glass wares, varnished porcelain, &c.; every thing of the best quality. There are even things which come from the imperial palace, and which the eunuchs contrive to carry off, and sell at a low price to the shopkeepers; likewise English goods imported into Canton.

"Near each gate of the town, between the southern wall and the canal, we meet with sad-

dled asses for the use of the public. The Chinese mount these animals to go from one gate to another, for which they pay ten tchokhi, or about four copecks in copper: they are likewise used to carry light burdens. In winter, the canals being frozen over, they are crossed in a kind of sledge which contains several persons, and is drawn by one man. We were told that people often travel from Peking to the southern provinces in little carts drawn by men—a melancholy consequence of the too numerous population, which is destitute of means to obtain a better livelihood. The extent of China is disproportionate to the number of the inhabitants, and the ground is exhausted by incessant cultivation.

"Near the wall of the town are caverns, which serve as habitations for the poor. It is impossible to form an idea of the deplorable spectacle presented by these unhappy people. Almost destitute of clothing, and covered with fragments of mat, they haunt the shops of the mercantile quarters, and when they have received a few tchokhi, return and hide themselves in their caves."—vol. ii. pp. 12—14.

Our author was unable to learn whether there existed at Peking, any hospital or other charitable institution for the poor. During the four months of winter, however, boiled rice is distributed among them, from the magazines which are established to receive part of the imposts in kind. In one of the suburbs there is a public school, which was founded and liberally endowed in 1682, by a member of the present dynasty. The land force, composed from the four nations of the empire—the Mantchoos, the Mongols, the Oudjenthookhas (partly Mantchoos and partly Chinese,) and the native Chinese—is stated by our author to amount to the number of 740,000 men, besides the irregular light Mongol cavalry, which, in their organization and the nature of their service, resemble the Cossacks of the Don. The Chinese soldiers, both foot and cavalry, are exercised chiefly in the use of the bow, the matchlock and artillery. According to our author, who appears to have inquired into the subject with more than his usual industry, the "celestial army" is not a very formidable one. The soldiers acquire little dexterity in any of their exercises. Naturally of weak constitutions, and accustomed to an indolent life, few of them have strength to draw the bow. It appears that they are obliged to furnish their own muskets, and that they are generally so poor, as to be compelled to borrow one from a neighbour when summoned on duty. "The musket besides has no ramrod, the powder is weak, and consequently, the shot wants force and accuracy. Lastly, they hold the piece elevated for fear the ball should fall out. Their artillery is in a miserable condition." If this be a correct representation of the military resources of the Chinese, it is manifest that the principal cause of the suspicion and jealousy exercised against the British missions, arose from the apprehension that they might perceive too clearly "the nakedness of the land"—"the rottenness of the state of Denmark." We are further told, though the information is not new, that the naval force of China is still more insignificant

than the army. Her ships of war are few, ill-built, and miserably equipped.

We have not room to enter into any of the religious ceremonies which our author witnessed at Peking. But as there are some countries in the west of Europe—the first too, as they deem themselves, in the march of civilization—which think it necessary that there should be only one state religion, and that this religion should domineer over all the rest, we shall take leave to submit to their attention the evidence of Mr. Timkowski, as to the policy of the Chinese government on this subject.

"March 20.—The Chinese Christian, Pierre Bourjoie, told me that the procurator-general of one of the southern provinces had sent a report to the emperor respecting several Chinese who had been condemned for having embraced the Christian religion. The emperor asked in what their crime consisted. The mandarin replied that they had abandoned the faith of their ancestors, to follow foreign doctrine. The emperor finding nothing in this action which could disturb the tranquillity of the empire, ordered them to be sent home at the expense of government."—vol. ii. p. 86.

So much for the short sightedness of the Chinese sovereign, who did not foresee that this Christian was guilty of "a divided allegiance," that it was his object to pull down "the church" and "throne," and to murder all who differed from him in opinion, in their warm beds! But what will the enlightened Viscount Mandeville, what will the sagacious Earl of Winchelsea, what will the wise Lord Kenyon say, when they hear that—"All religions are tolerated in China!"—that "the policy of the Mantchoo court has adopted the maxim of leaving every man to believe what he pleases!"—"We do not credit it, cry the noble bigots, for if such a policy were adopted, the dynasty would not hold its seat a single hour." Here again we answer in the words of our author. "This tolerance," he says, "consolidates the power of the emperor over the different nations which live under his sceptre." "The Mantchoo," he adds, "who blindly believes in the priests of Fo; the Chinese, who follows the laws of Confucius and Laotsu; the Mongol, a zealous follower of Boudha; the Turkestan, the disciple of Mahomet, enjoy equally the protection of the laws, and (direful consequence!) live upon friendly terms with each other. The priority of origin and of power, and the different degrees of civilization, are the only characteristics which distinguish these nations." Thus we see, that England, refined in arts and predominant in arms, has still a useful lesson to receive in the science of policy and justice, from the "barbarous," "ignorant," "superstitious," "besotted" Chinese!

A few characteristic features of Peking remain to be noticed, which, as marking a capital so rarely described, deserve attention. The principal class of its inhabitants, is composed of the Mantchoo troops; the second class, of merchants and artisans. The population of the capital has been variously stated. We believe it may be safely considered, as exceeding two millions, of whom, it is said, there are at least fifty thousand persons, who, being without employment, have recourse for their subsistence to

robbery and cheating. If so, they must be eminently dexterous in their vocation, or the police must be peculiarly on the alert, as our author says, that during the six months of his residence there, he did not hear "of one single robbery of importance!" Hear this ye genii of the Mansion-house and Bow-street.

Fires are of rare occurrence in Peking, owing, perhaps, to the general use of close stoves in which coals are burnt. The Chinese are distinguished for their precautions against such accidents. They have fire-engines, though of a construction inferior to those of Europe.

Anderson, who accompanied Lord Macartney, says, in his description of Peking, that "there are no carriages standing in the streets for the convenience of the inhabitants, like our hackney coaches in London." If he was correct, things appear to have mended since his time, as Tinkowski informs us, that "wherever two streets meet, and at every bridge, there are two-wheeled carriages, answering the same purposes as hackney coaches in Europe. They are lined with satin and velvet, and drawn by mules or horses." Nay, he adds, the great people, and especially the ladies, use sedan chairs. In the time of Lord Macartney, and even more lately, in that of Lord Amherst, the private carriages of the ambassadors and suite were objects of endless curiosity. But now, it seems "there are many officers in Peking who have their own carriages and horses." These are decided symptoms of improvement. We subjoin a few other traits of this vast metropolis.

"The internal commerce for the supply of the capital is extremely active. The southern provinces, especially those situated beyond the river Kiang, may be considered as the centre of the inland trade. They produce tea, rice, cotton, and silk. There are manufactories of silk, especially at Hang-tcheou and Sou-tcheou, which are considered as a terrestrial paradise; also manufactories of porcelain, ink, furniture, and lackered goods.

"Provisions are sold in all quarters of the city; almost at every step there are shops where they sell rice, flour, small loaves baked, or rather boiled in steam, meat, &c. The inhabitants of Peking, and the Chinese in general, prefer pork, which is here better flavoured and more easy of digestion, than in Russia. The Mantchoos, Mongols, and Turkestans eat mutton, and the latter beef. Mutton and beef are not very good in China, because the cattle coming from Mongolia are too much exhausted, and are not properly attended to after they reach the capital. Butter, especially made of sheep's milk, comes from Mongolia. The Chinese prefer hog's lard, and cannot bear even the smell of butter made of cow's milk. The most common domestic fowl are geese, ducks, and chickens. The first are indispensable at grand entertainments. The physicians forbid patients to eat poultry, as indigestible and unwholesome. A species of duck, called ya-tsu, is a very favourable dish on grand occasions, and is dressed in more than thirty different ways. The ducks of Peking are very large, very fat, and juicy. In the winter, there are partridges, pheasants, and game of all kinds. But it is necessary to be very careful in purchasing provisions, for the Chinese dealers mix plaster or

sand in the flour to increase the weight. Often they sell the flesh of animals that have died of some disorder, or of such as are not generally used for food; for instance, asses, mules, camels, &c. They improve the appearance of ducks and chickens by blowing air between the skin and flesh, which makes them look very white and plump.

"Peking is supplied with fresh fish, especially carp, from the neighbouring rivers, and the sea coast. Smoked fish and lobsters are very common. In the winter the court receives large frozen fish, such as sturgeons, sea eagles (*Raia aquila*), carp, of a particular species, called in Russian sazans, &c. They are brought on camels, from the river Amour. The emperor distributes them among the princes of the first order, and by this means a certain quantity finds its way into the markets. As for fruits and vegetables, they have them of all kinds as in Europe, such as very excellent cabbages, cucumbers, carrots, turnips, radishes, &c. All these vegetables, except the cabbage, are salted, and that to such a degree, that they are used at table instead of salt. Grapes, peaches, apples, and delicious pears, are extremely abundant; there are also oranges and lemons, but they are not well flavoured.

"The general and constant beverage is tea; but it is prepared very differently from that which comes to Europe. The Chinese gather for their own use the young leaves of the tea shrub, which are dried in the sun. This kind of tea has a most delicious fragrance and taste, and is very good for the stomach.

"The Chinese distill a very strong brandy from rice, which they drink warm in small cups. At table, they have a kind of sour brandy, called chao-tsieou (burnt wine), which is extracted by distillation from fermented rice.

"The society of the Chinese and Mantchoos of high rank, and of a certain age, is very serious. Women are never admitted into it. In the company of well-bred persons every body conforms to the taste of the eldest, who takes the lead in the conversation, which turns upon subjects of morality, and serves as a kind of lesson to the younger members of the company. These meetings, though often very insipid, have always something solemn in them, even among country people; and the bounds of decorum are never violated.

"An assembly of literati, especially if it consists of gay and ingenious young men, frequently amuse themselves with composing little poems; one, for instance, proposes a riddle, and another replies by a stanza, which contains the solution.

"The Chinese, however, are not so fond of these meetings, which are often dull and uninteresting, as of more cheerful pleasures, good cheer, social mirth, and the game on the fingers called *koua tshionan*, something resembling the Italian mora. The loser is obliged to drink a glass of brandy. They also play at cards and chess, and amuse themselves with cock and quail fighting.

"Asiatic jealousy does not permit them to invite and entertain their friends at their own houses: the Chinese receive only visits of civility from their relations. For this reason,

when any one wishes to show his regard, or to perform the obligations which he has towards persons whose protection he seeks, he invites his friends, or those of whom he is in need, to a tavern, where he treats them as magnificently as his means allow him. These entertainments are generally accompanied with noisy diversions.

"The Chinese love numerous assemblages. The public walks are not frequented every day; but at certain seasons they are crowded by immense multitudes. Besides the festivals at the new year, and a few others, the Chinese have no weekly holidays: the people labour continually.

"In spring, the people frequent the promenades in the environs of Peking, to the south and west, which are for the most part very pleasant. The common people go on foot. The company drink tea, and amuse themselves with the feats of jugglers, rope dancers, &c. Persons of rank and fortune show themselves on the promenades in splendid carriages, drawn by fine mules, or riding on spirited horses. The spirit of vanity and luxury, common in all great cities, manifests itself in the same forms at Peking."—vol. ii. pp. 180—198.

From a list of the prices of provisions which follows this description, we find that the principal necessities of life might be had at Peking in 1821, at about the same rates as usually prevail in Paris.

After devoting about a hundred and fifty pages of his second volume to a historical essay on Mongolia, our author resumes his narrative, and relates his return to Russia. As we have been chiefly desirous of eliciting from him the most interesting points of such information as he had collected concerning China, we here take leave of him, with a very humble request, that when he next travels into that country, he will confine his account of it to such matters as passed under his own observation. Had he followed this course in the present work, instead of two tiresome volumes, we should have had one of a popular, instructive and amusing character. The extracts which we have given justifies us in saying as much; but we must add, that in order to get at them, we have been obliged to disencumber them of a vast weight of rubbish.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

LOVE'S VICTIM.*

SHE left her own warm home
To tempt the frozen waste,
What time the traveller fear'd to roam,
And hunter shunn'd the blast,
Love pour'd his strength into her soul—
Could peril e'er his power control!

* A few miles below the Notch of the White Mountains in the Valley of Saco, is a little rise of land called "Nancy's Hill." It was formerly thickly covered with trees, a cluster of which remains to mark the spot. In 1773, at Dartmouth, Jefferson co. U. S. lived Nancy — of respectable connexions. She was engaged to

She left her own warm home,
When stone, and herb, and tree,
And all beneath heaven's lurid dome
By wintry majesty,
In his stern age, were clad with snow,
And human hearts beat chill and slow.

It was a fearful hour
For one so young and fair.
The woods had not one sheltering bower,
The earth was trackless there,
The very boughs in silver slept,
As the sea-foam had o'er them swept.

Snow after snow came down,
The sky look'd fix'd in ice;
She deem'd amid the season's power,
Her love would all suffice
To keep the source of being warm,
And mock the terrors of the storm.

Love was her world of life,
She thought but of her heart,
And knowing that the winter's strife
Could not its hope dispart,
She dream'd not that its home of clay
Might yield before the tempest's sway—

Or judged that passion's power—
Passion so strong and pure,
Might mock the snow-flake's wilder shower,
Proud that it could endure,
As woman oft in times before
Had peril borne as much or more.

She went—dawn past o'er dawn,
None saw her face again,
The eyes she should have gazed upon,
Look'd for her face in vain—
The ear to which her voice was song,
Her voice had sought—how vainly long

There is in Saco's vale
A gently swelling hill,
Shadows have wrapt it like a veil
From trees that mark it still,
Around, the mountains towering blue,
Look on that spot of saddest hue.

'Twas by that little hill,
At the dark noon of night,
Close by a frozen snow-hid rill,
Where branches close unite
Even in winter's leafless time,
The skeletons of summer's prime—
That flash'd the traveller's flame
On tree and precipice,
And show'd a fair unearthly frame
In robes of glittering ice,
With head against a trunk inclined,
Like a dream spirit of the mind.

be married. Her lover had set out for Lancaster. She would follow him in the depth of winter, and on foot. There was not a house for thirty miles, and the way through the wild woods a footpath only. She persisted in her design, and wrapping herself in her long cloak, proceeded on her way. Snow and frost took place for several weeks, when some persons passing her route reached the hill at night. On lighting their fires, an unearthly figure stood before them beneath the bending branches, wrapped in a robe of ice. It was the lifeless form of Nancy.

Twas that love-wander'd maid, death-pale,
 Her very heart's blood froze,
 Love's Niobe in her own vale,
 Now reckless of all woes—
 Love's victim fair, and true, and meet,
 As she of the famed Paraclete.

The mountains round shall tell
 Her tale to travellers long,
 The little vale of Saco swell
 The western poet's song,
 And "Nancy's Hill" in loftier rhymes
 Be sung through unborn realms and times.

From the Monthly Review.

Original Letters, illustrative of English History; including numerous Royal Letters: from Autographs in the British Museum, and one or two other Collections. With Notes and Illustrations. By Henry Ellis, F.R.S., Secretary S.A., Keeper of the Manuscripts in the British Museum. Second Series. 4 vols. 8vo., 2l. 8s. London: Harding & Lepard. 1827.

By the publication of his first series of *Original Letters*, from the British Museum and other stores, Mr. Ellis deservedly earned for himself the praise of having done more than any other living individual (with the exception of Dr. Lingard), for the illustration of our English history. We rejoice that he has been encouraged by the public favour to prosecute his useful labours; and it is apparent, from the undiminished interest and value of the second collection, which he has here been enabled to lay before the world, that his first researches had in no degree exhausted the immense accumulation of materials in his custody. It is exceedingly fortunate for the cause of historical inquiry, that the charge of our national treasures, in this department, has been committed to a gentleman of so much learning, acuteness, and industry; and Mr. Ellis may feel a justifiable pride in the reflection, that he has abundantly proved his worthiness and ability for the official station which he holds among the guardians of our literary archives.

That he is, indeed, under the influence of some historical prejudices, and has a very decided political bias, is evident enough, in the tenor of many of his illustrative notes; but from the very nature of his undertaking, the peculiarity of his mere personal opinions, is luckily, a matter of very little consequence. His chief business has been the copying of authentic and hitherto unpublished documents; and having, with the aid of such collateral information as he could adduce, opened these fairly and honestly to public inspection, he has sufficiently discharged his duty. It is then left free to every competent inquirer, to examine for himself the real bearing of these authorities; and the partialities of an editor will, of course, have no more weight in the question than his arguments may happen to deserve. Not that we are by any means disposed either to impugn the candour of Mr. Ellis's intentions, or to underrate the general

worth of his explanatory notices. We only assert the fact, that he is—we dare say unconsciously to himself—under particular prepossessions; but these have not often been permitted to interfere with the liberality of his conclusions, or the freedom of his comments; and it would be any thing but just to regard him only as the plodding collector of a mass of historical fragments. He has not merely selected with judgment and care, but illustrated with learning and taste. If he be the mechanical labourer, who has dug out the pearls from the dross of the materials before him, he may also be likened to the skilful lapidary, who has set his jewels in right excellent and valuable workmanship.

On the historical utility of such collections of original letters as Mr. Ellis has printed, it seems almost needless to insist. But it should be observed, that the elucidation of our general history is, in fact, but a single part of the curious and profitable purposes, to which these chronological series of documents are applicable. They throw full as much desirable light upon the state of our national manners, in different centuries, as upon the vicissitudes of our political annals; and they are also most interesting in a literary point of view, as strikingly exhibiting the growth of the English language.

In illustration of the manners of our ancestors, the epistolary correspondence of their own times is unquestionably among the very best familiar evidence which has admitted of preservation. We need only adduce the example of the Paston Letters, to show how much light has been shed upon the domestic life of the middle ages, by the fortuitous discovery of a single such collection. From the present series a great many explanations of manners are certainly also to be gleaned; but in this regard we suspect that Mr. Ellis has yet done very little, compared with the means at his command. Political history has been rather too exclusively his object; and he seems in general to have discarded all other matter than that which bore, immediately, or at least indirectly, upon public affairs. Now, surely, among those innumerable piles of MS. letters in the British Museum, (from which Mr. Ellis's selections have almost wholly been made), there must be found a great variety occupied with the details of domestic business and private intercourse. Any such, however, if they have fallen in his way, our editor, in the restrictions imposed by his present plan, appears to have entirely rejected; while, on the other hand, he has printed a great many letters, utterly inconsequential in their contents, for no better reason than that the writers have chanced to be persons of political celebrity. We are half ashamed of gravely propounding the obvious truism, that the only value of any of these letters is in their matter, as illustrative of character and circumstances; but there are persons in the world, who have far more affection for petty antiquarian curiosities, than for sound historical knowledge; and hence the passion for collecting the mere autographs of famous men—the idlest among the idle pursuits of laborious triflers and half-learned virtuosi. We have little doubt that, of letters of

miscellaneous interest, though from writers obscure in themselves, and occupied not with political subjects, materials to fill several volumes are still to be found in the British Museum; and Mr. Ellis will be increasing the measure of public obligation, if he should be induced to occupy himself in editing such a collection. Nothing will form a better sequel to his labours than a third series of original letters, illustrative specially of manners, and of other collateral circumstances, in the domestic condition of our forefathers during the several ages of English history.

But, in the other respect to which we have alluded—as exhibiting the growth of our language—this series of letters has already left us scarcely any thing farther to desire. Mr. Ellis is quite borne out in asserting, that the contents of his volumes afford “a more complete succession of specimens of the English language, during the reigns to which the letters relate, than will be found in any other work.” The earliest pieces which they present are as ancient as the last year of the fourteenth century, the very year to which the life of old Chaucer extended; and if we prefix the colloquial tales of that vivacious painter of manners to this epistolary series, we acquire a complete set of examples, of all the progressive changes which the familiar diction of our tongue has undergone, from the reign of Edward III., to our own times.

With relation to one circumstance in the history of our language, the earliest of these letters are really curious. The reader is aware that for some centuries after the Norman conquest, the English language struggled with difficulty against the ascendancy of the French, which, owing to the continental descent of the royal line, of all the great baronial families, and of the large portion of the inferior gentry, was the ordinary dialect of

“—Court and castle, hall and bower.”—

By slow degrees, however, as the nobles learnt to pride themselves upon the name of Englishmen, the vernacular and national speech of the people prevailed over its foreign rival; and the famous statute which enacted that all the pleas of the law courts should be conducted in English, at length, in the middle of the fourteenth century, secured the triumph of our homebred tongue. All these are familiar facts: but the precise era of the general substitution of English for French in the conversation, and therefore in the epistolary correspondence, of the higher orders, has been a much disputed point among our literary antiquaries. Tyrwhitt and Ritson have seemed to speak as if the desuetude of French, as the colloquial dialect of the superior ranks, should be dated about the close of the thirteenth century; and few writers have contended for its much longer prevalence. But there is abundant evidence in some of the letters before us, that the French maintained its usage full a hundred years later. At least half the correspondence published by Mr. Ellis, of the reign of Henry IV., is in that language: the letters of the Prince of Wales, touching the Welsh rebellion, and even an address of the same date from Sir Edward Mortimer, to his tenantry, are in

French; and there is one other document, upon the curiosity of which, in relation to this branch of inquiry, we are surprised that Mr. Ellis should have omitted to comment. It is a letter from Richard Kyngeston, archdeacon of Hereford, to the king; composed in grievous affright at the progress of Owen Glyndowr's rebellion, and written *partly in French and partly in English*. The formal portion of this despatch is indited in French: but the postscript, as if the increasing haste and terror of the reverend writer had got the better of the punctilios of ceremony and fine writing, is concluded in plain English. But this mingling of the two languages in the epistle of a churchman, whose name proclaims him of the genuine old English or Saxon stock, is altogether remarkable as proving, that, even at the commencement of the fifteenth century, French was still the more fashionable dialect of courtly and political intercourse. This medley epistle is, perhaps, among the latest monuments of the long struggle in our island between the forms of speech.

But proceeding to notice the main subject-matter of these volumes,—we may observe, that Mr. Ellis has here considerably improved upon the general plan of his former series. To the value of his own historical and critical dissertations upon the original letters, we have already borne testimony; and it is not estimating his learning too highly to affirm, that we know very few historians of the present age, who may be preferred to him for minute research, exact knowledge, or ingenious deduction. In illustrating the original matter now printed, he has followed the same chronological method as before; and each piece is prefaced by a notice of the collection from which it has been taken—the persons by whom it was written, and to whom it was addressed—the occasion and the subject which produced it—with conjectural readings, glossaries, and translations were requisite. The increased experience of the editor has enabled him to perform all these important parts of his undertaking, in a manner more entirely satisfactory than in his earlier attempts. In very many cases the letters themselves would be, but for these explanatory notices, almost unintelligible to the general reader; and it has therefore much enhanced the attraction of these volumes over their precursors, that Mr. Ellis has more diffusely extended the length and increased the number of his comments. Another improvement is, that at periods, in which he found a scarcity of letters, he has introduced a few contemporary memoirs to repair the deficiency, and illuminate the page of general history. Documents of this nature, either previously indited or obscurely known, must, as he justly considers, be highly valued by the historian; and they of course add very considerably to the amount of information, for which reference may be made to his volumes.

This series of correspondence, too, commences a reign earlier, and is brought down two reigns lower, than the former collection. It opens with several highly interesting documents of the age of Henry IV., and concludes at so late an epoch as to contain two or three letters of Edmund Burke. The first series be-

gan only with Henry V. and ended with George I. The portions of history here elucidated "differ entirely," as Mr. Ellis is careful to remark, "except in one or two particular cases, from those which received explanation in the former volumes." But we cannot find that he is quite warranted in adding, that here "new events are introduced, and new secrets of state unravelled." We have, in truth, been somewhat disappointed in the expectations which he had raised by this promise; nor have we recognised the discoveries to which he would thus appear to lay claim. The charm of these letters is rather in their curiosity, as remains of past ages, than in their record of any events, which had previously been unknown to the historian: they certainly illustrate the circumstance of our history, but they neither establish any new facts of importance, nor invalidate any opinions that had previously been current. They amuse and delight us, by carrying us back to a more intimate acquaintance with the past ages of our history, and by introducing us to many of the most memorable actors of English story, in the familiar converse of their own language and expressions. But very few of the letters either instruct us more deeply than before in the characters of those personages, or increase the general sum of our historical facts.

The earliest letters in this collection, are those of the reign of Henry IV., of which we have already spoken, as relating to the rebellion of Owen Glyndwr. These, all on the same subject, are fourteen in number, and are curious as throwing light upon some circumstances of that civil warfare, and upon the condition of the Welsh Marshes at the opening of the fifteenth century. There is an amusing confirmation in one of them of the superstitious credence in divination and magic prophecy, which Holinshed, and after him, Shakspeare, his implicit copier, have ascribed to the character of Glyndwr. In the "ton of Kairn"—then, says this letter from the mayor and burghesses of Caerleon, "Owen sende after Hopkin ap Thomas of Gower, to come and speke with hym upon trefwes, and when Hopkin come to Owen, he piedo (prayed) hym in as meche as he huld him maister of Brut (i. e. skilled in the prophecies of Merlin, whose vaticinations form a part of the Brut of Geoffrey of Monmouth), that he schold do hym to understonde how and what maner it scholde be falle of hym; and he told hym wittliche that he schold be take with inne a bref tyme; and the takyng schold be under a black baner: knowlichyd that this blake baner schold desese hym, and nozt that he schold be take undir hym."

Upon this passage Mr. Ellis remarks, that "the sequel of Glyndwr's history shows that Hopkin ap Thomas of Gower, was not infallible as a seer." We confess that we do not so understand the passage, as if the said Hopkin had given the prediction in good faith. He filled Glyndwr with the comfortable assurance that he should soon be made prisoner: he told him this *wittliche*, that is shrewdly. He specified that the taking should be under a black banner, knowing, adds the writers of the letter, that this "black baner scholde desese

hym, and nozt that he shold be take undir hym;"—that is, that by the apprehension of this black banner the imagination of the chieftain should be disturbed (desese, from the old French *desaisir* to disturb, disease), and not that he should really be taken. This reading, the only sense in which the close of the paragraph is at all intelligible, places the whole passage in a very different light from that in which Mr. Ellis has viewed it; and it accordingly exhibits master Hopkin to have been, if not an infallible seer, at least the author of a very ingenious and malicious device for retaliating upon the superstitious fears of

"That great magician, damned Glendower,"

who himself, half dupe, half impostor, was the mysterious terror of his English enemies.

Of the reign of Henry V., there is one letter which is extremely interesting in its connexion with the character of that great monarch, as the first founder of the royal navy of England. This letter is from one John Alcester to Henry, detailing the progress in the building of a ship for him at Bayonne, one hundred and eighty-six feet in length. Before his reign, the kings of England had occasionally assembled large fleets, but these had consisted of vessels belonging to merchants, either pressed for the occasion, with their crews, from the different English ports, or hired in foreign countries. Henry was certainly the first of our sovereigns who established a permanent navy; and Mr. Ellis has adduced good evidence of the number of the ships, and even the names of some of them—the *Grace de Dieu*, the *Trinite*, the *Holy Ghost*, &c.—which he caused to be built. In the proceedings of his council, preserved in the Cottonian collection, the force and enumeration of this royal navy are distinguished from the merchant, and other hired vessels, in the king's temporary service. The royal navy,—a mighty force,—is described to have consisted of three great ships, as many carracks, eight barges, and ten *balingers*, or smaller barges!! In attempting to explain the meaning of the term *dromons*, which appears in a rhyming chronicle of this age to have been applied to these same three "great ships," Mr. Ellis has committed a singular little error, for so exact an antiquary. Observing that the term *dromons* is of a date much earlier than the fifteenth century, he adds, that "it seems to have been borrowed from the Saracens, and meant ships of the largest size and strongest construction." And he quotes Matthew Paris's account of the great ship of Saladin, captured by our Richard I., "*navis quadam permaxima, quam dromundam appellant*." But the term was of much older date than this, and was borrowed by the Saracens, like the Greek fire with which Saladin's vessel was armed, from the practice of the Byzantine navy. Mr. Ellis must scarcely need to be reminded that the original *dromones* were the war galleys of the lower empire.

There is a letter, praying for alms, from a disabled soldier, who had fought at Agincourt, which it is impossible to peruse without identifying ourselves for a moment with the spirit of the age in which it was written, and feeling

touched by its simple petition. It is such little pieces as this, which transport us back in lively imagination through whole centuries, and place us at once in familiar contact with the men, and the actions of the bye-gone time. The letter is addressed to the council of the infant Henry VI.

"To the Kyng oure Soverain Lord,

"Besechith mekely youre poure liegeman and humble horatour Thomas Hostell, that in consideration of his service doon to your noble progenitours of ful blessed memory Kyng Henrj the iijth. and Kyng Henri the fift, whoos soules God assoille; being at the Siege of Hartlewe, there smyten with a springolt* through the hede, lesing his oon ye,† and his cheke boon broken; also at the Bataille of Agincourt, and after at the takyng of the Carrakes on the See, there with a gadde of yren his plates smyten in sondre, and sore hurt, mayned, and wounded; by meane whereof he being sore febeled and debused, now falle to great age and poverty; gretly endetted; and may not helpe himself; havyn not wherewith to be susteyned ne releved but of monest; gracious almesse; and being for his said service never yit recompensed ne rewarded, it plesse your high and excellent Grace, the premises tenderly considered, of your benigne pitee and grace, to releve and refresh your said poure Oratour, as it shal plesse you, with your most gracious Almesse at the reverence of God and in werk of charitee; and he shall devoutly pray for the soules of your said noble Progenitours, and for your moost noble and high estate."—vol. i., pp. 95, 96.

The letters which occur in this series, from the reign of Henry VI. to that of Richard III. inclusive, are not very important in their bearings. The whole period, though among the most eventful, is one of the most troubled, obscure, and sanguinary, in our annals; and all its contemporaneous records, as if infected by the gloomy distractions of the times, are confused, disjointed, and mutilated. Mr. Ellis endeavours, but we think not successfully, to deduce some traits of the character of Richard III. from his few letters; and he maintains, that even in these, there is a darkness and a mystery inconsistent with good faith. "The impression which they make," he declares, "is bad; and leads to the suspicion that future discoveries, whatever else they may develop, will do little to retrieve the character of Richard from the odium so concurrently passed upon it by those who lived in his time." We cannot ourselves see, in these letters, the dark traits which our editor imagines; and "the smooth and cringing expressions" which he remarks, appear to us to betray little more than the disquiet and apprehension which naturally oppressed Richard in the last year of his reign, when he was surrounded with enemies, and conscious of his unpopularity. These are evidences of weakness, but not necessarily of guilt. Walpole's attempt to offer a favour-

able view of his character, though ingenious as a mere hypothesis, was certainly altogether overstrained, and unsupported by facts: but considering how strongly it was the interest of the triumphant enemies of Richard to blacken his fame—how completely his death extinguished his cause, and how easily the jealous arts of so wily a politician as Henry VII. may have practised against his memory, it really appears very probable that his crimes have been grossly exaggerated in number, if not in enormity.

Appertaining to the reign of Henry VIII., of which so great a mass of diplomatic correspondence is preserved in various depositories, we have here, of course, a large selection of letters and documents. Wolsey, More, Pace, Thomas Cromwell, and almost all the conspicuous personages of the time, are presented to us in these epistles, and sometimes with pointed illustrations of their characters. "Among the fragments of the Cottonian Library, rescued from the fire of 1731," says Mr. Ellis, "are many of Wolsey's letters, which, as imperfect, have been neglected by his biographers." Several of them, written after his fall, to Cromwell, are full of that unmanly detection of spirit which he is known to have exhibited. The following, imploring Cromwell to come to him, and inquiring whether Anne Boleyn's displeasure against him was assuaged, is a fair specimen of the rest:

"The ferterynge* and puttyng ovyr of your comynge hithyr hath so increasyd my sorowe and put me in such anxiete of mynd, that thys nyght my breth and wynde by sythyn was so short that I was by the space of thre owers as one that shuld have dyd. Wherefor, yf ye love my lyf, breke awaye thys e'nyng and come hyther, to the yntent I may open my mynde unto yow and instruct yow of the same, wch I cannot comyt to wrytting; but yt ys necessary that the same be done by mutual confereys with yow by mowth, and that I may have your Cownsell upon the same. Yf thys tyme be put ovyr yt shall not lye in your poore to provyde the remedye. Yf I myght I wold nat fayle. Rather then thys my spekyng with yow shulbe put ovyr and delayd I wold com on my fote to yow. At the reverens of God take summe payne now for me, and forsake me nat in thys myn extreme nede; and wher as I can nat, God shall rewarde yow. Now ys the tyme to shewe whether ye love me or not. Wherefore in any wyse take thys purpose summe lytel tyme. Ye shall not tarry here long which your comynge I shal shewe yow myne in all suche thyngs as ye have wrytten to me afore. I am now in no poynt to wrytt at the leyntn any thyng, nor shal be abyll any yf I continue in thys cas nam dies mei f^{centur}

with Mr. Nores affor your comynge of whom ye may sum specialnes yf the dessplesure of my lady Anne be sumwhat assuagyed, as I pray God the same may be, then yt shoulde that by summe convenient meane she be further ys the onely

* The springolt was a dart, thrown from the Espringal, and had brass plates, instead of feathers, to make its flight steady.

† Eye.

‡ Men's.

* Furthering.

helps and remedy all possible means
 atteynyng of hyr favor. I have
 God knowyth
 nowe to shewe cheryte, pety,
 your wyl

vol. ii., pp. 27, 28.

Mr. Ellis, in his preface, has taken some credit to himself for developing truth in the character of Thomas Cromwell, who, he observes, "was, in reality, neither an honest man, nor the grateful friend of Wolsey." We quite agree with him in his conclusion, though we cannot admit the boast of its novelty. The violent share taken by Cromwell in the suppression of the monasteries, has obtained him some favour with a particular class of historians: but we do not understand how he ever can have been mistaken for an honest man.— Though he did not immediately and wholly abandon his master Wolsey in his disgrace, he certainly showed no reluctance to rise upon his ruin: and, subsequently as a minister himself, he readily became among the most corrupt and wicked instruments of tyranny. In one of his characteristic letters before us, he is eager to declare to the king his intention of going on the morrow to the tower, to see a suspected traitor "set in the bracks (a horrid species of rack), and by torment compelled to confesse the truth." The iniquitous procedure of attaining persons already in prison by parliament, *without bringing them to trial*, was his own invention, and he richly deserved his fate,

neque enim lex æquior ulla
 Quàm necis artifices arte perire suâ,

when he was himself made a victim of his own legislative proscription. In moral retribution, he merited a violent death: but not from the hands of Henry VIII., nor upon the absurd and utterly unfounded pretence of treason; and our small sympathy in his fate is mingled with more execration of the capricious and implacable tyrant, who took his blood in revenge for his innocent share in promoting the disgusting marriage with Anne of Cleves.

Of the character of Henry himself, there is abundant illustration in these letters. In one place, his agent in Spain proposes to him an act of perfidy, which, as Mr. Ellis justly observes, "showed how little scrupulous the king was believed to be, by those who served him, in attaining any purpose."

"Her," says the letter, "be ij. bretheryn that dwell in Lymeryk; they be the Emperors servants. They mys use themselves agaynst your Highnes, as I am yn formyd. Yf I can, I will make them a banket a bord on of Shippy Brystow, (the Bristol ships) and, yf they cam ther, the shall land no more yn Spayn."

There are a great many letters which illustrate the cruelty of the tyrant to the family of the Poles, and especially to the venerable Countess of Salisbury: but the following epistle betrays more hypocritical disguise of his hatred to that house, than has usually been attributed to him

"After my most herty commendacons, getting knowledge of this Postes departure but ever nowe and the same going in suche hast that I could not have any lenger tyme to write but as he stode by me, I must be shorte against my will, and shall by this onely adverteise you that on Monday in the evening, which was the iijth of this moneth, the Marquess of Excestre and the Lorde Montague were comynnted to the Towre of London; being the Kinges Majestie soo greuously touched by them, that, albeit, His Grace hath upon his special favor borne towards them, passed over many accusations made against the same of late by their own domestiques, thinking assuredly with his clemencie to conquerre their cancerdnes, as Cesar at the last wanne and overcame Cynna. Yet His Grace was constrained for avoyding of such malice as was prepensed bothe against his personne royal and the surety of my Lorde Prince, our only Juel after his Majesty, to use the remedy of committing them to ward, that all inconvenience may thereby be ensued.— Th' accusations made against them be of great importance and duely proved by substantial wytnes. And yet the Kinges Majestie loveth them so well, and of his great goodnes is soo lothe to procede against them that though their oune families in maner abhorr their facts it ys doubted what his Highnes wold doo towards them."—vol. ii., p. 109.

He loved them so well, that he was loth to proceed against them:—and *within ten days* they were beheaded!

The next paper which we shall transcribe, is a very remarkable document: the letter written by the Princess Elizabeth to her sister Queen Mary, on her committal to the tower at the time of Wyatt's rebellion.

"To the Queen.

"If any ever did try this olde saynge, that a Kinges word was more than another man's othe, I most humbly beseeche your Majesty to verifie it in me, and to remember your last promis and my last demande, that I be not condemned without answer and due profe; wiche it seems that now I am, for that without cause provid I am by your Counsel frome you commanded to go unto the Tower; a place more wanted for a false traitor, than a tru subject. Wiche thogh I know I deserve it not, yet in the face of al this realme aperes that it is provid; wiche I pray God, I may dy the shamefullist dethe that ever any died, afore I may mene any suche thinge: and to this present howe I protest afore God (who shal juge my trueth, whatsoever malice shal devis) that I never practised, consiled, nor consentid to any thinge that might be prejudicial to your parson any way, or dangerous to the State by any mene. And therfor I humbly beseeche your Majestie to let me answer afore your selfe, and not suffer me to trust to your Counsellors; yea and that afore I go to the Tower, if it be possible; if not, afore I be further condemned. Howbeit, I trust assuredly, your Highnes wyl give me leve to do it afor I go; for that thus shamfully I may not be cried out on, as now I shal be; yea and without cause. Let consciens move your Hithnes to take some better way with me, than to make me be con-

demned in al mens sigh, afor my desert knowen. Also I most humbly beseeche your Highness to pardon this myne boldnes, wiche innocency procures me to do, together with hope of your natural kindnes; wiche I trust wyl not se me cast away without desert: wiche what it is, I would desier no more of God, but that you truly knewe. Wiche thinge I thinke and beleve you shal never by report knowe, unless by yourself you hire. I have harde in my time of many cast away, for want of comminge to the presence of ther Prince: and in late days I harde my Lorde of Somerset say, that if his brother had bine suffered to speke with him, he had never suffered: but the perswasions wer made to him so gret, that he was broght in belefe that he coude not live safely if the Admiral lived; and that made him give his consent to his dethe. Thoght thes parsons ar not to be compared to your Majestie, yet I pray God, as ivel perswasions perswade not one sistar again the other; and al for that the have harde false report, and not harkene to the trueth knowin. Therfor ons again, kniling with humblenes of my hart, because I am not suffered to bow the knees of my body, I humbly crave to speke with your Highnes: which I wolde not be so bold to desier, if I knewe not my selfe most clere, as I knowe my selfe most true. And as for the traitor Wiat, he mightravaunter writ me a letter; but, on my faith, I never received any from him. And as for the copie of my letter sent to the French Kinge, I pray God confound me eternally, if ever I sent him word, message, token, or letter by any menes; and to this my truith I will stande into my dethe.

"Your Highness most faithful subject,
that hath bine from the beginninge,
and wylbe to my ende,
ELIZABETH."

"I humbly crave but only one
worde of answer from your selfe."—vol. ii.,
253-7.

This letter Mr. Ellis has appropriately introduced with a narrative of Elizabeth's committal to the tower, of which we take only the last passage.

"The landing at the Traitor's Gate she at first refused: but one of the lords stepped back into the barge to urge her coming out; 'and because it did then rain,' says Holinshed, 'he offered to her his cloak, which she (putting it back with her hand with a good dash) refused.' Then coming out, with one foot upon the stair, she said, 'Here landeth as true a subject, being prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs: and before thee, O God, I speak it, having none other friends but thee alone.'

"To her prison-chamber, it is stated, she was brought with great reluctance; and the locking and bolting of the doors upon her caused dismay. She was, moreover, for some time denied even the liberty of exercise. Early in the following May, the Lord Chandos, who was then the constable of the Tower, was discharged of his office, and Sir Henry Bedingfield appointed in his room. 'He brought with him,' says the historian, 'an hundred souldiers, in blue coats, wherewith the princess was marvellously discomfited, and demanded of such as were about her, whether the Lady Jane's scarf

fold were taken away or no, fearing, by reason of their coming, least she should have played her part.' Warton says, she asked this question 'with her usual liveliness'; but there was probably less in it of vivacity than he supposed. Sixty years before, upon the same spot, Sir James Tirell had been suddenly substituted for Sir Robert Brakenbury, preparatory to the disappearance of the princes of the house of York. Happily for Elizabeth, her fears were groundless; Sir Henry Bedingfield accompanied her to a less gloomy prison in the palace of Woodstock."—p. 258.

Adversity and affliction are usually said to be the searching correctors of the human heart, but royal hearts would seem to be formed of more impenetrable materials than are taken into the account in this ordinary estimate of our nature. A far more bitter measure of suffering did Elizabeth afterwards inexorably inflict upon Mary Stuart—her kinswoman and a queen,—than her sister had meted out to her. Elizabeth sprang from a bad stock: her character displayed habitually the arbitrary spirit of the Tudors; and in sternness and obduracy of purpose, she could, upon occasions, betray all her father's implacable cruelty, though she ordinarily, with more prudence than he had possessed, set a better curb upon the violence of an imperious temper. In her execution of the Queen of Scots, reasons of state might be pleaded as some extenuation, however unsatisfactory, of the act; but another transaction, rather less celebrated, and of a more private nature, to which several of these letters relate, places the stern vindictive character of Elizabeth in the most odious and inexcusable point of view. The circumstances of this story are as well told in the words of Mr. Ellis, as in any other.

"The reader has been already made aware, that after the exclusion given by the will of Henry the Eighth to the posterity of Margaret of Scotland, after the acts of parliament which he left unrevoked, and the publication of Edward the Sixth's will, the right of the Crown of England was very generally considered to have devolved upon the House of Suffolk, of which the Lady Catherine, the sister of Lady Jane Gray, was the heir.

"This lady had been married to Lord Herbert, the son of the Earl of Pembroke, whose father apprehending danger from an intermarriage with royal blood, obtained an immediate divorce. The Lady Catherine then entered into a secret contract with the Earl of Hertford, whose sister, the Lady Jane Seymour, resided with her in the court; both, seemingly, as maids of honour to the queen.

"The queen went one morning to Eltham to hunt, when Lady Jane and Lady Catherine, according to previous concert, leaving the palace at Westminster by the stairs at the orchard, went along by the sands to the earl's house in Chanon Row; Lady Jane then went for a priest, and the parties were married. The earl accompanied them back to the water stairs of his house, put them into a boat, and they returned to the Court time enough for dinner in master comptroller's chamber. Having consummated his marriage, Lord Hertford travelled into France. The pregnancy of Lady

Catherine became apparent, and was soon whispered through the court. She first confessed it privately to Mrs. Sentlowe, and afterwards sought Lord Robert Dudley's chamber, to break out to him that she was married, in the hope of softening the anger of the queen; but Elizabeth committed her to the Tower, where she was afterwards delivered of a son. Lord Hertford was summoned home to answer for his misdemeanour; when, confessing the marriage, he also was committed to the Tower.

"A commission of inquiry was next issued, at the head of which were Archbishop Parker, Bishop Grindal, and Sir William Petre; when the parties being unable, within a time prescribed, to produce witnesses of the marriage, a definitive sentence was pronounced against them; and their imprisonment ordered to be continued during the queen's pleasure. By bribing their keepers, however, they found means to have further intercourse; the fruit of which was another child. The queen's vexation was now increased, and Lord Hertford was fined fifteen thousand pounds in the Star Chamber for a triple crime: five thousand for deflowering a virgin of the blood-royal in the queen's house; five thousand for breaking his prison; and five thousand for repeating his vicious act."—pp. 272, 273.

The persecutions which the young Countess of Hertford continued after this to endure at the queen's hands, a prisoner sometimes in the tower, sometimes in the private custody of her relatives, but always separated from her captive husband, brought her life to a premature close; and worn out with suffering and anguish, she breathed her last only seven years after her fatal marriage. The following touching account "of the manner of her departing," has been copied by Mr. Ellis from a Harleian MS.

"All the night she continued in prayer, saying of psalms and hearing them read of others, sometimes saying them after others, and as soon as one psalm was done, she would call for another to be said: divers times she would rehearse the prayers appointed for the Visitation of the Sick, and five or six times the same night she said the prayers appointed to be said at the hours of death, and when she was comforted by those about her, saying, 'Madam be of good comfort, with God's help you shall live and do well many years,' she would answer, 'No, no, no life in this world, but in the world to come I hope to live for ever; for here is nothing but care and misery, and there is life everlasting;' and then seeing herself faint, she said, 'Lord be merciful unto me, for now I begin to faint,' and all the time of her fainting, when any about her would chafe or rub her, to comfort her, she would lift up her hands and eyes unto heaven, and say, 'Father of heaven, for thy Son Christ's sake, have mercy upon me.' Then said the Lady Hopton unto her, 'Madam be of good comfort; for with God his favour you shall live and escape this; for Mrs. Cousen saith you have escaped many dangers, when you were as like to die as you be now.' 'No, no my ladie, my time is come, and it is not God's will that I should live any longer, and his will be done,

and not mine;' then, looking upon those that were about her, 'As I am, so shall you be, behold the picture of yourselves.' And about vi. or vii. of the clocke in the morning, she desired those that were about her to cause Sir Owen Hoptone to come unto her; and when he came, he said unto her, 'Good Madam, how do you,' and she said, 'Even now going to God, Sir Owen, even as fast as I can; and I pray you, and the rest that be about me, to bear witness with me, that I die a true Christian, and that I believe to be saved by the death of Christ, and that I am one that he hath shed his most precious blood for; and I ask God and all the world forgiveness, and I forgive all the world.' Then she said unto Sir Owen Hoptone, 'I beseech you, promise me one thing, that you yourself, with your own mouth, will make this request unto the queen's majesty, which shall be the last suit and request that I shall ever make unto her highness, even from the mouth of a dead woman; that she would forgive her displeasure towards me, as my hope is she hath done: I must needs confess I have greatly offended her, in that I made my choice without her knowledge, otherwise I take God to witness I had never the heart to think any evil against her majesty; and that she would be good unto my children, and not to impute my fault unto them, whom I give wholly unto her majesty: for in my life they have had few friends, and fewer shall they have when I am dead, except her majesty be gracious unto them; and I desire her highness to be good unto my lord, for I know this my death will be heavy news unto him, that her grace will be so good as to send liberty to glad his sorrowful heart withall.' Then she said unto Sir Owen, 'I shall further desire you to deliver from me certain commendations and tokens unto my lord,' and calling unto her woman, she said, 'Give me the box wherein my wedding ring is,' and when she had it, she opened it, and took out a ring, with a pointed diamond in it, and said, 'Here Sir Owen, deliver this unto my lord, this is the ring that I received of him when I gave myself unto him, and gave him my faith.' 'What say you, Madam,' said Sir Owen, 'was this your wedding ring?' 'No, Sir Owen,' she said, 'this was the ring of my assurance unto my lord, and there is my wedding ring,' taking another ring all of gold out of the box, saying, 'Deliver this also unto my lord,' and pray him even as I have been to him, as I take God to witness I have been, a true and faithful wife, that he would be a loving and a natural father

* "This ring had been exhibited by Lady Catherine to the commission of inquiry. It consisted of five links, the four inner ones containing the following posie of the Earl's making:

'As circles five by art compact shewe but one ring in sight,
So trust uniteth faithfull mindes with knott of secret might;
Whose force to breake but greedie death noe wight possesseth power,
As time and sequels well shall prove. My ringe can say no more."

unto my children, unto whom I give the same blessing that God gave unto Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.' And then took she out another ring, with a death's head, and said, 'This shall be the last token unto my lord that ever I shall send him; it is the picture of myself.' The words about the death's head were these, 'While I lyce yours,' and so, looking down upon her hands, and perceiving the nails to look purple, she said, 'Lo! here he is come,' and then, as it were, with a joyful countenance she said, 'welcome death,' and embracing herself with her arms, and lifting up her eyes and hands unto heaven, knocking her hands upon her breast, she brake forth and said, 'O Lord! for thy manifold mercies, blot out of thy book all mine offenses!' Whereby Sir Owen perceiving her to draw towards her end, said to Mr. Bockeham, 'were it not best to send to the church that the bell' may be rung,' and she herself hearing him, 'Good Sir Owen let it be so.' Then immediately perceiving her end to be near, she entered into prayer, and said, 'O Lord! into thy hands I commend my soul, Lord Jesus receive my spirit.' and so putting down her eyes with her own hands, she yielded unto God her meek spirit at nine of the clock in the morning the 27th of January, 1567."—pp. 288—290.

It only remains to be added, as the climax to the implacable hardness of Elizabeth's heart, that, notwithstanding the dying appeal of the poor Countess to her compassion for Lord Hertford, she detained that nobleman in the tower for *nine years afterwards!*

As we descend into the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the matter of the letters before us becomes more interesting in some respects, because infinitely more various in its nature. One from Charles I. to Bishop Juxon, putting to him what his majesty, and Mr. Ellis after him, is pleased to call "a case of conscience," is of a very singular tenor. The king was at the time a prisoner with the Scots' army, and had received their demand for the abolition of episcopacy, as the price of his restoration to freedom and his throne.

"Newcastle, 30th Sept. 1646.

"My Lord,

"My knowledge of your worth and learning, and particularly in resolving cases of conscience, makes me at this time (I confess) put to you a hard and bold task, nor would I do it, but that I am confident you know not what fear is in a good cause. Yet I hope you believe that I shall be loath to expose you to a needless danger, assuring you that I will yield to none of your friends in my care of your preservation. I need not tell you the many persuasions and threatenings that hath been used to me for making me change episcopal into presbiterial government, which absolutely to do, is so directly against my conscience, that, by the grace of God no misery shall ever make me; but I hold myself obliged by all

* *The Passing Bell.* It was rung at the passing from life to death, with the intention that those who heard it should pray for the person dying."

honest means to eschew the mischief of this too visible storm, and I think some kind of compliance with the iniquity of the times may be fit, as my case is, which at another time were unlawful. These are the grounds that have made me think of this inclosed proposition, the which as one way it looks handsome to us, so in another I am fearful lest I cannot make it with a safe conscience; of which I command you to give me your opinion upon your allegiance. Conjuring you, that you will deal plainly and freely with me, as you will answer it at the dreadful day of judgment.

"I conceive the question to be, whether I may with a safe conscience give way to this proposed temporary compliance, with a resolution to recover and maintain that doctrine and discipline wherein I have been bred. The duty of my oath is herein chiefly to be considered; I flattering myself that this way I better comply with it, than being constant to a flat denial, considering how unable I am by force to obtain that which this way there wants not probability to recover, if accepted, (otherwise there is no harm done), for my royal authority once settled, I make no question of recovering episcopal government, and God is my witness my chiefest end in regaining my power, is, to do the church service. So expecting your reasons to strengthen your opinion, whatever it be, I rest

Your most assured, reall, faithful,

Constant Friend,

CHARLES R."—vol. iii. pp. 325-7.

Upon this letter, Mr. Ellis, whose political feelings seem all enlisted with the royal cause in "the great rebellion," as he is sometimes pleased to call it, observes that, to use Clarendon's words, Charles was too conscientious to buy his peace at so profane and sacrilegious a price, as the suppression of episcopacy. It is strange that our worthy editor has not seen that, conscientious as he is declared to have been, the king here begs the question, whether he may not be guilty of the duplicity of a temporary compliance, with the secret resolution to maintain and recover the episcopal doctrine and discipline; and that his "case of conscience" sought only the consolation of authority from his ghostly counsellor, for practising a breach of faith for which he was already prepared. The whole letter is very remarkable, and quite characteristic. It expresses all the irresolution in which Charles was so often lost; and it declares unequivocally, his inclination to pursue that insincere and faithless course of policy which, more than any other circumstance, gave a fatal termination to his affairs, and has left the deepest reproach upon his memory.

Of the era of the revolution of 1688, there are a number of highly interesting letters, elucidating the course of public feeling, and the daily course of public events. We have also a good deal of correspondence at the close of Queen Anne's reign, of Lord Oxford and other ministers and noblemen, with the Hanover family. It adds still more proof to that already on record, of the unprincipled court which the public men of that day paid alternately to the Elector and Pretender. As we approach

our own age, by far the most valuable matter which Mr. Ellis has collected, is from the "Mitchell Papers:"—the correspondence of Mr., afterwards Sir Andrew, Mitchell, who was British ambassador to the court of Prussia from 1756 to 1771. Of these letters Mr. Ellis has printed a great many; and being occupied much less with the affairs of the embassy, than with the details communicated by official friends of political intrigues in England, they form a highly interesting, and almost uninterrupted narrative of the state of parties in administration during all this period. One circumstance they rather unpleasantly develop: a strain of adulation from the first Pitt towards Frederic the Great, scarcely worthy the dignity of that illustrious minister. Of this servile homage, two short passages from Mr. Pitt's letters to Mr. Mitchell, will suffice for a specimen.

"The approbation the king of Prussia is pleased to express to you of the measures pursued, and of the fair and honest proceedings of the king's servants, fills me with the deepest satisfaction and sincerest joy for the public; at the same time that the distinguished protection and infinite condescension of that heroic monarch towards the least amongst them, have indeed left me under impressions beyond the power of words; and, in addition to all the warmest sentiments which my heart has long devoted to the greatest of kings, and pride of human nature, gratitude, that can only cease with my life, has completed the ties of inviolable attachment."

"What I sat down only to do, is to acknowledge the favour of your very obliging private letter of the 20th past; and to give some expressions, in a short word, to the deep and lively sentiments of most respectful gratitude and veneration which such a testimony, from such a monarch, must engrave for ever in a heart already filled with admiration and devotion."

"Truly dear as his Prussian majesty's interests are to me, it is my happiness to be able to say, that if any servant of the king could forget (a thing, I trust, impossible), what is due by every tie to such an ally, I am persuaded his majesty would soon bring any of us to our memory again. In this confidence I rest secure whenever peace shall be judged proper to come under consideration, *no PEACE of UTRECHT* will again stain the annals of England."—vol. iv. pp. 409—411.

One rather curious fact appears in the course of these letters to Sir Andrew Mitchell from his political friends. It will, perhaps, be in the memory of some of our readers, from the perusal of the Bishop of Winchester's life of the last Pitt, that in 1783, George III. privately declared his intention of retiring to his electoral dominions, if the ejected coalition should prevail against his youthful minister: it appears from these letters, that the king openly made the same threat to his cabinet twenty years earlier. In a letter from Mr. Erskine to Mr. Mitchell, written in September, 1763, it is declared, "that the king called the ministers together, acquainted them with what had passed between him and Mr. Pitt, and, in a

spirited speech, let them know that he expected they would labour assiduously in discharge of the duties of their respective departments, so that no blame might be thrown upon his government; that he should always be willing to take their advice in council, and hoped, with their assistance, he should be able to govern in a manner wholly unexceptionable, and for the good of his people; but that he was determined, for the future, never to be guided by the councils of any individual; and that he would suffer any extremities, and even retire to Hanover, rather than suffer himself to be enslaved by the ambition of any of his subjects." It is not a little singular, that the two occasions on which the king was provoked to have recourse to this threat of retiring to Hanover, related oppositely to Chatham and his son. In the one case, the petulant menace was produced by the royal determination to exclude the elder Pitt from power: in the second instance, it was prompted by his anxiety to maintain the younger Pitt in office. This "Mitchell correspondence," is the last part of Mr. Ellis's selections, which possesses any great attraction. The few letters from Burke which close the volumes, contain nothing remarkable: they were written soon after the death of his beloved son, and breathe only a tone of dejection of political despondency at the successes of the French revolutionists, which was deepened, perhaps, by the melancholy state of his personal feelings.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

COLONEL O'SHAUGHNESSY IN INDIA.*

You have doubtless often heard me talk of India. It is at this very moment twenty-three years, two months, and five days, since I sailed for that country in the Blunderbuss transport. I was not then a Colonel. No, confound my ill stars, I was only plain Captain O'Shaughnessy. The regiment was with me, or rather I was with the regiment: and a pleasant time we had of it during our passage from the Downs to Calcutta. Our Colonel was a fat, lusty, little man, of some five feet, or thereabouts, with a paunch like an alderman—broad across the shoulders, and with legs as round and brawny as an elephant's. He had a large, lumpy nose, red like claret, and as irregular in its outline as a bunch of grapes. I am sorry to say that Colonel M'Mulligan, for that was his name, was any thing but esteemed in the regiment. His temper was something like his nose, very fiery. The least thing put him into a passion; and, plague take him! when he once got into one, he never got out of it.

A very different sort of a man was Major O'Dunder. He was a countryman of my own, as you may know by the name: indeed, I rather think he was distantly related to me by the

* Colonel O'Shaughnessy is supposed to relate these adventures to his friends, over a bottle of wine.

mother's side. Like the other, he was a little man, but the Colonel would make three of him, the Major being as meagre as his superior was corpulent. In addition to this, he had a snub nose, and was bandy-legged. He was withal a good tempered and worthy man.—Such were our two commanding officers. What I myself am I need not say. You know me well; and some things concerning me, which you do not know, will appear before I am done with my story.

We entered the Hoogly on a September evening, and were safely landed at Calcutta; not a soul of us having died by the way. We were four hundred strong; and I will take it upon me to say, that a finer body of troops never entered India. There was not a man among them under five feet ten, with the exception of the Colonel, the Major, and one of the regimental drummers. Some of them were even as tall as myself.

We were reviewed by his Excellency the Governor General, who was pleased to express his high satisfaction at our martial appearance, and the able manner in which we went through our evolutions. In a particular manner, he complimented my company for the dexterity of its manœuvres, and hoped to see the day when I should be at the head of the regiment. His words were prophetic, although, at the time, the prophecy had little chance of being accomplished, as there were several Captains older and richer than I; and my two superiors were healthy men. How I stepped into the boots of the latter gentleman you shall soon see. The praise of the Governor, whether merited or not, it does not become me to say. Our men swore that I deserved it all, and O'Dunder said the same thing.

In Calcutta, we were thrown, as it were, upon a new world. Every thing was different from what we had been accustomed to see. The men were different; the women were different; the very reptiles and insects were different. I cannot say that I much liked the manners of the people. Nobody there does any thing for himself. Walking is quite abolished. You will see great, fat, unwieldy Europeans, carried through the streets, not in carriages but in palanquins, and not by horses or bullocks, but on the shoulders of men. On my arrival, I was advised to get a palanquin, and to be sure, I got one; and a pretty business there was the very first time I got into it. My bearers, four in number, were carrying me to the Government House, to pay my respects to his Excellency, when all at once we came bang against some opposing substance, with a concussion like that of an earthquake. Before I could account for this extraordinary greeting, an immense body, like a feather bed, tumbled upon the top of me, and brought not only myself, but my palanquin to the ground. I could neither see, nor speak, nor breathe. I was, in truth, well nigh smothered, and no wonder; for I lay beneath an auctioneer's wife, fully twenty stones in weight—and was literally overwhelmed under a burden of fat and petticoats. I must have been stifled for aught that the black fellows did to the contrary. The servants in this most unchristian country will do nothing but what they are engaged for

Now, those bearers are only employed to carry people *within* palanquins, and not to lift up those who tumble *out* of them. My case coming under the latter description, I must have perished, but for the circumstance of Major O'Dunder and two corporals passing accidentally by at the time, who pulled me out from beneath, and saved me from certain destruction. Since then, I have never entered a palanquin; and even now I cannot think of them, without calling to mind the auctioneer's fat wife, as she covered me, like an immense German sausage, with her ponderous corporation.

People talk of the good pay to be had in India, but they know very little of the matter. It had need to be good, considering the establishments required to be kept up. In my own house I had no less than a hundred servants. You stare, gentlemen, but upon my honour, it's true. First, I had eight for a palanquin, which, for decency's sake, I was obliged to keep, although I never used it. Then I had one to rub down my horse, another to feed him, a third to water him, and a fourth to saddle and bridle him. I had one to clean my boots, one to keep my spurs and stirrups in order, one to shave me and another to dress my hair. I had one to fan me at night, and another in the morning. To drive away the mosquitoes in the morning I required two; and as many at tiffin, and dinner, and supper,—in all eight. Then I had a brace to make sherbet; a brace to go errands; and the same number to announce visitors. There were two for dusting my parlour, two for watering it, and ten for doing the same duty to the other apartments of the house. But to enumerate the whole set would be endless; and therefore I shall say nothing farther about the matter.

I would advise every body who goes to India to learn the language; and, for this purpose, there is nothing like a Pundit. I got one of these into my house; and a mighty learned man he was, for he taught it me in three months. I say, gentlemen, in *three months* I spoke the Hindostanee tongue, so as not to be distinguished from a native. I was the only man in the regiment that did it. The Colonel made an attempt to master the thing, but he failed in *toto*. His brain was too stolidified, and too conversant with wine and good eating, to achieve impossibilities. O'Dunder tried it, but, after hammering away for some time, he gave up in despair.

Calcutta is a very pleasant place to live in, so far as eating and drinking are concerned; but, of what use is either meat or drink when a person has no appetite? I tell you, there is no such thing as a good appetite in all India. When I left England I could have eaten the moon to dinner, and half a dozen of stars as a dessert after it; but I was not three weeks in this hot, stifling, mosquito country, when I had no more relish for my victuals than a newborn babe.

Then such sights as I have seen, of serpents, sharks, crocodiles, and hippopotami swimming about in the Hoogly! A most dangerous place to bathe in, that Hoogly—and yet, such is the cursed infatuation of the people, that they bathe in it daily, although scores of men,

women, and children, are every hour swallowed up before their eyes. It is a well-attested fact, that the monsters which inhabit this abominable stream are so accustomed to human flesh, that they will eat nothing else. Fling a dog or a pig into the water, and he is safe; but no sooner does a rational biped fancy a dip, than he is straightway transported to Abraham's bosom, in the fangs of an alligator, or some other of the ravenous fraternity.

The interior of the country is not a bit better. It swarms with snakes, scorpions, centipedes, and tigers. The very air teems with life. Nothing is more common than a shower of fishes. I have seen them fall in millions in the streets of Calcutta. And a devilish good dish these cloud fishes are—no cooking is required. They are broiled in their descent by the sun's heat, and on reaching the ground, are fit for the table. They are of different sizes, varying from six inches, to a couple of feet in length, and weighing in proportion.

I have told you at the beginning, that Col. M'Mulligan was abundantly ill-natured. I know not what to compare him to. He was a sour-plum, a crab-stick, a scorpion, a viper, a ferret, or what you will. He never spoke at the mess except to O'Dunder and me; and when he did so, it was with such an air of superiority, as set us well nigh beside ourselves. One day, after smoking eighteen cigars, and drinking two bottles of port—his usual allowance—he announced to us, in pompous terms, that he resolved to introduce a gong into the band of the regiment.

"A gong!" said I, with a long stare, "and what the devil is a gong?" "The Colonel looked for some moments as if astounded at my audacity. His red nose grew redder: the crimson of the port mounted to his cheeks, till they became like burning coals; and he stared at me as if I had been a fiend incarnate. "You will soon see what a gong is," answered he, withdrawing the cigar from his mouth, and emitting I know not how many cubic feet of tobacco smoke. "Something is in the wind," whispered O'Dunder, at this exhibition of wrath. "The Colonel will give you a dig some of these days; so have a care of your soul, O'Shaughnessy."

I thought no more of it at the time; but a few days thereafter, the regiment chanced to be on review before the Commander in Chief. My company was placed close by the band, who were ordered to play up the Duke of York's march, in honour of the occasion.—They commenced as usual, but in such an infernal style of loudness, that the regiment stood aghast. On looking to ascertain the cause of this uproar, I saw that the whole was occasioned by a scapoy of a fellow, beating time upon a circular instrument, by all the world like a tambourine, or lid of a pot. I did not imagine that the whole earth contained any thing capable of producing such discord. I thought the fellow had come there to insult the troops—so rushing forward, I gave him a kick, and sent my fist through his machine in the twinkling of an eye.

"By J—!" exclaimed O'Dunder, who stood by at the time, "what is this you have done?"

"What have I done?" said I, with astonishment.

"Aye, Tom O'Shaughnessy, what have you done? Don't you see you have broken the Colonel's gong?"

"The Colonel and his gong may go to the devil," was my answer. "My ears are not made of brass more than other people's; and no man shall insult them with impunity."

So much for the gong, but the business did not end here. I was reprimanded by the Commander in Chief, and a new gong set a-going the very next day. It would not do to demolish this as I did the first. I would have run the risk of a court martial; and was obliged to put up with the nuisance as patiently as I could. Matters, however, did not remain long in this state. Not satisfied with carrying his point against me, and every man of sense in the regiment, the Colonel showed his revenge in a manner so virulent and mean, that I could no longer brook the indignity. With a view of annoying me, he ordered the gong beater to take up his station opposite to my window every morning by daybreak; and there to thump away at his diabolical instrument till he could thump no longer. I bore this for two mornings, but on the third, my indignation got beyond all bounds; and springing half naked out of bed, I got hold of the gong, and broke it to pieces over the rascal's head. This was an insult which military etiquette could not overlook. I was challenged by the Colonel, and met him, with O'Dunder for my second, about two miles from the city. We never fired, a *coup de soleil* having struck my adversary dead as he was taking his station. Some alleged that he died of apoplexy, produced by excessive rage, but I have no manner of doubt that he owed his death to a *coup de soleil*.

This event occasioned a vacancy, as you may readily suppose, and Major O'Dunder was appointed to fill it up. He became Colonel to the regiment, and I succeeded as Major. Such a promotion, you will perhaps conceive, added to my happiness; very far from it. I was confoundedly miserable; and what with grief, and the heat of the climate, I became from a lusty man, a mere scarecrow, as I am at this moment. The truth is, gentlemen, since I must out with it, I was the victim of remorse. The canker worm of care got into my heart, and made it as soft as a frosted potato. It may well be said, with the poet, that grief played upon my damask cheek; for my cheeks were at this time as plump and rosy as a parson's cushion, till that infernal liver complaint tinged them all over with yellow and brown. The mess could not make out what was the matter with me. Some said that I was ill of home sickness, and longing after the pleasant fields of Connaught; some that I was labouring under the blue devils, and others, that I was in love. But the plain statement of the matter was, that I felt remorse for the death of the Colonel. True, I did not absolutely kill him, but indirectly he died by my hands; and if I had not insulted his gong, he might have been alive this day, smoking his cigars, and drinking his port, as usual.

I need not describe to you what is meant by remorse. You will get a very good definition

of it in Johnson's Dictionary; but no lexicographer that ever wrote could define what I felt on this melancholy occasion. Wherever I went, the image of Colonel M'Mulligan haunted my imagination. I could think of nothing but him. He appeared to me in dreams,—his face dilated with rage, and his nose swollen out to two or three times its natural size. I tried every means to get rid of the phantom, but in vain. If I smoked, I saw his face staring at me in the fumes of my tobacco. If I sung, I heard his hoarse, ill-natured voice muttering maledictions during every pause of my chant. I took to gin with no better success. I tried arrack and date-brandy, and the result was the same.

In this deplorable state of mind, I was one evening waited on by O'Dunder. "O'Shaughnessy," said he, "I am grieved to see you—upon my *soul* I am. You are as pretty a man, and as brave a man, as any in the regiment; but you are dying away like a farthing candle—and, by J—, if you don't take care of yourself you will soon go out."

"And what would you have me to do?" asked I, putting down a glass of brandy, which I was in the act of raising to my lips. "What would you have me to do, Colonel O'Dunder?"

"What would I have you to do?" said the Colonel, repeating my words. "Why, Tom O'Shaughnessy, I would have you to marry. This is the only cure for your melancholy that I can think of."

"And whom would you have me to marry?" I demanded, as I raised the glass to my lips, and emptied it at a single gulp.

"Neither more nor less than Mrs. O'Higgins, the commissary's widow," answered the Colonel.

"She squints with both eyes," said I.

"No matter," observed he. "We shall all be squinting by-and-by in this infernal country. There is never a day but some one or other gets a *coup de soleil* upon his eyes, and he straightway squints like an owl."

"But she is as fat as a whale."

"Fat!" exclaimed the Colonel, "Leave her alone for that. She will get rid of her corpulence when she has been a little longer in India."

"Then her temper," rejoined I hastily.—"I am told she is as ill-natured as a crab, and as dangerous with her claws: and, moreover, that she scolds her servants from morning till night."

"A fig for her temper," replied O'Dunder. "Hasn't she five lacs of rupees, and arn't all women ill-natured? Besides, to let you into a bit of a secret,—she loves you to distraction."

"Loves me?"

"Yes, loves you. And let me tell you something more, we are to have a tiger hunt tomorrow. I have told the widow that you will attend; and she has agreed to accompany us upon her elephant, to see the sport. We shall knock you up at five in the morning: so adieu for the present." And the Colonel stalked out of the room, leaving me all in a puzzle by the nature of his intelligence.

It was at this time nine in the evening,—my usual hour of retiring to rest; but although the pundit had come in, and announced that

my couch was ready for me, I did not make the slightest effort to rise. With my hand I motioned him away, and remained upon the seat. My brain was now in a greater turmoil than ever. I could think of nothing consistently. Sometimes my fancy wandered to one point, and sometimes to another. At this moment I was wrapped up in a delirium of delight: at that, I was plunged into the abyss of misery. I sometimes doubted whether I was sober or drunk—whether I was asleep or awake—whether I was dead or alive. I even doubted whether I was myself or another person. Every sort of change took place within my spirit; and the longer I sat, the more numerous and extraordinary these changes became.

Meanwhile, the night wore on apace. The sun had sunk like a vast ball of fire beneath the horizon; and the shades of night flung themselves like a curtain over the cupolas, and minarets, and towers of Calcutta. I sat alone in my chamber. Before me, in the centre of the table, stood a bottle of brandy: at one side, was my unsheathed sword; at another, my holster pistols, loaded with ball. A gloom, such as veils the evenings of the tropics, prevailed around. It was obscure enough to prevent small bodies from being seen, but not sufficiently dark to shroud the outlines of large ones. Accordingly, although my hat, which hung upon a peg of the opposite wall, was invisible, I could discern the more prominent objects of the room—such as the chairs, the tables, the eight-day time-piece, and my regimental cloak, which appeared suspended with its ample folds of blue like an apparition in the middle of the gloom.

This was truly a time and place for meditation; and if ever man attempted to turn his opportunities to good purpose, it was I. During that night, I reflected more, and was more bamboozled with my reflections, than any philosopher that ever existed. My brain was in a regular jumble, and the ideas ran pell-mell through it like peas in a pot. For the purpose of assisting my thoughts, I had recourse to the brandy-bottle. Glass after glass did I swallow, to rally them and make them steadier. It was in vain. Every moment they became more mystified,—every glass that was poured down only rendered them more refractory. My mind was in a sort of rebellion—military discipline was at an end within it. Fancy and feeling, which are at best subordinate to judgment, (who is commander-in-chief of all the faculties,) broke out into open mutiny against their general, and there was the devil to pay.

All this was not the work of a moment. It was the work of minutes, perhaps of hours. Every thing went on gradually, and proceeded from bad to worse. I cannot tell the sights that I saw, or the sounds that I heard, or the feelings that I felt. The shades of night seemed to thicken about me, but, strange to say, objects were not rendered more indistinct than before. As the darkness around them increased, they also became more dark, as if to out-brave the gloom and make themselves visible in spite of it. My cloak, the chairs, the tables, and the time-piece, put on a blacker livery, and refused to be hidden in the womb of the surrounding night. I heard the pendulum

of the latter as it swung from side to side.—I heard the hour strike once and again.—My ear was acute—painfully acute.—Every tone, however feeble, was caught by it.—The cricket chirped with monstrous loudness;—the mosquitoes and fire-flies buzzed and hummed like the sound of an organ around my head—and the gentle zephyrs seemed to sweep by and howl against the half-opened casement, as if a tornado triumphed in the air. Nor was my nose much less sensible than my ears and my eyes. The fumes of brandy, and wine, and tobacco were strangely jumbled with the scent of the odoriferous plants which were growing upon the window-sill.

Sometimes I laughed in the ecstasy of delight as my fancy was caught by the ludicrous; sometimes I wept as it was touched by the pathetic; and sometimes I shuddered at the pangs of remorse shot across it. At one time I was full of Colonel O'Dunder. I saw his snub nose and peaked chin peering beneath the canopy of an immense cocked hat—then I laughed at his bumpy legs, his little meagre person, and the huge sword dangling from his side. Then the redundant figure of widow O'Higgins would appear before me. At one time she would be standing with her arms a-kinbo, and her face on Ere, passionately scolding her black domestics, who jabbered at her with uncouthly voices, their white teeth shining like pearls from the interior of their sooty physiognomies. At another, she would be mounted upon an elephant, smiling with delight, and having one of her fat arms thrown around my neck, for I too was on the top of the elephant, in the same car as the widow, and on my way with her to the tiger hunt. I was there, and I was also, at the same moment, in my own chamber, in the midst of darkness. I thought that I possessed ubiquity—that I was in different places at one time—that it was broad daylight at one of these places, and darkness at another;—and that at the one I was in a car on an elephant's back, cheek-by-jowl with Mrs. O'Higgins, and in the other, drinking brandy at home. This both tickled and astonished me; and I thought that I laughed aloud with downright mirth.

But my laughter was soon checked, for this gay undefinable scene flitted past, and in stalked Colonel M'Mulligan. In a moment remorse came upon me. The glass, which I was raising to my lips, I replaced upon the table, gave an involuntary shudder, and gazed, horror-struck, at the apparition. I would have bid him *avant*, but I could not speak. I would have sheered off, but I could not rise. I would, perhaps, have run him through with my sword, or discharged my pistols at him; but I could not lift my hand. All I could, was to gaze upon him, and listen to the maledictions he would doubtless pour out against me.

He looked horribly ill-natured. His little sharp fiery eyes darted at me like a basilisk's; and, as he saluted me with these lightning glances, his face became redder, his nose larger, and his whole attitudes more threatening. He was dressed in uniform. His cocked hat, red coat, blue small-clothes, tasselled boots, and patent spurs, were perfectly visible and distinct, although all around was darkness. For some

time he did nothing but gaze upon me, and I, in self-defence, gazed at him with equal intensity. Meanwhile, he seemed to increase in size—he dilated on all sides—his body becoming ten times thicker than Daniel Lambert's, his stature twice as great as O'Brian's, and his face seven times the diameter of the regimental bass-drum. Altogether, the little, fat, ruby-nosed Colonel M'Mulligan assumed the appearance of a monstrous giant—swelling out till he filled the whole room with his hideous dimensions. During this tremendous process the air was filled with dreadful sounds, which came from the lips of the phantom. "O' Shaughnessy, O' Shaughnessy, O' Shaughnessy!—beware M'Mulligan! beware the Colonel of the twenty-ninth!" These were his words; and as he employed the language of Shakespeare, I endeavoured to do the same in reply. "Thou canst not say I did it," trembled upon my lips, but refused to proceed farther. I could not get them uttered, and they rushed back to my heart, from whence they came. For the first time in my life did I feel something like fear; and I make no doubt I should have been mortally afraid, had not indignation at the grins and vile glances of my adversary kept up my heart.

This vision, like the others, vanished away. I breathed freely, and managed to fill another glass, which I swallowed with additional energy. Scarcely had I done this, when the sound of a gong fell upon my ears. A glow of anger swept over me when I heard it, for it was the same loud, detestable sound which had brought on all my calamities. Ere I had time for reflection, the gong-beater stood before me—the same whose impertinence I formerly chastised. On his head he wore a white turban; and his sable brow was stained with the mark of the peculiar caste to which he belonged. He was dressed in wide linen trousers, and wore sandals upon his feet, but his arms to the shoulders were bare. Boom—boom—boom went his gong, with a loudness which nearly deafened me. The ticking of the clock,—the chirping of the crickets,—the buzzing of the mosquitoes,—the fluttering of the fire-flies,—all these were in a moment drowned by the noisy deluge which emanated from the abominable gong. Nor was this the whole, for in a short time Colonel M'Mulligan appeared in his natural form, grinning at me as at first, and, with diabolical malice, encouraging the fellow to make as much noise as possible. In addition to this, the latter skipped about the room, laughed at me with his ugly black mug, put out his tongue in derision, and thumped away within a foot of my nose. You will wonder why I did not at once kick him to the shades below; but, *deuce* take me, if I had the power to move or do any thing—except lift the glass of brandy to my lips.

Confound these visions of mine! I think I shall never get to the end of them. The spectacle, somehow or other, became changed. I now saw an elephant in the open air—the same elephant that I saw in my house; and Widow O'Higgins was upon its back, in the centre of the car; and she had her plump arms thrown around the necks of two men; and she smiled, and kissed them, and seemed mighty fond of

them. And one of these men was Colonel M'Mulligan, and the other was myself; and yet the other was not myself; for all the while I was conscious of sitting in my own dark chamber, drinking my own brandy. I cannot say how it was, for I was both here and there; but which of the two O'Shaughnessys was the real one, I could not told you, although I got all the islands on the lake of Killarney to myself. Now, what do you think the Widow O'Higgins was about? She was endeavouring to reconcile us to each other, and make us friends for the rest of our lives. This same reconciliation puzzled me as much as did my double self, for I knew that the Colonel had died of a *coup de soleil*, and was already buried with military honours. However, she did reconcile us; and we kissed each other, and promised to be enemies no more.

This scene, like all the rest, melted away; and, for a time, I was left in the solitude and darkness of my room. But my bewilderment was far from being at an end, and imagination soon conjured up fresh phantoms. The two colonels, the widow, the gong-beater, the elephant, and the black domestics, once more stalked before me—sometimes in one character, sometimes in another. At one moment, the elephant seemed to carry Mrs. O'Higgins, at another, she seemed to carry the elephant.—Every character underwent a process of multiplication. There were as many O'Dunders as would have stocked the British army; and the M'Mulligans were still more numerous. The widow appeared in different capacities—scolding at this corner, smiling at that, and dancing and flirting at a third. Nor were the gong-beaters fewer in number: the scoundrel, like the rest of the company, possessed ubiquity, and so did his gong; thereby multiplying the vile discord fifty-fold. But what perplexed and angered me most, was Colonel M'Mulligan. He beat the others hollow, appearing in as many places as there were hairs in his wig. I was conscious that there was not a soul in the chamber but myself, and yet it was full of people; and the greater portion of these were multiplications of the Colonel. At some places, he flirted with the widow; but in general, he employed himself looking at me with the most hateful expression of malice, and with calling out in a low, sepulchral voice, "O'Shaughnessy, O'Shaughnessy, O'Shaughnessy!—beware M'Mulligan! beware the Colonel of the twenty-ninth!" When you consider, that this was repeated from five hundred different quarters—that it was accompanied with the sound of fifty gongs—with the voices of fifty O'Dunders, and fifty O'Higginses, and fifty elephants, and, Heaven knows how many scores of black domestics—you may be sure that I was regaled with a pretty tolerable specimen of harmony! In fact, I became stunned, stupified, and overcome with the tumult, and, I must own it, somewhat afraid at the hideous phantasmagorias which were gathering around me; for all the furniture in the room was becoming instinct with life. My chairs, my time-piece, and my cloak, parted with their inanimate character, and assumed the voice and the form of M'Mulligan. To complete my confusion, when I was putting out my hand to lay hold of the

brandy bottle, the latter suddenly stretched itself out, and became adorned with a human head and a human body. In a word, it turned an additional Colonel, and stood upon the table mocking maliciously at me. The glass did the same thing; and when I let it go with horror, on discovering the change, it fell to the floor with a shock that convulsed the house; and arose, puffing and blowing, from the ground, a genuine Colonel M'Mulligan! This defection of my two best friends went to my very heart. I could bear with tolerable composure the disloyalty of my cloak and furniture, but any falling off in the bottle and glass was too much for my feelings; and, overcome with such base ingratitude, I fainted away.

How long I remained in this faint, I know not. I was awakened from it by a loud noise at the outside of the house; and on opening my eyes, I found the chamber bathed in the lustre of an eastern morning. The zephyrs breathing mildly through the casements, filled the house with coolness and perfume. The phantoms of the preceding night had vanished with the darkness. Every thing was disenchanted, and wore its natural shape. Even the glass and the bottle appeared in *propria personis*.

The cause of this noise was O'Dunder and his cavalcade, who were proceeding to the tiger hunt, and who, on their way, had called upon me, for the purpose of knocking me up. On looking out, I saw an elephant, with Mrs. O'Higgins and the Colonel on the top of it; but I neither saw myself nor M'Mulligan—a circumstance which, I assure you, afforded me no small degree of satisfaction. There were Sepoys on horseback, and Sepoys on foot, to the number of forty—some armed with hunting-spears, some with fire-arms, and others with sabres. In addition to this, there were cymbal-beaters, and trumpeters, and sherbet-makers, and cooks, and, Heaven knows what else—all were bound to the tiger hunt; and their hallooing and music, together with the roaring of the elephant, and neighing and trampling of the horses, produced a discord only inferior to that by which I was saluted in my visions.

"Come up alongside of us," said O'Dunder, "we have kept a birth for you on the elephant's back."

"Ay, do, dear Mr. O'Shaughnessy," added the widow, popping her fat face over the side of the ear, and ogling me with her squinting peepers. "You can sit on one side of me, and Colonel O'Dunder on the other." But it would not take. No sooner had she spoken the word, than I called to recollection my dream; and such was the influence of fancy, that O'Dunder seemed to assume the form of M'Mulligan; and I thought she only wished to bring me face to face with my malignant enemy, and make me kiss him and swear eternal friendship. These vagaries, it is true, did not long continue—a moment dispelled them; but still I considered the very circumstance of their taking place was an evil omen. I therefore declined the invitation with all due politeness, and resolved to accompany the cavalcade on horseback.

We all set out at a moderate trot, my black charger taking the lead, and the elephant bringing up the rear. In twenty minutes we were out of Calcutta, and in twenty more, we got into a wide plain, covered in some places

with a turf of rich verdure, and in others with fine sand. A few banian trees spread their ample foliage here and there over its surface, curtaining from the burning rays of the sun whatever spots they shaded with their canopy. This was the place where we expected to rouse the tiger—our Sepoys having intimated to us that one of those ferocious animals had been seen prowling in the plain the evening before. However, no tiger made its appearance. We beat up every quarter without success, and sent scouts in different directions to get intelligence. In this fruitless chase, we continued till eight o'clock, when the state of our cattle warned us it was time to take some rest; and our stomachs hinted, in equally strong terms, that a little refreshment would not be amiss. We, accordingly, sojourned beneath the umbrage of the nearest banian tree, and breakfast was prepared in the twinkling of an eye—the widow and colonel having previously, with some effort, dismounted from their elephant.

But we did not long enjoy our meal in silence; for about the middle of the feast, the elephant was observed to become fidgety—raising his trunk portentously in the air, moving from side to side, and uttering a peculiar cry. Scarcely were these signs observed, than a hideous growl fell upon our ears; and, looking to the quarter from whence it proceeded, we perceived a pair of fiery eyes glaring upon us. They were those of the tiger, which was circling the outskirts of our encampment, and evidently waiting for an opportunity to dash in. At this apparition, the widow screamed aloud, O'Dunder drew his sword, and the Sepoys betook themselves to their fire-arms. For my part, I neither did the one nor the other. My first step was to get mounted, and give chase to the enemy. There is no use in waiting for the attack of a tiger. If you do not kill him, he will kill you; and it is too much courtesy to give him the compliment of the first onset.

No sooner had I backed my charger, than I clapped the rowels in his sides, and dashed on towards our adversary. For a moment he looked as grim as if he would have made minced meat of us both; but as we neared him, his valour seemed to abate, and, turning round, he fairly took to his heels, and scampered over the plain. Away went he, and away went I in the pursuit. But scarcely had I got a hundred yards from the encampment, than a volley of exclamations came after me from O'Dunder and the widow. They were calling me back; but so interested was I in my object, that I took no heed to their entreaties. It was a singular race between my steed and the tiger. Both ran as if they were contending for the plate at Newmarket; and I make no manner of doubt, that, upon good ground, the former would have distanced his opponent. This was so much the case, that whenever he came upon the turf, he made such advances, as well nigh to tread upon the tiger's kibes; and the latter would unquestionably have been beat all to sticks, but for the circumstance of the plain being in many places sandy, and therefore, better adapted to his velvet paws than to the hard hoofs of the charger.

Away we went through thick and thin, sometimes trampling over the firm verdure of the soil, at other times knee-deep in sand. We leapt

over trenches, gullies, trunks of trees, and every impediment. During the whole of this race, the sun shone forth with extraordinary vigour. There was not a cloud to stain the sapphire dome of heaven, whose vast amplitude was filled with an universal gush of golden glory. The heat was intense, and, I believe, that had it not been for the ardour of the parties engaged, we must inevitably have sunk under it. Never, I believe, since the creation of the world, was a tiger so completely bamboozled. He had caught a Tartar with a vengeance; and could not, with all his cleverness, get rid of him. Away he went, panting and blowing, and foaming, as if perdition was at his heels; and away went we after him, with all our mettle. There was nothing for him, but either to be trampled to death, or surrender at discretion; and he did not seem inclined to relish either alternative. At last, as fortune would have it, we approached a deep ravine, fringed with jungle and brushwood, and watered below by a small stream which ran through its centre. The tiger saw that the only safety for his soul was in this difficult retreat, and he strained every nerve to gain it. In spite of all our efforts, he was successful—clearing, with one desperate spring, the verge of the gulf, and rolling like a ball down its sides, till the river below received him in its bosom.

The question now was, what ought to be done? My horse had wisdom enough to see that it would never answer to plunge into the ravine: and he drew up, of his own accord, and stood snorting and panting by its side. After a moment's reflection, I resolved to dismount, and make the attack. Having, therefore, taken my pistols in one hand, and my sword in another, I wound my way cautiously downwards, and beheld the ferocious animal slaking his thirst at the pool. At first, I was apprehensive that I would not get at him, and that he would take the opportunity of my being disqualified for pursuit, to steal off and escape scot free. I was mistaken: so far from shunning the encounter, he no sooner saw me, than he set up a horrid growl, showing his long white fangs, and couching like a cat when it is about to spring upon its prey. "Ah, ha! *monsieur le tigre*!" said I, "you are not such an ass as I supposed. You have shown yourself a fellow of some sense, in getting me away from my friends; and you doubtless anticipate the pleasure of enjoying a *bonne bouche* upon the body of Tom O'Shaughnessy. But, by St. Patrick, I have not been educated at Trinity College for nothing; and I shall perhaps show you a trick as good as your own!" So saying, I advanced towards him, holding out my sword at arm's length, when he made a violent spring forwards, and received the weapon a full foot into his body. It penetrated the chest, and he recoiled, roaring with pain, and bleeding copiously. I did not pause a moment with my operations. I gave him a second thrust, then a third; and lastly, with the rapidity of lightning, discharged both my pistols at his head. The balls took effect; and the poor devil rolled into the stream, and expired in less than a minute.

While engaged in this business, I heard overhead, the trampling of steeds and the sound of human voices. I hallooed aloud, and was an-

swered by the friendly voice of O'Dunder. In another moment he stood at my side, accompanied by half-a-dozen Sepoys. They were so astonished at what I had done, that they could hardly believe the evidence of their senses. The colonel informed me, that when he saw me get after the tiger, he became alarmed for my life; and instantly mounted with a party of the retinue, to afford assistance in case of need; but that I rode at so furious a rate, as rendered it impossible for them to keep pace with me. He mentioned, farther, that when he observed my horse standing without his rider, he had given me up as dead—and that, if I had not called, they might have wandered bootlessly all over the country in search of my mangled remains.

"But O'Shaughnessy," said he, "what is the matter with your eyes?"

"What is the matter with my eyes?" rejoined I. "Why, there is nothing the matter with them."

"Then my own have deceived me," was his answer, "for as sure as my name is O'Dunder, you have had a *coup de soleil*." And I could see him wipe away a tear which stood upon his own eye, and look as melancholy as a mopstick. At this I became alarmed, and asked him what was the matter, but he would say nothing. He only shook his head and the Sepoys did the same, and gazed at me with glances of unaffected pity. This state of suspense was more than I could endure. A horrible suspicion came across me, and I said, with a faltering voice, "Do I—do I—O'Dunder, do I really —?" I could not get out the word, to such an extent had the frightful thought stifled my utterance.

"O yes, you do," said the generous colonel, anticipating what I was about to say. "My dear O'Shaughnessy, you really do, but be not cast down about it; we shall all do the same if we remain much longer in this accursed country."

"Do I then squint?" ejaculated I at last, with a tremendous effort.

"You do, indeed, even worse than Widow O'Higgins," answered my friend, while a second tear rolled down his cheek; and he again shook his head, and assumed a look of the profoundest melancholy.

No language can describe the state of mind into which this announcement threw me. Upon my honour, I wept like a babe, and beat my breast, and beshrewed the hour I was born. I was now a squinter. My eyes, on which the young girls of Coleraine used to doat, were irrevocably distorted. I was no longer "the handsome O'Shaughnessy"—I squinted like an owl, and would not only be abhorred by myself, but made the laughing-stock of all mankind. What now to me was the merit of having destroyed the tiger? What would avail the praises which would, doubtless, be poured upon me for that remarkable action? could they remove the obliquity of my vision? Could they give to my countenance its former dignity of expression? Alas! no—that must for ever remain as it is, and I must be pointed at by the finger of ridicule, and called "the Squinting O'Shaughnessy."

O'Dunder did what he could to console me, and so did all my friends, except Widow O'Hig-

gins, who, now that I had undergone such a metempsychosis, would have nothing more to say on the subject of love. Base woman, she set a pair of distorted eyes in the balance against the glorious exploit of having killed a Bengal tiger.

Altogether I was miserably depressed in spirits: and, what with the exhaustion attendant upon my adventure, and my increasing agitation of mind, I was seized with a brain fever. For ten days did I rave in the agonies of delirium. All the visions I had seen before were nothing to those which now haunted my imagination. Every person around me seemed to squint. My physician, my pundit, my household domestics, all squinted horribly. Even O'Dunder, who waited upon me with fraternal kindness, did the same. And to increase my horrors, the form of M'Mulligan would not stay away. He appeared more terrible than ever—for he squinted. The gong-beater came, and he squinted also, and beat upon his gong. Then the elephant would enter the room; and he, too, squinted, and so did his drivers, and all who came along with him. I had visions of crocodiles, which lifted up their cold, gaunt heads into the air; and of serpents, that wound their scaly folds around the posts of the bed. And they all squinted alike—both the serpents and the crocodiles. Then my old enemy, the tiger, would glare upon me, and gnash his teeth and howl in my ears; but I minded not his gnashing, or his howling, or the apparition of his bloody fangs. It was the squint of his eyes which went to my very soul, and froze it with horror. I saw crabs, and centipedes, and scorpions, and cockroaches, crawling upon me, and covering the walls and curtains with their detestable presence—and they all squinted. Nothing around me but did the same. The buttons of my military coat, which hung at the foot of the bed, were converted into squinting eyes. My misery was supreme; and to crown all, came the knowledge that I myself squinted more than any other being.

Perhaps the whole of nature could not furnish such another scene of horror. The chamber was filled with every thing hateful and impure. Mrs. O'Higgins, at one quarter, sat upon her elephant—at another, she scolded her domestics. In a third, was the villainous gong-beater, stunning me with his more villainous instrument. In a fourth, walked O'Dunder—his hands behind his back, and his long sword trailing upon the floor. In a fifth, appeared M'Mulligan, grinning at me with his fiery eyes and claret-coloured nose; and pouring out imprecations upon my wretched soul. Every one of them squinted. Man, woman, beast, and reptile, seemed smitten with the same disorder; and all, as it appeared, for the express purpose of annoying the wretched O'Shaughnessy.

I recovered at length from this disorder, but it was only to find my body in a worse state than before I was taken ill, for I was almost completely bald—having lost every hair on my head except a small tuft behind, which is now woven into a *queec*. Before that time, no man had a better chevelure than I. However, I was, upon the whole, rather a gainer, than

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otherwise; for I got entirely rid of the pangs of remorse, which had haunted me so fearfully ever since the death of Colonel M'Mulligan.

A few weeks after my recovery, I was waited upon by O'Dunder, who informed me that since Mrs. O'Higgins and I were on such bad terms, he was resolved to marry her himself. This he did some days thereafter; and I had reason to wish him joy on the event. He left the regiment, and took a passage to England with his wife, almost immediately after. As a reward for my services, his Excellency, the Governor-General, was pleased to grant me his commission without purchase. And thus did I step into his boots, and became Colonel of the gallant twenty-ninth.

I was now in an important situation, and had an active part to perform in the concerns of India; being engaged with my regiment in the war against the Pindarees. For my assistance in this business, I was publicly thanked by his Excellency, and had my name honourably mentioned by the Government at home. During the war, two remarkable events happened to me. First, I slew with my own hand, a boa constrictor, thirty feet in length; and, secondly, I was seized with liver complaint. As I detest self-praise, I shall say nothing more about the former subject, than that I thrust my sword down the monster's throat, after a score of cowardly Sepoys had taken to flight on the occasion. With regard to the second, it damaged my constitution considerably, and changed my complexion from its natural ruddy tint, to the vile brown-and-yellow one which it wears at the present moment. But if I were to relate all that I saw and did in India, it would fill a volume. By and by, I mean to submit my observations to the public in print; when, I flatter myself, I shall be able to give a better and more impartial account of this important country than any which has hitherto issued from the press.

A MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE MEMORIAL PILLAR.*

"Hast thou through Eden's wild-wood vales pursued
Each mountain-scene magnificently rude,
Nor, with attention's lifted eye, revered
That modest stone which pious Pembroke rear'd,
Which still records, beyond the pencil's power,
The silent sorrows of a parting hour?"

Pleasures of Memory.

MOTHER and Child! whose blending tears
Have sanctified the place,

* On the road-side between Penrith and Appleby, stands a small pillar with this inscription: "This pillar was erected in the year 1656, by Ann, Countess Dowager of Pembroke, for a memorial of her last parting, in this place, with her good and pious mother, Margaret, Countess Dowager of Cumberland, on the 2d April, 1616: in memory whereof she hath left an annuity of 4*l.* to be distributed to the poor

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Where to the love of many years
Was given one last embrace;
Oh! ye have set a spell of power
Deep in your record of that hour!

A spell to waken solemn thought,
A still, small under-tone,
That calls back days of childhood, fraught
With many a treasure gone;
And smites, perchance, the hidden source,
Though long untroubled, of remorse.

For who that gazes on the stone
Which marks your parting spot,
Who but a mother's love hath known,
The one love changing not?
Alas! and haply learn'd its worth,
First with the sound of "Earth to earth!"

But thou, true-hearted Daughter! thou
O'er whose bright honour'd head
Blessings and tears of holiest flow
Ev'n here were fondly shed;
Thou from the passion of thy grief
In its full tide couldst draw relief.

For oh! though painful be th'excess,
The might wherewith it swells,
In Nature's fount no bitterness
Of Nature's mingling dwells;
And thou hadst not, by wrong or pride,
Poison'd the free and healthful tide

But didst thou meet the face no more
Which thy young heart first knew?
And all—was all in this world o'er
With ties thus close and true?
It was: on earth no other eye
Could give thee back thine infancy.

No other voice could pierce the maze
Where, deep within thy breast,
The sounds and dreams of other days
With Memory lay at rest;
No other smile to thee could bring
A gladdening like the breath of Spring.

Yet, while thy place of weeping still
Its lone memorial keeps,
While on thy name, midst wood and hill,
The quiet sunshine sleeps,
And touches, in each graven line,
Of reverential thought a sign;

Can I, while yet these tokens wear
The impress of the Dead,
Think of the love embodied there,
As of a vision fled?
A perish'd thing, the joy and flower
And glory of an earthly hour?

Not so!—I will not bow me so
To thoughts that breathe despair;
A loftier faith we need below,
Life's farewell words to bear!
Mother and Child!—your tears are past,—
Surely your hearts have met at last! F. H.

of the parish of Brougham, every 2d day of April for ever, upon the stone-table placed hard by. *Laus Deo!*"

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From the Monthly Review.

SPANISH VOYAGES OF DISCOVERY.*

Is the number of this journal for January last, the work now before us was briefly noticed,† as one replete with curious matter, the greater part of which had hitherto lain concealed in the royal archives of Spain. Since then a respectable contemporary, the Quarterly Review, has adverted to the subject, but in so compendious and cursory a manner, that we are quite confident the intelligent reader will feel obliged to us for introducing him more fully to the contents of these two volumes.

They are intended to afford a complete view of the discoveries made by the Spaniards since the close of the fifteenth century. Of course, the chief portion of them refers to Colombo's intrepid and successful enterprises. Little new light is shed on his early career farther than this—that he went to settle at Lisbon about the year 1470, where he married Doña Felipa Muniz, whose father, Bartolomé, was attached to the household of the Infante Don Juan of Portugal. Bartolomé was also a navigator, and went with a colony to the island of Puerto Santo. After his death, his widow gave the use of his papers, charts, and instruments, to her son-in-law, who visited the island of Madeira. It appears, that in consequence of the information which these papers afforded him, Colombo offered his services to the court of Portugal, for undertaking further discoveries to the westward; and we have a curious epistle, addressed to him at Lisbon, by Paolo Toscanelli, a celebrated astronomer of the day, dated Florence, 25th June, 1474, in which, knowing Colombo's earnest desire to sail in quest of the regions where the spices grow, the writer sends him a copy of a letter he had written some time before to Canon Martínez, a confidential person of the king of Portugal, stating his opinion, that the direct westward track from Lisbon to the Spice islands, and other Indian coasts, must be shorter than that from Lisbon to the coast of Guinea; and accompanying his assertion by a chart of his own composition, with the track marked upon it. "Do not be surprised, observes Toscanelli, that I call *Ponente* the lands where the spices grow, which commonly are called *Lerante*, because those who sail to the west will find those places in that direction, whilst those who proceed eastward by land, will meet them in the east."

However, Colombo did not succeed with the court of Portugal, and he was even obliged, it appears, to escape precipitately from that country about the year 1484, the reason of which is not stated; and he retired to Andalusia. Having afterwards asked of the king of Portugal a *sauv conduit* to return to Lisbon,

the king, Don Johan, wrote to him, at Seville, a kind letter, dated 20th March, 1488, saying that he would be pleased to see him, being acquainted with his zeal for his service, and that affairs should be settled to his satisfaction.

Whether Colombo accepted or not of this invitation, we have not been able to ascertain; but we find him in the years 1487, 88, and 89, at Seville, where it appears, by several documents, that various sums of money were paid to him by order of queen Isabella, at different periods, till the year 1492, apparently for his support and encouragement in his views of preparing for a voyage of discovery. The Duke of Medinaceli, a great nobleman in Andalusia, had become acquainted with Colombo in 1484, when the latter was a refugee from Portugal: the Duke kept him two years near his person, and intended at one time to have sent him with an expedition on his own account from Port St. Mary's; but thinking afterwards the undertaking more fit for a Sovereign, he wrote to the Queen, and sent Colombo to her, requesting that if the expedition were to take place, he, the Duke, should have a share in it; and that it should sail from, and return to, the port just mentioned. The consequence was, that Colombo, from the year 1486, was taken into the Queen's service, and received a salary; but the final determination was deferred until after the taking of Grenada, into which city their Catholic Majesties entered in January, 1492.

At last, on the 17th of April, 1492, an agreement was entered into between their majesties and Colombo, by which the latter was to have the title of Almirante and Viceroy of the lands which he was to discover, and also the *tenth part of the profits to be derived* either from the discovery of precious metals, stones, &c. or from the selling or exchanging of goods, and on the 30th of the same month, this agreement was sanctioned by letters patent.

The various narratives of the four voyages of Colombo, are contained in the first volume of the present collection. The second volume consists entirely of detached documents connected with those transactions. Colombo's narratives are of a piece with his character,—plain, unassuming matter of fact statements, intermixed with religious feelings, which gave to his firmness and courage additional strength. We pass over his two first voyages, as they contain few particulars which are not already known. His third voyage was undertaken in 1498. He sailed from San Lucar, and steered direct for the Caribbee Islands; he made Trinidad, and discovered the main land of Cumana, and the mouths of the great Orinoco river amidst which, curiously enough, he thought he had found the site of the primitive Eden! He thence repaired to Hispaniola, where those troubles began which pursued him almost during the remainder of his life.

And here we think Mr. Navarrete has, in a great measure, succeeded in exculpating Ferdinand and Isabella from the charge of ingratitude to Colombo, which has been rashly and intemperately brought against them by several modern writers. Colombo had been rewarded in a generous manner for his services; the greatest confidence was reposed in him by the

* *Coleccion de los Viages y Descubrimientos que hicieron por mar los Espanoles desde fines del Siglo XV. con varios documentos ineditos, coordinada e ilustrada por D. Martin, F. de Navarrete. De Orden de su Magestad: Madrid en la Imprenta Real, 1825. Vol. i. & ii. 4to.*

† See the M. R. p. 109, vol. iv.

king, as is proved by his letters; his sons were made pages to the queen; he was authorized to create a mayorazgo in his family, which was thus ennobled; he had privileges and emoluments bestowed on him in his newly discovered countries; he was entrusted with an ample and high command; the kindest and most flattering expressions were addressed to him by the two monarchs, when on a sudden a storm arose, which obscured the whole course of his fortunes.

Colombo found the colony which had been already settled at Hispaniola, in a state of great confusion, and he seems to have been either unable or unfit to restore order. It must be admitted that he had exceeded his powers, that he had made slaves of the Indians, and sent them to Spain to be sold, and that he suspended the salaries and allowances of many of the officers and settlers. Hence reclamations were made against him numerous and loud; the colony was threatened with utter anarchy and destruction; numbers of persons who returned to Spain from Hispaniola, complained of Colombo's overbearing and arbitrary conduct, of his ambition, injustice, and insatiable love of money. The disappointed complainants beset the ministers and the king himself; they demanded the arrears of their allowances, which had been stopped by the admiral; a crowd of them assembled in the Alhambra of Grenada, and pressing round the king, made the place resound with their vociferations; and went so far as to insult the sons of Colombo, who were employed in the royal palace, about their majesties' persons. Yet Ferdinand paused a long time before he took any measure against his favourite admiral, and it was only in May, 1499, that he determined on sending an officer, with the title of *juez perquisitor*, to investigate the causes of the prevailing discontent. The king's choice fell on the commander Bobadilla, an old servant of the crown, and a man, till then, of high character. On Bobadilla's arrival at Hispaniola, he found the disturbances nearly quelled, but his appearance was the signal for the discontented to raise fresh outcries against the admiral, whom they called a *foreigner*. The new judge, surrounded by partial accusers, and perhaps not a little stimulated by his own ambition and cupidity, acted with great harshness towards the admiral and his brother, seized upon their house and property, put them in chains, and sent them to Spain. On their arrival at Cadiz, however, in November, 1500, they were immediately released by order of their majesties, who were then at Grenada; a supply of money was sent to them, and they were invited to appear at court, where they were received most kindly, and were expressly informed that the treatment which they had suffered had been the very reverse of their majesties' intentions. Bobadilla being recalled, Don Nicholas de Ovando was sent as governor-general, ad interim, with Colombo's consent; and in September, 1501, orders were given that the admiral's property should be restored to him. He was, moreover, indemnified for his losses, the contracts he had made were confirmed, and in short, he was reinstated in all his privileges and emoluments, except the go-

vernorship.* It is a remarkable circumstance, however, that the inquests taken, and the depositions forwarded against him, were hushed up, and not made public; and that he does not appear ever to have solicited, as he might have done, to be tried, or confronted with his accusers, in order that he might clear himself from the charges of his accusers. The historian Oviedo remarks, on this subject, "that the real motives of the imprisonment of the admiral remained secret, because the king and queen preferred to have him discharged, rather than severely treated."

The account of the fourth or last voyage of Colombo, is preceded by a copy of the instructions drawn out by the king, for the admiral's guidance. Among other things, Colombo was desired not to interfere with the colony of Hispaniola, the scene of his former broils, nor even to touch, or at least linger, on its shores. He was also forbidden to make slaves of the Indians, but was only to take with him such as would willingly attend him. He set sail in May, 1502, on this new expedition, during which he discovered the coast of Nicaragua, and landed at the Rio de Veragua, where he was unsuccessful in his attempt at forming a settlement. We have among the narratives, two accounts of those transactions. The first was written by Diego de Porres, a member of the expedition. He states briefly, that Colombo having entered the river, which he named Santa Maria de Belem, was well received by the people, and that the cacique informed the Spaniards where the mines lay, and even sent two of his sons to point them out. "We found," says Diego, "many mines already opened by the Indians, who are here very skillful in the art of extracting the precious metals; in one day we gathered several ounces of gold, without any instruments." He then proceeds to state, that in consequence of an attempt which was made by the admiral, to seize the cacique and his children, the camp of the Spaniards was attacked, several of the men were wounded, and they found it necessary, after burning two of their ships which became unserviceable, to make the best of their way to Hispaniola.

We have another account of this disgraceful affair, from the pen of Diego Mendez, who was a principal actor in it, and who appears to have enjoyed the admiral's peculiar confidence. His narrative is extracted, oddly enough, from his will, in which he bequeaths to his heir, his yet unrequited claims for his services in the expedition under Colombo. He states that, while the expedition was in the Rio de Belem, a great number of Indians from another district assembled in the neighbourhood, giving out that they had come to join those of Veragua, to fight against the natives of Cibrava Auriva.

"But," says Mendez, "I believed them not, and thought they had assembled to burn our ships and kill us all; upon which supposition the admiral ordered me to go and explore. I went accordingly, with one single companion, to the cacique's habitation, and was met by the chief's son, who roughly opposed my pro-

* See documents in vol. ii. p. 274, &c.

gress, asking me what I wanted with his father? I said that I was a physician, but the young Indian would not be persuaded. I, seeing that by this means I could not pacify him, took out from my pocket a comb, scissors, and looking-glass, and I told my companion, Escobar, to comb and cut my hair. At the sight of this, the cacique's son, and the other Indians present, looked astonished and dismayed; I told Escobar to comb the cacique's son, and to cut his hair; then I gave him the comb, scissors, and glass, upon which he became friendly, and I asked him for something to eat. By his order, his people did bring some provisions, of which we cheerfully partook, and then we left them friends. I then returned on board, and made report to my lord the admiral, of all the occurrences."—vol. i. p. 316.

Next morning, however, there was a council held on board, and Colombo having asked the opinion of Mendez, the latter said, that the cacique and the principal among his people must be seized, after which, the rest would be easily induced to submit. This barbarous council was carried into effect; the cacique and most of his chiefs and their wives, children, and relatives, with all the principal men of their race, were made prisoners; but while they were on the way to the ships the cacique escaped, through the fault of the man who had charge of him, and afterwards caused the Spaniards much injury. The rains then came, and the Admiral sailed out, leaving Mendez on shore with seventy men. The latter had to resist the attacks of the justly irritated natives, and at last was glad to leave that ill-fated coast. The whole of Mendez' narrative is highly interesting for the tone of plain, blunt sincerity in which it is written, and as exhibiting the bold reckless spirit of an adventurer ready to serve his master *per fas per nefas*. Colombo seems to have well understood and appreciated this man's character, for he gave him "other dangerous commissions to execute in the island of Cuba and elsewhere."

It is curious to observe Colombo, the bold navigator, the determined and not over-scrupulous commander, the keen speculator who bestows so many praises on the great utility of gold,* now and then seized with a fit of devotional enthusiasm, fancying at one time that he had discovered the primitive Eden, and at another, writing to a learned monk, Gorricio, about the end of the world being only one hundred and fifty years removed, and insisting that Jerusalem was soon to be delivered from the infidels; events which, in his excited fancy, he connects with his astonishing discoveries in the New World. He quotes the Bible, and several learned rabbis, in support of his prognostications. We have here also a letter of his to the Pope, which he wrote in February, 1502, before setting out on his fourth voyage, and in which he acquaints his holiness with his unexpected success. In several passages he expresses an honest and Christian belief, that he was an instrument in the hands of Providence, to carry the light of the Gospel to the New World. In his complaints about

the affair of Bobadilla, he thus expresses himself:

"I have added to the dominions of their Catholic Majesties, more lands than Europe and Africa put together. I have withstood the offers of France, England, and Portugal, and have answered, that these lands belong to their majesties, *for here my Redeemer has sent me*. I have lost the best part of my life in this conquest; and I now find myself upon invidious and malicious charges deprived of all. . . ."

—vol. ii. p. 254.

From his fourth voyage Colombo returned to Spain, in November, 1504, ill in health, and soon after queen Isabella, his patroness, died. He survived her but a short time, and we have here a copy of his will, made on his death bed, at Valladolid, the 19th May, 1506, in which he describes himself under the high sounding title of "Admiral, Viceroy, and Governor-General of the islands and continents of the Indies." A few hours afterwards, these were all empty sounds!

Mr. Navarrete next passes in review the various Spanish writers who have treated of Colombo's discoveries, and of the early Spanish settlements in the New World. The first in order is Andres Bernaldes, rector of the Villa de los Palacios, who, in his *Historia de los Reyes Catholicos*, speaks of the great events of his time, Colombo's voyages and discoveries. The good cura knew Colombo personally, and, among other things, speaking of the admiral's return to Castile after his second voyage, he states, that he was dressed in the garb of a monk of St. Francis, (one of those fits of devotion, we imagine, to which we have seen Colombo was subject,) and that he had with him some Indians, whom he had taken away along with the cacique Caonoba, to show them to queen Isabel; the cacique himself, however, had died of grief at sea. The next writer is Pedro Martin de Angleria, also personally acquainted with Colombo, who wrote: *De rebus Oceanicis et orbe novo Decades tres*. The third is Don Hernando Colon, son of the admiral, who was only fourteen years of age when he accompanied his father in his fourth and last voyage. He wrote the history of the admiral, in Spanish, which was lost; but Alfonso de Ulloa wrote an Italian translation of it, and from it a retranslation into Spanish, carelessly executed, was published by Barcia.

Next, but perhaps first in celebrity as connected with Indian affairs, stands Father Bartolome de Las Casas, "whose invectives against the conquerors, says Navarrete, have been the main foundation on which foreign writers have built their accounts of those early transactions." Of Las Casas' various works, the most important is his *Historia general de las Indias*, in three parts or volumes, in which he treats of the discovery, conquest, and subsequent events in the New World, as far as the year 1520.—These volumes, however, remain unedited; the two first (autograph) are preserved in the royal academy of history, and the third in the royal library.

"In this work," says Mr. Navarrete, "Las Casas has displayed vast erudition, mixed, however, with a disregard for temperance and discrimination, which sometimes borders upon

* Vol. i. p. 309 Carta de Colon.

temerity. He had access to many original documents, which he has most carefully and scrupulously copied or extracted, and in these alone he is entitled to the highest credit and confidence. On this account, and for his having been present at many of the early expeditions and conquests, his authority has been followed by many subsequent writers, and among the rest by Antonia de Herrera, in his *Decadas*. He does not deserve so much credit when he relates from hearsay or from recollection; for as he began, as he himself says, to write his history in 1527, when he was fifty-three years of age, and did not complete it before 1559, when he was eighty-five; and as he confesses also that he wrote both *what he had seen, and what he had not seen, but heard*, during sixty years of his life, it is not extraordinary that his memory should fail him, and that he should confound one event with the other, deviate from the order of chronology, and alter the real nature and connexion of cause and effect."

Our editor, after quoting instances of this incorrectness, proceeds in the following language, which must appear remarkable as coming from ultra Catholic Spain.

"To give an idea of the singular character of this writer (Las Casas), we must premise, that his system on the conquest of the New World reduced itself to this principle, viz.: that the authority of the pope *alone* could legally bestow on the Christian monarchs the sovereignty over the discovered lands, which was to be, however, but a limited and protected supremacy, leaving the native kings or chiefs in the possession of their own immediate authority over their subjects as before, this being the properest means to obtain the establishment of Christianity, an object, which, in Las Casas' judgment, *was the only argument or title that could be alleged in favour of conquest*. In short, evangelical mildness, charity, and pacific instruction, were the only arms to be employed in this *spiritual subjugation*. Consequently, whatever departs from this principle is in Las Casas' eyes a crime, an usurpation, a tyranny, a disorder."

In seeing the good Las Casas' notions of public right thus severely commented upon by another Spanish clergyman, and a secretary of his Catholic Majesty, in the nineteenth century, many reflections on the contradictions of human opinions will present themselves to the mind of the reader. One thing is evident, Las Casas was sincere in his faith, single hearted, and little acquainted with the secret springs of worldly affairs, otherwise he could never have fancied that the subjection of the New World, or of any country, could be effected by spiritual means alone; or rather that the Spaniards would be satisfied with these. Yet his was an amiable error—a delusion common to many high and generous minds of various communions, even in our own days. Exclusive religious studies but indifferently qualify a man to direct the intricate and jarring machinery of human interests and human passions: in this Mr. Navarrete is right—he knows men better; but as a matter of speculative opinion, Las Casas' simplicity is more attractive than his censor's worldly wisdom.

Another and a classical writer on Indian affairs is Gonzalo Fernandez de Oviedo, whose works are not yet wholly known to the public. The principal among them, viz. *La Historia natural y general de las Indias, islas y tierra firme del mar Oceano*, contains fifty books, and is divided into three parts; the first of which alone has been printed entirely, and afterwards reprinted with a comment, and also translated into Italian and French. Of the second part, the first book only has been printed; and the remaining books, as well as the whole of the third part, have remained unedited, although Charles III. ordered the whole to be printed. "Oviedo," says Navarrete, "is a laborious diligent writer, very accurate, especially when treating of the epoch which followed that of Colombo, and with the events of which he was better acquainted than with the earlier times of the first discovery." Oviedo was born in 1478, went in 1513 to Tierra Firme, as *veedor de las fundiciones de oro*, or inspector of the smelting of the gold; in 1519, he was lieutenant to Davila, in Darien, where he distinguished himself. In 1526 he was named governor and captain of the province of Carthagena, in Tierra Firme; and in 1535, alcalde of the fortress of St. Domingo, in Hispaniola. Afterwards, having returned to Spain, he was appointed *cronista general*, or historiographer of the Indies. He died at Valladolid in 1557, having been forty years in the king's service, thirty of which he passed in the Indies.

After this recapitulation of the old writers, contemporary with the discovery, Navarrete proceeds to argue, that it is from these the history of that period ought to be compiled. He then enters into a sort of apologetic disquisition on the conduct of the Spaniards at the conquest, in which it is no part of our business to follow him. Unfortunately, if we examine the history of the various European settlements in both worlds, there is enough to make us hold down our heads and blush for the sins of all and each. All were guilty: the guilt of the Spaniards appears more heinous and destructive, owing perhaps, in part, to the magnitude of their conquests. Some difference also ought to be made between the various Spanish expeditions, and between their chiefs. The conquest of Mexico, by Cortez, is certainly divested, in a great measure, of the character of atrocity and iniquity which attaches itself to those of Pizarro and Almagro. When we think of the dreadful sacrifices of human victims immolated to the monstrous Mexican idols—when we reflect that the Mexican rulers were a race of usurpers—that Montezuma was a gloomy, cruel, and insidious tyrant, we cannot but rejoice in the success of Cortez. Conquest alone could extirpate the Juggernauts of the New World; and we may even allow, that humanity and civilization triumphed for once under the banners of ambition.

In conclusion, we must observe, that Mr. Navarrete appears to us to have acted his part with a certain dignified moderation; which is the more commendable, considering the quarter whence it proceeds. If he has not succeeded in making an impression in favour of

Spain, he may console himself by reflecting, that the advocate is worthy of a better cause.

Si Pergama dextra
Defendi possent: etiam hac defensa fuissent.

For our part, we have viewed this work in the light the editor himself professes to see it—as a series of valuable, authentic, historical documents, and as such we deem it highly important. We hope Mr. Navarrete may continue his task, and give us the third volume, which will contain the account of, and documents connected with, the conquest of Costa Firme and Florida; and the fourth volume, which will bring to our view Hernan Cortez and his little valiant band. Many valuable documents, as Mr. N. observes, have been lost, through neglect or accident; others have been destroyed during the six years' war against the French; some have found their way to foreign lands. In the present state of Spain, too, it must be a great relief to a man of sense and taste, to withdraw himself from the hot-houses of faction and intrigue, and to retire to the peace of the libraries, to employ himself amid those splendid collections which are scattered about the Peninsula; and there, among the memorials of learning and departed worth, to gaze at the brilliant meteor of Spain's past glory—the glories of Castile and Arragon—to admire their chivalrous struggles against the children of Agar—to feed the mind on the records of the heroism, for that cannot be denied to them, of Cortez and of Pizarro—and to dwell on the remembrance of those times when “the sun never set on the dominions of the Spanish monarchy.”

From the London Magazine.
MAGAZINIANA.

JOHN KEMBLE'S DEFINITION OF INDEPENDENCE.—Mr. John Kemble once seriously told me that true independence consisted in—“being able to shave with cold water!”

We had left town early; and I expressed a wish for our arrival where I might enjoy the luxury of warm water for the purpose of shaving. “There, my dear Dibdin!” observed my fellow-traveller, “you are quite wrong: you go often, I dare say, (as I do), on visits to gentlemen's houses, where a guest, who is not attended by a valet of his own, will always find it advisable to make himself as independent of his host's servants as possible: now, if you are subservient to the luxury of warm water, you must either ring your bell as soon as you awake in the morning; or if you do not readily find

one, you must call William, or John, or Thomas, (for gentlemen's servants have various names,) and ask for warm water; by which means it is proclaimed to all the house, that Mr. Thomas Dibdin is going to get rid of his beard (it is a mistake to suppose he said *bird*). On the other hand, if, even in the depth of winter, you are man enough to use cold water, you enter the breakfast-parlour in the true spirit of independence, above the necessity of previous assistance; and the neatness of your toilet receives double effect from the silent and unassuming way in which you have made it.”—*Autobiography of Thomas Dibdin*.

FATAL BOAST.—In the course of conversation, our hostess, the *Juffrona Mare*, gave an account of the recent death of one of her relations in the following manner: On the 1st of January a party of friends and neighbours had met together to celebrate New Year's Day, and having got heated with liquor, began each boastfully to relate the feats of hardihood they had performed. Mare, who had been a great hunter of elephants (having killed in his day above forty of those gigantic animals), laid a wager that he would go into the forest, and pluck three hairs out of an elephant's tail. The feat he actually performed, and returned safely with the trophy to his comrades. But not satisfied with this daring specimen of his audacity, he laid another bet that he would return and shoot the same animal on the instant. He went accordingly, with his mighty roar,—but never returned. He approached too incautiously, and his first shot not proving effective, the enraged animal rushed upon him before he could re-load, or make his escape, and having first thrust his tremendous tusks through his body, trampled him to a cake.—*Thompson's Southern Africa*.

MRS. JORDAN'S “OLD HABITS.”—“How happens it,” said I to her, when last in Dublin, “that you still exceed all your profession even in characters not so adapted to you now as when I first saw you? How do you contrive to be so buoyant—nay, so childish, on the stage, whilst you lose half your spirits, and degenerate into gravity, the moment you are off it?” “Old habits!” replied Mrs. Jordan, “old habits! had I formerly studied my positions, weighed my words, and measured my sentences, I should have been artificial, and they might have hissed me: so, when I had got the words well by heart, I told Nature I was then at her service to do whatever she thought proper with my feet, legs, hands, arms, and features: to her I left the whole matter: I became, in fact, merely her puppet, and never interfered further myself in the business. I heard the audience laugh at me, and I laughed at myself: they laughed again, so did I: and they gave me credit for matters I knew very little about, and for which Dame Nature, not I, should have received their approbation.”—*Sir Jonah Barrington's Personal Sketches of his own Times*.

THE ELDER SHERIDAN'S POETICAL EAR.—During the latter part of his theatrical life, he was unfortunately subject to something like an approach to asthma, which, especially when

* Among the rest, the archives of the kingdom of Aragon, destroyed in the bombardment of Zaragoza, in January, 1809, and the library of the university, and the archiepiscopal library of Valencia, burnt by the shells of the French under Suchet, in January, 1812. See Navarrete's illustrations to his introduction, v. i., p. 135, where he gives an enumeration of the precious manuscripts and other works thus lost to the world.

declaiming, obliged him alternately to (what is very vulgarly called) hawk and spit; but as his ear was very fine respecting poetical measure, he never suffered the expression of his infirmity to break the quantity of a line, and therefore let it stand as a substitute for the word or syllable displaced; as thus, in Cato:—My bane and (hawk) tidote are both before me: This in a moment brings me to my (hawk), And this informs me I can never (spit).

Autobiography of Thomas Dibdin.

DIFFICULTY OF ACQUIRING ORIENTAL LANGUAGES.—For a European or American to acquire a living Oriental language, root and branch, and make it his own, is quite a different thing from his acquiring a cognate language of the west, or any of the dead languages, as they are studied in the schools. One circumstance may serve to illustrate this. I once had occasion to devote a few months to the study of the French. I have now been above two years engaged in the Burman. But if I were to choose between a Burman and a French book, to be examined in, without previous study, I should, without the least hesitation, choose the French. When we take up a western language, the similarity in the characters, in very many terms, in many modes of expression, and in the general structure of the sentences, its being in fair print, (a circumstance we hardly think of,) and the assistance of grammars, dictionaries, and instructors, render the work comparatively easy. But when we take up a language spoken by a people on the other side of the earth, whose very thoughts run in channels diverse from ours, and whose modes of expression are consequently all new and uncouth; when we find the letters and words all totally destitute of the least resemblance to any language we have ever met with, and these words not fairly divided, and distinguished, as in western writing, by breaks, and points, and capitals—but run together in one continuous line, a sentence or paragraph seeming to the eye but one long word—when instead of clear characters on paper, we find only obscure scratches on dried palm leaves strung together, and called a book; when we have no dictionary, and no interpreter to explain a single word, and must get something of the language before we can avail ourselves of the assistance of a native teacher.—*Judson's Baptist Mission.*

EMERY AT THE THEATRICAL BEEFSTEAK CLUB.—To keep conversation general, it was the custom, in this society, after two or three usual toasts, to call upon one gentleman for the name of a public performer, and on another for the title of a dramatic work, or quotation to correspond; as thus:—the president gave "Charles Incledon," and Mr. Const added,

Gratiano talks an infinite deal of nothing; or another proposed "George Cooke," to which name Mr. John Johnstone, with a richly-acted brogue, exclaimed, "a load o' whiskey" (Lodowska). Mr. Emery, who was introduced to this joyous assembly the same day with myself, and who was reckoned (with myself, of course) a very diffident man.—was at first much annoyed by these quotations, which, to

produce greater effect, were to be given as instantaneously as possible on the name being announced, with which they were to correspond. When, on the first day, it came to Emery's turn to make a quotation, he declared that (although an actor) he never could extemporaneously think of an apt extract from a play, nor had he ever made one on any subject. On being pressed, however, without any apparent consciousness of its just applicability to himself, he said—

Indeed, indeed, sirs! but this troubles me.

[On one of these occasions Professor Person was called upon for a quotation. The health just drunk was that of Gilbert Wakefield, who had recently published his diatribe on Porson's Hecuba. The Professor gave—

What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba.]

Autobiography of Thomas Dibdin.

OTHELLO SAVED FROM SUICIDE.—I was behind Covent-Garden scenes one evening in my boyhood, when a gentleman made his debut in Othello; Mr. Hull played Gratiano. In the last scene, the new actor, naturally bewildered on such an occasion, had neglected to provide himself with a dagger with which to kill himself; and before he recollected this oversight, had got as far, in his concluding speech, as—"I took by the throat the circumcised dog;" when, almost at his wits' end for something to "smite him" with, he looked round, saw a drawn sword in Mr. Hull's hand, and snatched it by way of substitute for the weapon he ought to have had. It happened to be a true Toledo, and indeed a very sharp one; and on Othello's abruptly seizing it, Mr. Hull, in most benevolent terror and agitation, losing sight of his assumed character, and anxious only for the personal safety of the *débutant*, rushed forward, seized the rapier, and exclaimed, in his richly energetic, though somewhat tremulous style of voice—"For God Almighty's sake, don't sir! it is a real sword!" and the curtain dropped amidst the convulsed laughter of the whole house.—*Autobiography of Thomas Dibdin.*

THE WILD PIGEON OF AMERICA.—In the autumn of 1813, I left my house at Henderson, on the banks of the Ohio, on my way to Louisville. Having met the pigeons flying from north-east to south-west, in the barrens or natural wastes a few miles beyond Hardensburgh, in greater apparent numbers than I thought I had ever seen them before, I felt an inclination to enumerate the flocks that would pass within the reach of my eye in one hour. I dismounted, and seating myself on a tolerable eminence, took my pencil to mark down what I saw going by and over me, and made a dot for every flock which passed.

Finding, however, that this was next to impossible, and feeling unable to record the flocks, as they multiplied constantly, I rose, and counting the dots then put down, discovered that one hundred and sixty-three had been made in twenty-one minutes. I travelled on, and still met more the farther I went. The air was literally filled with pigeons; the light of noon-day became dim, as during an eclipse; the

pigeons' dung fell in spots, not unlike melting flakes of snow; and the continued buzz of their wings over me, had a tendency to incline my senses to repose.

Before sunset I reached Louisville, distant from Hardensburgh fifty-five miles, where the pigeons were still passing, and this continued for three days in succession.

The people were indeed all up in arms, and shooting on all sides at the passing flocks. The banks of the river were crowded with men and children, for here the pigeons flew rather low as they passed the Ohio. This gave a fair opportunity to destroy them in great numbers. For a week or more the population spoke of nothing but pigeons, and fed on no other flesh but that of pigeons. The whole atmosphere during this time was strongly impregnated with the smell appertaining to their species.

It may not, perhaps, be out of place to attempt an estimate of the number of pigeons contained in one of those mighty flocks, and the quantity of food daily consumed by its members. The inquiry will show the astonishing bounty of the Creator in his works, and how universally this bounty has been granted to every living thing on that vast continent of America.

We shall take, for example, a column of one mile in breadth, which is far below the average size, and suppose it passing over us without interruption for three hours, at the rate of one mile per minute. This will give us a parallelogram of one hundred and eighty miles by one, covering one hundred and eighty square miles, and allowing two pigeons to the square yard, we have one billion one hundred and fifteen millions one hundred and thirty-six thousand pigeons in one flock; and as every pigeon consumes fully half a pint of food per day, the quantity must be eight millions seven hundred and twelve thousand bushels per day which is required to feed such a flock.

As soon as these birds discover a sufficiency of food to entice them to alight, they fly round in circles, reviewing the country below, and at this time exhibit their phalanx in all the beauties of their plumage; now displaying a large glistening sheet of bright azure, by exposing their backs to view, and suddenly veering exhibit a mass of rich deep purple. They then pass lower over the woods, and are lost among the foliage for a moment, but they reappear as suddenly above; after which they alight, and, as if affrighted, the whole again take to wing with a roar equal to loud thunder, and wander swiftly through the forest to see if danger is near. Impelling hunger, however, soon brings them all to the ground, and then they are seen industriously throwing up the fallen leaves to seek for the last beech nut or acorn; the rear ranks continually rising, passing over, and alighting in front in such quick succession, that the whole still bears the appearance of being on the wing. The quantity of ground thus swept up, or to use a French expression, moissonée, is astonishing, and so clean is the work, that gleaners never find it worth their while to follow where the pigeons have been. On such occasions, when the woods are thus filled with them, they are killed

in immense numbers, yet without any apparent diminution. During the middle of the day, after their repast is finished, the whole settle on the trees to enjoy rest, and digest their food; but as the sun sinks in the horizon, they depart en masse for the roosting-place, not unfrequently hundreds of miles off, as has been ascertained by persons keeping account of their arrival and of their departure from their curious roosting places, to which I must now conduct the reader.

To one of those general nightly rendezvous, not far from the banks of Green river in Kentucky, I paid repeated visits. It was, as is almost always the case, pitched in a portion of the forest where the trees were of great magnitude of growth, but with little underwood. I rode through it lengthwise upwards of forty miles, and crossed it in different parts, ascertaining its width to be rather more than three miles. My first view of it was about a fortnight subsequent to the period when they had chosen this spot, and I arrived there nearly two hours before the setting of the sun. Few pigeons were then to be seen, but a great number of persons with horses and wagons, guns, and ammunition, had already established different camps on the borders. Two farmers from the neighbourhood of Russelsville, distant more than one hundred miles, had driven upwards of three hundred hogs to be fattened on pigeon-meat; and here and there the people, employed in picking and salting what had already been procured, were seen sitting in the centre of large piles of those birds, all proving to me that the number resorting there at night must be immense, and probably consisting of all those then feeding in Indiana, some distance beyond Jeffersonville, not less than one hundred and fifty miles off. The dung of the birds was several inches deep, covering the whole extent of the roosting-place like a bed of snow. Many trees two feet in diameter I observed were broken at no great distance from the ground, and the branches of many of the largest and tallest so much so, that the desolation already exhibited equalled that performed by a furious tornado. As the time elapsed, I saw each of the anxious persons about to prepare for action; some with sulphur in iron pots, others with torches of pine knots, many with poles, and the rest with guns double and treble charged. The sun was lost to our view, yet not a pigeon had yet arrived, but all of a sudden I heard a cry of "*Here they come!*" The noise which they made, though distant, reminded me of a hard gale at sea, passing through the rigging of a close-reefed vessel. As the birds arrived, and passed over me, I felt a current of air that surprised me. Thousands were soon knocked down by the pole-men. The current of birds, however, kept still increasing. The fires were lighted, and a most magnificent, as well as wonderful and terrifying sight was before me. The pigeons, coming in by millions, alighted every where one on the top of another, until masses of them resembling hanging swarms of bees as large as hogsheds, were formed on every tree in all directions. These heavy clusters were seen to give way, as the supporting branches, breaking down with a crash, came

to the ground, killing hundreds of those which obstructed their fall, forcing down other equally large and heavy groups, and rendering the whole a scene of uproar and of distressing confusion. I found it quite useless to speak, or even to shout to those persons nearest me. The reports even of the different guns were seldom heard, and I knew only of their going off by seeing the owners reload them.

No person dared venture within the line of devastation, and the hogs had been penned up in due time, the picking up of the dead and wounded sufferers being left for the next morning's operation. Still the pigeons were constantly coming, and it was past midnight before I perceived a decrease in the number of those that arrived. The uproar continued, however, the whole night; and as I was anxious to know to what distance the sound reached, I sent off a man, who, by his habits in the woods, was able to tell me, two hours afterwards, that at three miles he heard it distinctly. Towards the approach of day the noise rather subsided; but long ere objects were at all distinguishable, the pigeons began to move off in a direction quite different from that in which they arrived the day before, and at sunrise none that were able to fly remained. The howlings of the wolves now reached our ears, and the foxes, the lynx, the cougars, bears, raccoons, opossums, and pole-cats, were seen sneaking off the spot, whilst the eagles and hawks of different species, supported by a horde of buzzards and carrion crows, came to supplant them, and reap the benefits of this night of destruction.

It was then that I, and all those present, began our entry among the dead and wounded sufferers. They were picked up in great numbers, until each had so many as could possibly be disposed of; and afterwards the hogs and dogs were let loose to feed on the remainder.—*Account of the Wild Pigeon of America, by Mr. John James Audubon; Dr. Brewster's Journal of Science.*

LETTERS.—“Heaven first taught letters;” thus I very much doubt of, and do even deny; and I dread the sight of a letter: it is sure to bring more pain than pleasure; from a stranger it is rarely worth the trouble of reading; if from a friend, it generally brings painful intelligence. They say at sea, that “God sends meat, and the Devil sends cooks,” (some of our cooks on shore are no great God-sends,) I can believe that heaven sends oral messengers, who come running breathless with good tidings; but the evil principle speeds the letter with bad news, neatly written, duly folded, sealed, and directed with unerring aim, like the fatal arrow. That we rarely receive agreeable intelligence by letter, shows that it is not the intention of nature that we should quit our friends; when we have found a person with whom we would wish to correspond regularly, we ought to communicate without the intervention of pens, paper, flaming scalding wax, and post-men. A letter in my eyes looks too much as if it came from the apothecary to be palatable; it resembles too closely the labelled phial, the neat-folded packet of powders, the trim pill-box, or the envelope of the soul-sickening bo-

lus.—*Hogg's Two Hundred and Nine Days on the Continent.*

BUSHMAN'S RICE.—These poor creatures were at this time subsisting almost exclusively upon the larvæ of ants, which they dig from the ground with a pointed stick, hardened in the fire, and loaded with a stone in the thick end. We saw many parts of the plains full of holes which they had made in search of these insects. There are two species of ants which they chiefly feed upon—one of a black, and the other of a white colour. The latter is considered by them very palatable food, and is, from its appearance, called by the boors, “Bushman's rice.” This rice has an acid, and not very unpleasant taste, but it must require a great quantity to satisfy a hungry man. In order to fill the stomach, and perhaps to correct the too great acidity of this food, the Bushmen eat along with it the gum of the mimosa tree, which is merely a variety of gum arabic.—*Thompson's Travels in Southern Africa.*

THE WAY TO OBTAIN THREE ROUNDS OF APPLAUSE.—The novelties of Covent-Garden produced this season by other authors, were Mr. Reynolds's comedy of “Management;” “The Turnpike Gate,” by Mr. Knight; “Wise Man of the East,” a comedy, by Mrs. Inchbald; “Joanna of Montfaucon,” a romantic play from the German, by Mr. Cumberland, who invited me to his lodgings, in Charles-street, St. James's-square, to hear him read it before it went into rehearsal, and asked me to play in it. The reason why he wished me to appear, arose from his having put into the mouth of an opposite character, addressing himself to me, “O, you have no genius, not you!”—“which,” said Mr. Cumberland, “being taken by the audience in the contrary sense, will not fail to occasion three rounds of applause.” With all my deference to the venerable bard's opinion, I could not exactly coincide with it in this instance, and respectfully declined the experiment.—*Autobiography of Thomas Dibdin.*

AFRICAN CASCADE ON THE ORANGE RIVER.—Having crossed the southern branch, which at this season is but an inconsiderable creek, we continued to follow the Korannas, for several miles, through the dense acacia forests, while the thundering sound of the cataract increased at every step. At length we reached a ridge of rocks, and found it necessary to dismount, and follow our guides on foot.

It seemed as we were now entering the untrodden vestibule of one of nature's most sublime temples, and the untutored savages who guided us, evinced, by the awe and circumspection with which they trod, that they were not altogether uninfluenced by the *genius loci*. They repeatedly requested me to keep behind, and follow them softly, for the precipices were dangerous for the feet of men; and the sight and sound of the cataract were so fearful, that they themselves regarded the place with awe, and ventured but seldom to visit it.

At length the whole of them halted, and desired me to do the same. One of them stopped forward to the brink of the precipice, and

having looked cautiously over, beckoned me to advance. I did so, and witnessed a curious and striking scene; but it was not yet the waterfall. It was a rapid formed by almost the whole volume of the river, compressed into a narrow channel of not more than fifty yards in breadth, whence it descended at an angle of nearly 45°, and rushing tumultuously through a black and crooked chasm among the rocks, of frightful depth, escaped in a torrent of foam. My swarthy guides, although this was unquestionably the first time that they had ever led a traveller to view the remarkable scenery of their country, evinced a degree of tact, as *ciceroni*, as well as natural feeling of the picturesque, that equally pleased and surprised me. Having forewarned me that this was not yet the waterfall, they now pioneered the way for about a mile farther along the rocks, some of them keeping near, and continually cautioning me to look to my feet, as a single false step might precipitate me into the raging abyss of waters; the tumult of which seemed to shake even the solid rocks around us.

At length we halted, as before, and the next moment I was led to a projecting rock, where a scene burst upon me, far surpassing my most sanguine expectations. The whole water of the river (except what escapes by the subsidiary channel we had crossed, and by a similar one on the north side) being previously confined to a bed of scarcely one hundred feet in breadth, descends at once in a magnificent cascade of full four hundred feet in height. I stood upon a cliff nearly level with the top of the fall, and directly in front of it. The beams of the evening sun fell upon the cascade, and occasioned a most splendid rainbow; while the vapoury mists arising from the broken waters, the bright green woods that hung from the surrounding cliffs, the astounding roar of the waterfall, and the tumultuous boiling and whirling of the stream below, striving to escape along its deep, dark, and narrow path, formed altogether a combination of beauty and grandeur, such as I never before witnessed. As I gazed on this stupendous scene, I felt as if in a dream. The sublimity of nature drowned all apprehensions of danger; and, after a short pause, I hastily left the spot where I stood to gain a nearer view from a cliff that impended over the foaming gulf. I had just reached this station, when I felt myself grasped all at once by four korannas, who simultaneously seized hold of me by the arms and legs. My first impression was, that they were going to hurl me over the precipice; but it was a momentary thought, and it wronged the friendly savages. They are themselves a timid race; and they were alarmed, lest my temerity should lead me into danger. They hurried me back from the brink, and then explained their motive, and asked my forgiveness. I was not ungrateful for their care, though somewhat annoyed by their officiousness.—*Thompson's Southern Africa.*

WHEN TO KILL A LION.—I was told here, that a lion had just killed an ox, and been shot in the act. It is the habit of the lion, it seems, when he kills a large animal, to spring upon it, and seizing the throat with his terrible fangs,

to press the body down with his paws till his victim expires. The moment he seizes his prey the lion closes his eyes, and never opens them again until life is extinct. The Hottentots are aware of this; and on the present occasion one of the herdsmen ran to the spot with his gun, and fired at the lion within a few yards distance, but, from the agitation of his nerves, entirely missed him. The lion, however, did not even deign to notice the report of the gun, but kept fast hold of his prey. The Hottentot reloaded, fired a second time, and missed; reloaded again and shot him through the head. This fact being well authenticated, seemed to me curious and worthy of being mentioned.—*Thompson's Travels in Southern Africa.*

LION ANECDOTE.—Diederik and his brother Christian generally hunt in company, and have (between them) killed upwards of thirty lions. They have not achieved this, however, without many hair-breadth escapes, and have more than once saved each other's lives. On one of these occasions, a lion sprung suddenly upon Diederik, from behind a stone, bore man and horse to the ground, and was proceeding to finish his career, when Christian galloped up, and shot the savage through the heart. In this encounter Diederik was so roughly handled, that he lost his hearing in one ear, the lion having dug his talons deep into it.

The Buchuana Chief, old Teysho, conversing with me, while in Cape Town, about the wild animals of Africa, made some remarks on the lion, which perfectly corresponded with the accounts I have obtained from the Boers and Hottentots. The lion, he said, very seldom attacks man if unprovoked; but he will frequently approach within a few paces, and survey him steadily; and sometimes he will attempt to get behind him, as if he could not stand his look, but was yet desirous of springing upon him unawares. If a person, in such circumstances, attempts either to fight or fly, he incurs the most imminent peril; but if he has sufficient presence of mind coolly to confront him, the animal will, in almost every instance, after a little space, retire. But, he added, when a lion has once conquered man, he becomes ten times more fierce and villainous than he was before, and will even come into the kraals in search of him in preference to other prey. This epicure partiality to human flesh in these too-knowing lions, does not, in Teysho's opinion, spring either from necessity or appetite, so much as from the "native wickedness of their hearts!"—*Thompson's Southern Africa.*

ACCOUNT OF THE CARRION CROW.—The first view of the carrion crow is disgusting, when compared with that of the *rultur aura*; its head and neck resembling in colour that of putrid matter. Its relative shortness, squareness, and clumsiness, together with its gait and manner of flying, are characteristic of an individual less powerful, and less deserving the high station which the carrion crow possesses in the order of birds, which naturalists place before eagles and falcons, so much its superior in every point of view.

"Like the turkey-buzzard, the carrion crow does not possess the power of smelling, a fact

which I have ascertained by numerous observations.

"In the cities where they are protected they enter the very kitchen, and feed on whatever is thrown to them, even on vegetables. If unmolested, they will remain in the same premises for months, flying to the roof at dusk to spend the night. Six or seven are often seen standing in cold weather round the funnel of a chimney, apparently enjoying the heat from the smoke.

"Notwithstanding the penalties imposed by law, a number of those birds are destroyed on account of their audacious pilfering. They seize young pigs as great dainties. They watch the cackling hen in order to get the fresh egg from her nest, and they will not hesitate to swallow a brood of young ducks. In order to keep them from the roofs of houses, where their dung is detrimental, the inhabitants guard the top with broken pieces of glass fastened in mortar, and they often kill them by throwing boiling water upon them. No fewer than two hundred of these birds are daily fed by the city of Natchez.

"Like all other cowards, these birds only fight violently when urged on by hunger or imminent danger, gradually augmenting to a high pitch; but then they make amends by beating their conquered adversary to death if in their power. When busily engaged with a dead carcase, they often jump against one another with bill and legs, striking like a common fowl, and if in the attack one overthrows the other, the victor will, without scruple, and in the most unmerciful manner, pick his naked head till it becomes clotted with blood. When any crow gains such an advantage, the victor is assisted by several others, who appear to engage in the conflict solely because there seems to be no danger.

"These birds are subject to a particular disease that I never remarked in the *vultur aura*. It consists of a kind of itching wart, which often covers the whole of the skin of their head and back of the neck, having a reddish appearance, and suppurating with a very fetid greenish humour. The bird thus afflicted, scratches these warts almost constantly, and the more irritated the larger they grow. In every one of these warts I have found fastened, as a common leech to the real skin, a small worm, very like some of those which torment certain quadrupeds, particularly, in this country, the common grey squirrel. I never could ascertain if these parasites killed the birds, but I am certain that many die during winter, or through some means to me unknown. These worms are killed by the bird, as I have found many of the warts dried, although large, but without any tenant, after a continuance of cold weather. It is not improbable that the continued filth attached to the head of these birds, after being immersed in the decayed flesh of the animals they feed on, occasions their birth. I have observed this to take place generally with the younger carrion crows, who, from the tenderness of their skin, are probably more liable to these vermin, and the older ones probably clear themselves of them more easily, as their skulls and skins become tougher. Besides these troublesome

settlers, the carrion crows are troubled with lice and tick-flies of a large size, that never leave them unless they are killed, or the bird dies.

"The unexpected sight of a powerful enemy always makes these birds instantly disgorge a part of the contents of their stomachs. The object of this is supposed to be to disgust the stranger, and make him desist from advancing nearer; but in my opinion it is done to lighten the bird of an extra load, with which it is difficult for it to fly off quickly. This is more probable, as immediately after this discharge the bird takes to its wings."—*Account of the Carrion Crow, or Vultur atratus, by Mr. John James Audubon, Member of the Lyceum of New York; communicated by the Author; Dr. Brewster's Journal of Science.*

A POLITE COME-OFF. GARRICK AND WEST THE PAINTER.—When Mr. West was about to paint the Death of General Wolfe, Mr. Garrick called on him, and offered (from a wish to serve the artist, whom he held in high esteem) to sit, or rather lie for him, as the dying hero, at the same time throwing himself on the ground, he began to die, as Mr. W. related it, in so true, so dignified, and so affecting a manner, that the painter interrupted him with—“My dear Mr. Garrick, I am fully sensible of your kind intentions; but so far from the assistance you offer being likely to serve me, it would do me the greatest injury.”—“Eh! eh!” said Garrick, “how? how?”—“Why, my dear sir! were it to be known, when I exhibited my picture, that you had done all this for me, whatever merit it might possess would be attributed to you.”—*Autobiography of Thomas Dibdin.*

CHANGE OF THEATRICAL COSTUME. THE GODS IN OPPOSITION.—Mr. West some time after remonstrated with Roscius for attiring Horatius, the Roman father, in a dressing-gown and peruke in folio, and offered him the model of a Roman toga. “No, no,” said Garrick, “I don’t want my house pulled about my ears: Quin dressed it so, and I dare not innovate for my life.” On being further advised to dispense with the modern full-dress uniform, and adopt the tartan in the character of Macbeth, he replied—“You forget the Pretender was here only thirty years ago; and, egad! I should be pelted off the stage with orange-peel.” However high the authority from whence these trifles are related, it is certain that Garrick began that reformation of stage costume which Kemble afterwards completed.—*Autobiography of Thomas Dibdin.*

THE WOODEN WALLS OF IRELAND.—At one of those large convivial parties which distinguished the table of Major Hobart, when he was secretary in Ireland, amongst the usual loyal toasts, “The wooden walls of England” being given,—Sir John Hamilton, in his turn, gave, “The wooden walls of Ireland!” This toast being quite new to us all, he was asked for an explanation: upon which, filling a bumper, he very gravely stood up, and, bowing to the Marquess of Waterford and several country gentlemen, who commanded county regiments, he said,—“My lords and gentlemen!

I have the pleasure of giving you 'The wooden walls of Ireland—the colonels of militia!'

So broad but so good-humoured a *jeu d'esprit*, excited great merriment: the truth was forgotten in the jocularly, but the epithet did not perish. I saw only one grave countenance in the room, and that belonged to the late Marquess of Waterford, who was the proudest egotist I ever met with. He had a tremendous squint,—nor was there any thing prepossessing in the residue of his features to atone for that deformity. Nothing can better exemplify his lordship's opinion of himself and others, than an observation I heard him make at Lord Portarlington's table. Having occasion for a *superlative* degree of comparison between two persons, he was at a loss for a climax. At length, however, he luckily hit on one, "That man was—(said the Marquess)—he was as superior as—as—I am to Lord Ranelagh!"—*Sir Jonah Barrington's Personal Sketches of his own Times.*

THE YOUNGER BURKE, A COXCOMB.—The Irish Catholics had conceived a wonderfully high opinion of Mr. Edmund Burke's assistance and abilities. Because he was a clever man himself, they conceived his son must needs be so too; and a deputation was sent over to induce young Mr. Burke to come to Ireland, for the purpose of superintending the progress of their bills of Emancipation in the Irish Parliament: and, to bear his expenses, a sum of 2000*l.* was voted. Mr. Keogh, of Dublin, a very sensible man, who had retired from trade, was extremely active upon this occasion.

The bills were introduced and resisted: a petition had been prepared by Burke; and, being considered neither well-timed nor well-worded, certain even of the warmest Catholic supporters declined to present it.

Young Burke, either totally ignorant of parliamentary rules, or supposing that in a disturbed country like Ireland they would be dispensed with, (especially in favour of a son of the great Burke,) determined he would present the petition himself;—not at the bar, but in the body of the house! Accordingly, he descended from the gallery, walked into the House with a long roll of parchment under his arm, and had arrived near the Treasury-Bench when a general cry of "Privilege!"—A stranger in the House!" arose from all quarters, and checked the progress of the intruder: but when the speaker, in his loud and dignified tone, called out "Serjeant-at-arms, do your duty!" it seemed to echo like thunder in Burke's ears; he felt the awkwardness of his situation, and ran towards the bar. Here he was met by the Serjeant-at-arms with a drawn sword,—retracing his steps, he was stopped by the clerk; and the serjeant gaining on him, with a feeling of trepidation he commenced actual flight. The door-keepers at the corridor now joined in the pursuit: but at length, after an excellent chase, (the members all keeping their seats,) he forced through the enemy behind the speaker's chair, and escaped no doubt, to his great satisfaction. Strong measures were immediately proposed: messengers despatched in all quarters to arrest him: very few knew who he was; when Lord Norbury, (with that vivacious promptness

which he always possessed,) on its being observed that no such transaction had ever occurred before,—exclaimed, "I found the very same incident some few days back in the cross-readings of the columns of a newspaper. 'Yesterday a petition was presented to the House of Commons—it fortunately missed fire, and the villain ran off.'"

It was impossible to withstand this sally, which put the house in a moment into good humour. Burke returned to England unsuccessful, and the matter dropped.

It being observed by some member, that the serjeant-at-arms should have stopped the man at the back-door, Sir Boyle Roche very justly asked the honourable gentleman—"how could the serjeant-at-arms stop him in the rear, whilst he was catching him in the front? did he think the serjeant-at-arms could be, like a bird, in two places at once?"—*Sir Jonah Barrington's Sketches of his own Times.*

HOMAGE TO GREAT MEN.—I remember, when a boy, following John Palmer and Charles Bannister all the way from Goodman's-fields to Covent-Garden, merely for the pleasure of being near such men; and though the "drunkard might make them gods," I don't think the feeling was unnatural.—*Autobiography of Thomas Dibdin.*

MRS. JORDAN'S DELIGHT IN THE STAGE.—I have seen her, as she called it, *on a cruise*, that is, at a provincial theatre (Liverpool); having gone over once from Dublin for that purpose: she was not then in high spirits: indeed her tone, in this respect, was not uniform; in the mornings she usually seemed depressed; at noon she went to rehearsal—came home fatigued, dined at three, and then reclined in her chamber till it was time to dress for the performance. She generally went to the theatre low-spirited.

Once accompanied Mrs. Jordan to the green-room at Liverpool: Mrs. Alsop and her old maid assiduously attended her. She went thither languid and apparently reluctant; but in a quarter of an hour her very nature seemed to undergo a metamorphosis; the sudden change of her manner appeared to me, in fact, nearly miraculous: she walked spiritedly across the stage two or three times, as if to measure its extent; and the moment her foot touched the scenic boards, her spirit seemed to be regenerated; she cheered up, hummed an air, stepped light and quick, and every symptom of depression vanished: The comic eye and cordial laugh returned upon their enchanting mistress, and announced that she felt herself moving in her proper element. Her attachment to the practice of her profession, in fact, exceeded any thing I could conceive.—*Sir Jonah Barrington's Sketches of his own Times.*

POWER OF THE HUMAN EYE.—The overmastering effect of the human eye upon the lion has been frequently mentioned, though much doubted by travellers. But from my own inquiries among lion-hunters, I am perfectly satisfied of the fact; and an anecdote that was related to me a few days ago by Major Mackintosh, (late of the East India Company's service,) proves that this fascinating effect is not confined exclusively to the lion. An officer in

India, (whose name I have forgotten, but who was well known to my informant,) having chanced to ramble into a jungle adjoining the British encampment, suddenly encountered a royal tiger. The encounter appeared equally unexpected on both sides, and both parties made a dead halt, earnestly gazing on each other. The gentleman had no fire-arms, and was aware that a sword would be no effective defence in a struggle for life with such an antagonist. But he had heard that even the Bengal tiger might be sometimes checked by looking him firmly in the face. He did so: in a few minutes the tiger, which appeared preparing to take his fatal spring, grew disturbed—shrunk aside—and attempted to creep round upon him behind. The officer turned constantly upon the tiger, which still continued to shrink from his glance; but darting into the thicket, and again issuing forth at a different quarter, it persevered for above an hour in this attempt to catch him by surprise: till at last it fairly yielded the contest, and left the gentleman to pursue his *pleasure walks*. The direction he now took, as may be easily believed, was straight to the tents at double quick time.—*Thompson's Southern Africa.*

PRESSING AN ACTOR, OR STAGE EMERGENCIES.—Passing the theatre, where my wife's letters from Tunbridge-Weils were to be addressed, and just looking into the hall (determined not to go behind the scenes lest I should be detained from my task,) I found a letter for me, and while reading it at the door, Mr. Lewis came out of the theatre in evident agitation, exclaiming, "What shall we do?" The instant I turned round toward him, he said, "Ah, my dear fellow, you perhaps may be of the greatest service to us: you read your piece with devilish good effect, and gave it a sort of—in short, you convinced me, that, if you would but try, you would play *Old Pickle* in the "Spoiled Child" to a wonder."—"Me, sir? I play *Old Pickle*! where and when?"—"Here, and to-night, and you must make haste too, for the play is half over. Mr. Sparks Powell (who died next morning) is taken dangerously ill: we can't find Emery, and you are the very man: the book, the dress, and all, are ready, and—;" "But, sir! I must go home, and proceed with the first act of the new piece!"—"D—n the new piece!" cried Mr. Lewis; ("all in good time," thought I) "you are too good-natured not to come to our assistance, and Mr. Harris will be eternally obliged to you."

I had seen the farce in question the very night before, and often played another part in it in the country; so permitted myself to be almost carried, rather than led, to poor Powell's dressing-place, and in less than an hour and a half was seated at a supper-table before the audience of the "great grand" Covent-Garden Theatre, and helping Mrs. Davenport to the wing of a supposed poll-parrot.—*Autobiography of Thomas Dibdin.*

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE SPELL BROKEN.

Oh yes, thou art, though changed, the same,
I read it in that auburn hair,

Those speaking eyes, that thrilling frame,—
Which breathes of Heaven's divinest air:
But yet there is a shade of gloom,
Which to my spirit seems to say,
That care and grief have marr'd thy doom,
Since girlhood's bright unclouded day.

Fair creature! gazing thus on thee,
The sunshine of the past returns;
And o'er what never more can be,
My time-taught spirit hangs and burns.
Thou wert a bud of beauty then,
A star-gem in a cloudless sky,
A glory idolized by men,—
And who thy votary more than I?

How fleeteth time away! twelve years,
With shades of grief, and gleams of joy,
Have come and gone in smiles and tears,
Since thou wert girl, and I was boy;
Since, unreserved, how oft with thee,
'Twas mine thro' wood and wild to range,—
And art thou silent! can it be
That, like our looks, the heart can change?

When within mine thy fingers thrill'd,
Although 'twas but a moment brief,
My heart dilating swell'd, and fill'd
My bosom with a gush of grief;
That pressure was a spell,—that touch
The treasures of the past unforl'd;
Showing at once, how Time so much
Had changed thee—me—and all the world!

Oh, there is not an earthly wo
So bitter, as to see the form,
Once overbright with beauty's glow,
Bow'd down beneath misfortune's storm!
To mark the once clear, cloudless eye,
That swam as in the depths of bliss,
Subdued to darkness, and the dye
Of such a dull grey world as this.

Would I had known not this!—thou wast
An image to my musing mind,
Amid the sunshine of the past,
In glory and delight enshrined:—
But now the spell is broken;—now
I see that thou like all canst fade,
That grief can overcloud thy brow,
And care thy cheek's pure beauty shade!

Yes! thou canst change like all beside;
And I have lived to look on thee,
All radiant once in youthful pride,
Chill'd by forlorn adversity;
And though, like July skies, of yore
Glowed thy serene, unblemish'd fame,
I've sigh'd to hear black Envy pour
Her venom on thy favourite name!

Flower of life's desert! art thou sad?
Nought purer breathes beneath the sun
Than thee, in thy sweet meekness clad:—
What could'st thou here have said or done,
That gloom should reave thy thoughts of rest,
Should dim the bright eyes, cloud the brow,
Or hang a burden on the breast
Of aught so beautiful as thou?

Or is it, that, from wandering come,
From travels of the land and main,
It was thy hope to greet at home
The faces of old friends again?

Alas! if such thy cause of wo,—

For ever quench'd their jocund mirth;

The old have died, and sleep below,

The young are scatter'd o'er the earth.

We sow in hope, but from the seeds

Of promise, nothing reap save grief;

Joy's flowerets fade to noisome weeds

Of vulgar bloom, and bitter leaf:

Age—when Youth's wine hath run to lees—

Confesses Earth a vale of tears;

'Tis only Hope's keen eye that sees

Perfection's glow in coming years.

Δ.

From the London Magazine.

ALEXANDER'S JOURNEY FROM INDIA TO ENGLAND.*

It is an ordinance of the priesthood of the empire, a visit to which Lieut. Alexander describes in his book, that they shall subsist entirely on the labour of the muscles of the legs.

It is fortunate for the race of travellers, that little more is necessary for their success than the exercise of their feet. A pair of stout calves seem naturally to produce a fine healthy quorte: with a pair of eyes the traveller's accomplishments are undoubtedly complete. That Mr. Alexander is so far supplied with these latter necessities he has determined to prove to the world by prefixing his portrait; so that, by the aid of a study of his features, a spelling of his titles, and an account of his mode of travelling, we may consider ourselves regularly introduced to the Lieutenant, and commence our journey together with a reasonable prospect of good companionship. As well as we can judge from a slight acquaintance, we must expect no very profound remarks, no very enlarged knowledge, no very brilliant wit; but a lively, good sort of young man, who can draw, and chatter, and scribble, and laugh, and ride, and look wise upon occasion, is not a fellow-traveller to be despised.

On the 16th October, 1825, Lieutenant Alexander took leave of his "much esteemed friends," at Madras, and sailed for Rangoon in a transport, conveying troops to join the army then occupied under Sir Archibald Campbell, in the invasion of Burmah. The vessel he sailed in was the *Earl Kellie*, five hundred tons, and was exceedingly crowded, there being a soul on board for every ton. There were many bodies in the ship, however, to which souls are not usually assigned. Swarms of cockroaches and centipedes infested it, and some of the latter were a foot in length, and of the thickness of a finger. The weather was hot, and the deck at night presented a curious scene.

* Travels from India to England, comprehending a visit to the Burman Empire, and a Journey through Persia, Asia Minor, European Turkey, &c. In the year 1825-26, illustrated with Maps and Plates. By James Edward Alexander, Esq. Lieut. late H. M.'s 13th Light Dragoons and attached to the Suite of Colonel Macdonald Kinross, K. L. S. Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Tehran. London. Parbury, Allen and Co. 1827. 4to.

All the European soldiers slept on deck. The amusements of the day seem to have compensated for the suffocation of the night; the table was amply supplied; in the intervals between meals the voyager read and sauntered beneath the thick awnings. In the evening the men sat in circles on the decks, amusing themselves with songs and stories. Mirth and hilarity reigned on board, though now and then diversified with British ejaculations on the slow motion of the ship. Mr. Alexander's description of this part of his voyage fills the mind with soft and agreeable ideas, and is really very pleasant reading.

Whilst the vessel was in smooth water, a practice took place which cannot be too much recommended. The men were exercised, by being marched, and made to run round the decks, to the sound of lively music: the men were thus kept in high health, and the manœuvre afforded almost as much amusement as "quizzing the pioneers." Gymnastic exercises might be advantageously added to the marching and running. During the evening the officers had their share of exercise in dancing or fencing, and rowing round the vessel in the jollyboat. On the 12th November, in sight of Little Andaman Island, a monstrous fish of the genus *raia* made its appearance; its length, says Mr. Alexander, was about twenty or twenty-five feet, and its breadth nearly the same. Being much in want of water, the vessel anchored off Little Andaman Island, and the chief mate, Mr. Alexander, and six stout lascars, landed in search of it. They had not gone far before they came upon a party of natives, lying on their bellies, behind bushes, armed with spears, arrows, and long bows, which they bent at the party in a threatening manner.

"The Lascars, as soon as they saw them, fell back in great consternation, levelling their muskets, and running into the sea towards their boat. It was with great difficulty we could prevent the cowardly rascals from firing; the tyndal was the only one who stood by the chief mate and myself. We advanced within a few paces of the natives, and made signs of drinking, to intimate the purpose of our visit. The tyndal (the steersman) salaamed to them according to the different modes of salutation; he spoke to them in Malang, and other languages; they returned no answer, but continued crouching in their menacing attitude, pointing their weapons at us wherever we turned. I held out my handkerchief towards them, but they would not come from behind the bushes to take it. I placed it upon the ground, and we retired in order to allow them to pick it up; still they did not move.

"I counted sixteen strong and able bodied men opposite to us, many of them very lusty; and further on six more. They were very different in appearance from what the natives of the Great Andaman are described to be, namely, a puny race. The whole party was completely naked, with the exception of a stout man, nearly six feet in height, who was standing up along with two or three women in the rear: he wore on his head a red cloth, with white spots. They were the most furious and wild looking beings I ever saw. Their hair was

frizzled or woolly; they had flat noses, with small red eyes. Those parts of their skin which were not besmeared with mud (to defend them probably from the attacks of insects) were of a sooty black colour; their hideous faces seemed to be painted with a red ochre."

On returning to the island, with a subaltern's party, they discovered another and a larger party of natives.

"Advancing towards the spot at which they were pointing, we discovered a party of sixty or seventy of the natives waiting in ambush our approach. We went towards them, in order to induce them to show us another proof. So little intention had we of molesting or injuring them, that we had brought with us several looking-glasses, cloth, and baubles to give them. However, we had no sooner got within fifteen yards of them than we were assailed with a shower of arrows, which struck several of us. I received a scratch in the leg, which lamed me for several days after. We immediately extended the files to skirmishing order, and returned with a round of musketry, which killed and wounded several of them. Fixing bayonets, we then charged them; but they, well knowing the intricacies of the jungle, and being extremely nimble, succeeded in not only effecting their escape, but also in carrying off the disabled of their party. We were brought up by a deep pool, and saw them making off on the other side, shouting, *Yahun! Yahun!*"

After this encounter the party penetrated into a jungle, of which the description is good.

"We advanced about a couple of miles without seeing any more huts, or natives, and no quadrupeds of any sort. The wood into which we penetrated, and in which the bugle alone kept us together, was one of the most gloomy and dismal that can possibly be conceived; it was, indeed,

"Nemus atrum horrenti umbrâ."

"The trees were of great height, in many places thickly interwoven with rattans and bushrope. The sunbeams being unable to penetrate the entangled foliage, the atmosphere, in consequence, bore the semblance of twilight. The broad boughs hung rich with heavy dew-drops, and the air was loaded with a damp and pestilential vapour, occasioned by the rotting twigs, leaves, and fruit, with which the swampy ground was thickly strewed. The death-like stillness was occasionally interrupted by a solitary parrot, winging its noisy flight overhead; but owing to the luxuriance of our vegetable canopy, it was almost impossible to gain even an imperfect view of him. Numerous snakes were observed stealing along amongst the bushes. From several we had narrow escapes; those we succeeded in killing were all furnished with poisonous fangs, and many bore a striking resemblance to the *coluber prester*, or viper, but generally they were spotted."

After this excursion, and while they were engaged in a repast, a strong party of the natives stole down upon them, and threw in a shower of arrows, which killed one, and severely wounded three soldiers. They continued skirmishing with them till sunset, for the

savages made repeated attempts to cut off the pioneers engaged in getting water. At length the party got on board at midnight, after a hard day's work, laden with bows, arrows, shells, &c. The Andamaners have always been described as a stunted and half-starved race, with which Mr. Alexander's account of his antagonists by no means agrees. It is to be lamented that they are so hostilely disposed towards strangers, for from our present connexion with the Burmese empire, extensive intercourse is likely to ensue, and the Little Andaman island would form a convenient watering place, besides furnishing materials, according to Mr. Alexander, for building and refitting ships. We are, however, disposed to doubt the last piece of information, for had the Little Andaman contained a good supply of teak wood, the only wood we believe, in this quarter of the world, which is adapted for ship-building, so much pains would scarcely have been taken to conciliate the Burmese, from whom alone it could be had, for the use of the shipwrights of Calcutta. Colonel Symes, in his embassy to Ava, declares it wholly impossible to build a durable ship in the Ganges, without the teak timber of Burmah.

On the 21st Nov. the voyager first saw the Elephant, a grove of trees at the mouth of that branch of the noble Irawaddy, which goes up to Rangoon. This town is twenty-four miles from the embouchure of the river. The land on each side is low, and covered with jungle, out of which rises at intervals the black spires of the trumpet-shaped praws or temples. Behind and beyond it is seen the magnificent steeple of the richly-gilded prau of Shœ Dagoon—the most splendid and beautiful of temples.

Owing to the prohibition against building houses of brick, except the palaces of the king, and the houses of the priests, the appearance of Burmese towns is by no means imposing. The wooden buildings along the banks of the river, as seen from it, resemble ancient barns, behind which is the stockade. In the back ground towers the Great Shœ Dagoon, in the midst of its subordinate spires; for near a great national pagoda it is usual for every Burman, when he has acquired a competency, to erect a smaller pagoda on the model of the huge one. These vary much in size, and in value and splendour; but as it is more meritorious to build a new one than to repair an old one, the sight of these temples in ruins is very common. Bells are attached to each pagoda, and tinkle as moved by each breeze, the effect of which is particularly soft, composing, and conducive to that quiet and holy state of abstraction which the Burman considers as the supreme good. Mr. Alexander took up his quarters in a gilded temple, surrounded with lofty pagodas; and after the crowd of a transport, and the tumult of the sea, found the soft influence of the bells especially delightful. The ornaments which the British had placed there were not exactly in unison with the rest of the scene—a breast-work, and two long twelve pounders. Of the inhabitants themselves, Mr. Alexander gives a lively character.

"The inhabitants are stout and athletic; the men are about five feet eight inches in height,

seldom taller, with straight muscular limbs; the women are rather diminutive, but well-formed in every respect except the nose, which is commonly flat. Both sexes are of a copper colour: they are lively and inquisitive; they smoke segars constantly; almost all of them read and write; and having no prejudices, they are readily susceptible of improvement and civilization. The women are not immured at home like those of Hindoostan; they superintend the domestic economy, and weave their own and their husbands' clothes: the latter are checks of different patterns, resembling tankems. The men wear a single cloth tucked round their loins, and hanging down to the knee; the loose part is thrown across the shoulders, strongly resembling the ancient mode of dress amongst the Scottish Highlanders. Both the men and the women wear the hair of the head long, but eradicate with pinners the hair from the other parts of the body: the men have neither whiskers nor mustachios. The head-dress of the men is a handkerchief twisted round, entwined in the hair in front, and tied in a knot. Sandals are worn on the feet, consisting of a sole of leather fixed on the foot by two straps, which unite at the great toe. The dress of the women barely serves the purpose of decency; it consists of a narrow piece of cloth, worn over the breasts, and tucked in at either side; in walking one leg is always exposed. Over the lower robe is worn a loose vest with sleeves (commonly white), which reaches to the upper part of the thigh. The hair of the women is divided in front, and tied in a knot behind, in which flowers are entwined. Men and women attain the age of puberty before they marry. Those who can afford it burn their dead; but the poorer classes make a narrow hole in the ground, about three feet deep, and having tied up the corpse in a mat, thrust it in sideways, first carrying it three times round the hole or grave; they then throw the earth over it, trampling it down hard. I observed massive tombstones in several parts of the outskirts of the town, which had been placed over the ashes of poonghees, or inferior priests.

"Males and females have holes in the lobes of both ears, in which they stick their segars; they dye their teeth and the edges of their eyelashes with antimony. The greatest compliment that can be paid a Burman, is to take the lighted cheroot from your mouth and present it to him; he, immediately after placing it in his cheek, performs the *shiko*, or salaam with both hands. They are very fond of drinking tea and brandy with Europeans, and eat and drink with them without the least scruple. When the men and women quarrel they fight it out, the men with their fists and the ladies with their slippers; they despise the Hindoos for confining their contests to abuse, without coming to blows.

"They account it to be very injurious to the growth of animals to be deprived of the maternal milk, wherefore they never milk their kine, which consequently excel in size those of Hindoostan. The children are suckled for a couple of years; and I have seen a child after taking its fill from the nipple, smoke a segar with great relish.

"The men are tattooed very closely, from the waist to below the knee, with different figures of animals, charms, &c.; I saw a woman with the whites of her eyes tattooed."

Their peculiar manners and customs are hastily run over by Mr. Alexander; nevertheless, the sketch of them is curious and instructive.

"Pickled tea-leaves, the areca nut, and betel leaf, are chewed; and the grades of rank are denoted by the betel-box being either of gold, silver, or wood, as well as by the articles of furniture and dress. The Burmans are extremely curious in examining the texture of the clothes worn by Europeans; they approach in a respectful manner, and feel the dress all over. For an old red jacket, or a piece of broad-cloth, a Burman would part with every thing, even his wife for a season.

"Of their complaisant disposition, in this respect, the European officers availed themselves, most of them having one, and some two Burman wives, who proved very faithful, and made excellent servants. They were purchased for fifty or sixty rupees: some of the ladies have Anglo-Burman children. The disproportion of females to males, in the population of the Burman empire, owing probably to the wars which have occurred there, has been the occasion of a custom amongst the Burmans of selling their wives and daughters, particularly the latter.

"Dr. Buchanan mentions a curious custom of the physicians in this country, which did not occur to my observation. He says that the parents of a young woman attacked by a dangerous illness enter into a compact with a doctor, who undertakes to cure her under the following conditions: namely, if she lives, she becomes the property of the doctor; if she dies, he pays her value to the parents. He adds, that the number of fine young women he saw in the house of a doctor at Meaday, made him think that the practice was very common.

"The Burmans are not of the penurious disposition of the Bengalees, but live as well as their means afford. They foolishly expend considerable sums upon their spiral or trumpet-shaped temples, where they bury images of silver. All the smaller temples about Rangoon (of which there are several thousands) have been picked by the Europeans, for the sake of the small silver Gandmas. Few steps were taken to check this very culpable practice.

"The Burmans are very fond of music and poetry. They have bands of music, consisting of circles of gongs, drums, and pieces of bamboo of different lengths fixed on strings, which being struck with a short stick, produce a sound resembling that of a piano; the effect on the water, on a moonlight night, is very fine. Their dancing consists of turning round slowly on one spot, and gracefully moving the arms and hands in circles.

"The food of the Burmans is principally rice, to which they add animal food when they can get it, though they are prohibited from slaughtering domesticated animals. Napee, prepared from putrid sprats and other fish, is a favourite sauce with their rice. They also use a soup made from the stem of the young plantain tree. The lower orders are extremely abusive; the common terms are '*na lee*,' '*su*'

pak too,' 'ni maggi loolah,' &c., which are too indelicate to admit of translation. When they challenge one another to fight, they strike their left arm at the elbow with the right hand, exclaiming, '*yauk ya!*' or, 'here's a proper man for you!' In their boat-races they exclaim, '*yauk ya lahy!*' and '*yeyla weallahy!*' which are all terms of defiance.

The arms of the soldiery are muskets without bayonets, swords, and spears. They carry their powder in a horn, and sometimes in a dried pumpkin, or a long cloth bag. The weapon they use best is the *gijenal*, or swivel, which they fire with great precision. The *dar*, or sword, is a truly Homeric weapon: it is used for building houses, fighting, or preparing food. The handle is the same length as the blade, so that they can hold it with one or both hands, and strike a powerful blow. The main arm of his Majesty of the Golden Feet is, however, the war-boats—every village on the banks of the great river that runs through the heart of his dominions, is obliged to furnish a certain number. The common length of these boats is fifty or sixty feet. They are rowed or paddled by thirty or forty men; they carry also a few soldiers with a piece of ordnance at the prow. Our war-boats could never get near them; the steam-boat alone tired out the rowers, and when she came up with them, they jumped overboard: for the Burmese, from the nature of the country, are excellent swimmers.

This is Mr. Alexander's description of the great *Shoe Dagoon*, of which he has given a good drawing.

"The great *prawe*, or pagoda, is the *Shoe Dagoon*, or golden temple. It is situated two miles and a half in the rear of Rangoon. Leaving the town by one of the northern gates, a broad fosse is crossed by a causeway; the road then gradually ascends, between rows of smaller pagodas, till the eminence is reached on which stands the *Shoe Dagoon*, occupying the highest of three platforms. The building is octagonal at the base, and spiral at the top, and is said to be three hundred and thirty feet in height. It is highly gilt. On the top is a *tee*, or umbrella, of open iron-work, surmounted by a vane, and a small globe of glass: bells are hung round the lower part of the *tee*. There are no apertures in the building, which is solid throughout. It has small niches around, which contained images of marble and wood; but these have been removed to England, India, or elsewhere. It was truly melancholy to observe the ravages which had been committed on the smaller pagodas surrounding the *Shoe Dagoon*: one alone, amongst thousands, was preserved from pillage, by the exertions of Dr. Campbell, of the Madras artillery.

"On the southern side of the pagoda is a beautiful pavilion, gilt and picked out with crimson, containing an image of *Gandama*, of such gigantic dimensions, that an English officer placed his couch where he reposed, in its left hand!"

At the time Mr. Alexander arrived in *Burmah*, the British general had advanced beyond *Prome*, one of the principal towns of the empire. A detachment of infantry and artillery having received orders to proceed up the river, in consequence of the rupture of the armistice

that had been agreed on, and the recommencement of hostilities, Mr. Alexander volunteered to accompany it. In passing up the river, the mosquitoes caused excessive torment. Whole squadrons of these insects issuing from the high reeds which line the banks of the river, bit the poor Europeans through sheets and long drawers. "A cavalry officer affirmed that he found no protection against them in a pair of leather breeches; an infantry soldier declared they had bit him through his breast-plate; an artillery-man, to crown the joke, asserted that he could not secure his head by thrusting it into a mortar!" Upon reaching *Yan-Yan-China*, the main branch of the mighty *Irawaddy*, then a mile in width, its breadth varies from one mile to five, all the way to *Ava*. The bed of the *Irawaddy* is an alluvial deposit, indurated by the petrifying property of the river, which produces this change upon all matter subject to its operation. From the mud of the river, in any part of its course, from ten to twelve per cent. of gold-dust may be washed. As Mr. Alexander was sailing up the stream, discussing a plate of rice and salt fish, he saw descending the river, a crow sitting and feasting upon a dark-looking substance. It was an evidence that our troops were beyond this point; it proved to be the corpse of a European soldier, dressed in a check shirt: the head had been chopped off at *Henzada*, a large town in which were many temples and wooden bridges. The chief wore a naval uniform, which had been presented to him by Captain Alexander, of the *Alligator*. He showed his commission, which ran as follows: *Shoe ma Prawe, chief magistrate of Henzada, having drank the waters of fidelity to the British flag, wears the knife in his girdle from this date. September fourth, 1825.*"

In the pools and backwaters after passing *Henzada*, were dead bodies in every stage of decay, to the number of sixty or seventy together. Passing *Shoogeen*, an extensive town, they observed it to be filled with women and children. The Burmese authorities keep the families of the men drafted into the army, as pledges of their fidelity: in case of cowardice or desertion, vengeance is unrelentlessly inflicted upon the innocent women and their children.

The banks of the river were infested with parties of hostile natives. Upon single boats being discovered, or canoes weakly manned, the spies spring a wooden rattle with four clappers, sounding exactly like those which are tied round the necks of bullocks, to prevent their straying into the jungle. On hearing the signal, the plunderers rush out in their boats, and not only rob but murder or mutilate those who fall into their hands. Near *Mnouzeay*, a few days before Mr. Alexander arrived at this point of the river, Dr. Sandford and Lieutenant Bennet, of the Royals, were taken prisoners. They were coming from *Prome*, sick, and having imprudently landed in order to breakfast, several men approached them, one at a time, presenting fowls, vegetables, &c., till about a dozen had collected, who suddenly threw a noose round their necks, and dragged them into the jungle. A Chinaman, who saw what passed by concealing himself behind a bush, stated that the Burmese strip-

ped the two officers, and tormented them by thrusting sticks into their bodies. The Burmese seem to have treated the Europeans as the Spaniards treated their French invaders. Whilst walking along the bank, Mr. Alexander observed the recent corpse of an European, with a spear-wound in the chest, and a stake driven through his neck: also another impaled. The scenery up the river, until the detachment arrived at Prome, is described as enchanting. The country on the banks consisted of hills covered with wood to their summits, and broken into beautiful undulations: the noble Irawaddy, a mile wide, winding between, its margin fringed with foliage, and its bosom resembling an extensive lake studded with islands, forming altogether a scene of the most picturesque description. At Prome, Mr. Alexander stayed some time; an attack on the town was daily expected. The entertainment of the British officers does not appear to have been of a very enviable description, neither their amusements very varied.

"The evening after my arrival at Prome, whilst sitting at the door of the house where I resided, I observed an English officer stealing towards me, armed with a formidable spear, making his approaches cautiously, and partly concealing himself behind a paling. He seemed bent on some bloody deed, and I began to look about for some weapon to meet his attack, if possible, *paribus armis*; when suddenly he dashed from his hiding place, and hurled his spear at a pariah dog reposing in fancied security upon a dunghill. The weapon grazed the animal's back, and it ran howling to the jungle. This was one of the most active recreations of the subalterns at Prome. In the monsoon, when the water flowed beneath the elevated houses in which they lived, they amused themselves by fishing with a line let down between the planks of the floor, as they lazily reclined on their cots, (whilst a Burman was *tattooing* their skin,) or rowed about from house to house in small canoes."

At Prome several horses of the body-guard and many head of cattle are said to have been destroyed by leeches in the viscera, which they received into the stomach along with the jungle grass in which these leeches exist in great numbers. At this place our traveller had an opportunity of witnessing a proof of the rapidity with which the waters of the Irawaddy convert foreign bodies into stone. The pioneers on attempting to remove a house built on massive teak found the edge of their axes all turned. Although the house had only been built ten years, and the pillars were only under water three months in the year during the monsoon, the pillars were petrified throughout.

Within a very short time after Mr. Alexander's arrival at Prome the peace was concluded, the terms of which are well known, and there being nothing more to do, our traveller travelled back.

On going down the river, Mr. Alexander observed that the prisoners that his party had taken in passing up, had been crucified, in terror, by the commander of the district. Does

he mean the British military commander?—The following is an account of the *native* manner of inflicting punishment:—

"The culprit is led to the place of execution, (which is commonly an open spot on the banks of the river,) where a bamboo grating is set up, to which his extended legs and arms are tied! sometimes he is made to kneel in front of the grating, and the hands alone are pinioned to it. The eyes of the culprit are not bound, so that he witnesses all the appalling preparations for his death. The executioner, who is distinguished by a red cloth crossing the body over one shoulder, and armed with a *dar* or sword, which he holds in both hands, retires about twenty yards from the criminal, and making a rush at him, inflicts a frightful wound in a diagonal direction from the upper part of the thorax to the bottom of the abdomen, which exposes the viscera: a piercing shriek follows the blow, which is not immediately fatal, the culprit lingering sometimes for several hours after. This is the punishment for heinous offences.

"The most common punishment for more trivial crimes is decapitation by a single stroke of the *dar*; or a target is painted on the naked body of the culprit, who is fixed to a tree and fired at. In the latter case, if the executioners miss their object, after a certain number of shots, (which they are very ready to do if well bribed,) he is permitted to escape. It is extraordinary to observe the apparent unconcern which the Burmese exhibit when led to execution; they smoke a segar on the way, and continue to do so, with perfect *sang froid*, till the fatal moment."

At length Mr. Alexander leaves Rangoon in H. M. S. *Champion*, Capt. Stoddart, in company with Capt. (since Colonel) Snodgrass, (of whose narrative of the Burmese war we have already given an account,) with the peace despatches. Nearly half the crew of the *Champion* (100 strong) were in the hospital, almost all the men who had gone up the river had suffered severely from the bites of the mosquitoes, which had caused obstinate ulcers, some of them had actually lost their limbs from mortification having ensued. We are at a loss to account for the excessive unhealthiness of our troops during the Burmese war. The mortality was excessive; and were we to look only at the nature of the country—it consisting chiefly of water and watery rice-grounds—it might not be necessary to look farther. But the testimonies of all writers previous to the war are in favour of the salubrity of Burmah; and Dr. Judson, the American missionary, who lived many years at Rangoon, the spot so fatal to our soldiery, declares it to be the healthiest part of all the East!

The *Champion* set sail: in the Gulf of Martaban, a suspicious sail hove in sight, which, when afterwards captured, proved to be an *American*, laden with arms and warlike stores for the Burmese!

Calcutta, at which Mr. Alexander soon arrived, has been often described. Our traveller, however, loses no opportunities, and thus sketches the appearance of the Governor General, Lord Anherst, in public, and the promenade of our Indian capital.

"The appearance of Lord Amherst on this scene did not exactly correspond with what might have been expected from the Governor-General of India, though it accorded with his unassuming character. He rode in plain clothes, on a white horse, not remarkable for its beauty, attended by a single aid-de-camp, and a couple of troopers of the body-guard, who were dressed in red hussar jackets, with silver lace, leather breeches, and long boots, caps, and feathers. His lordship is a short and spare made man, his complexion sallow, his hair grey. Lady Amherst appeared in better style, accompanied by her daughter and an aid-de-camp, in a smart carriage and four; an escort of the body guard attended in front and rear. The vehicles on the course were of every build, from the dashing London to the humble buggy. Some of the ladies sported fire-arms, and were unbought: a few of the gentlemen promenaded in white jackets, without hats. Rich natives, haboos, and others, were lounging in their coaches: amongst them I observed the representative of the Pacha of Egypt, the Imaum of Muscat, &c. Leaving the course, I took a turn on the Strand, the street which leads along the river, and which is resorted to by the more sober and unostentatious portion of the inhabitants. Here I observed several beautiful American ladies, with their golden diadems, the lower parts of their faces muffled in white veils, who were enjoying in their carriages the cool breeze from the river."

Mr. Alexander, after remaining some time, determines on proceeding to England; he accordingly takes a passage in the *Glorioso*, a country ship, bound for Bombay, whence he resolved to proceed by the overland route to England. On the voyage they were overtaken by a storm, which appears from the description to have been of that exciting kind which does good to a torpid liver.

"The following night we had vivid lighting: and at noon, on the 2d of April, whilst in latitude 9° 30', near Cochin, heavy, dense, and threatening clouds collected in the horizon. At 4 P. M. there was a dead calm. In half an hour afterwards the sea began to rise, with a long swell from the north-east; the clouds grew dark and lowering, and at length hung in a gloomy canopy overhead. The wind began to blow in gusts, with the lower end driving rapidly along. On a sudden a rushing and howling sound was heard astern, and on looking towards the east, we saw the water lifted up in white foam, and advancing towards us at a furious rate like a wall. The utmost confusion prevailed on board: the *Lascars* ran about stupefied with fear. All at once, before a single sail could be taken in, a terrific gust took the ship, and laid her on her beam ends. I expected the masts to go by the board every instant: the upper ones bent like willows. The top-gallant and top-sail-hand-yards were let go, but the wind was so strong that the yards would not come down the caps; and we rushed on through a tremendous sea, with the spring washing clean over the bows, and pitching bowsprit under. The sea was coming in at the lee-ports, when suddenly all the sails went streaming in ribbons, with the

exception of the fore-top-sail, and the ship righted: the main-top-sail sheet broke, and the main-yard tilted right up and down. The lightning all this time was darting round the mast-heads, and with the thunder almost deprived us of sight and hearing; the rain fell in torrents. Most of the passengers were paralyzed with fright at our perilous situation.

"The storm continued to rage for several hours; and though we had only one sail to carry us on, we continued to fly through the water. The night was pitchy dark, and the vessel seemed to be driving through a sea of liquid fire, sending out long streams of light from her bows. A hand on the main-top sung out, 'A ship on fire to windward!' Turning our eyes to that quarter we beheld a great blaze several miles off, which continued to gleam fearfully in the horizon, and all at once disappeared; it was an Arab ship, which had been wrecked on the coast, and the light we saw was a signal of distress.

"At ten P. M., the storm having nearly subsided, grog was served out to the *Lascars*, who were quite exhausted, nodding and falling asleep on the yards while unbending the remains of the sails. The *Mussulmans*, though prohibited by their religion, took off the liquor without scruple. The *tyndals* requested that the light might be previously removed, 'for then,' said they, 'we don't know that we are drinking forbidden liquor.'"

From Bombay our voyager sails up the Persian gulf to Bushire. We observed nothing new or very remarkable in the author's account of his voyage; unless it be his account of the pearl divers, which, though not new altogether, is new to us in the particular of their being used as spring-hunters.

"Near them are the celebrated pearl banks, where any person is allowed to fish between the middle of May and the middle of September. The divers are Arabs, and the mode in which they collect the pearl oysters is as follows: The diver, having stripped himself, compresses his nostrils with wooden pincers: he then slings round his neck a small basket, capable of containing two dozen shells, and jumping overboard, places his feet on two crossed double-headed shot, attached to a rope, which he holds. His companions in the boat lower him rapidly, and as soon as he touches the bottom he quits the shot and rope, which are hauled up. After having filled his basket, he ascends without assistance to the surface. The divers sometimes meet with springs of fresh water at the bottom: at Bahreen in particular, where the only water used for drinking on board the cruisers is procured by sending a man down three or four fathoms with a musket-barrel, which he fills and brings up."

The country through which the remaining portion of the traveller's route extends, though much better known than *Burmah*, is sufficiently interesting to make it worth our while to pursue his steps. But *Burmah* and *Persia* are too much for one article. We shall reserve the latter for another opportunity, when we design to review the narrative of the present writer in conjunction with those of some other recent travellers in *Persia*.

From the London Magazine.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THOMAS DIBDIN.*

THE malady of memoir-writing continues to rage in the dramatic corps. We expected with some confidence, that poor O'Keefe would have been its last victim. The "Recollections" of that overwrought veteran appeared symptomatic of a decline. Two volumes so harmless, so senile, so somniferous, could not, we imagined, fail to take off the edge of the distemper. But we were mistaken;—it has broken out with fresh vigour in the person of Mr. Dibdin. The appetite of the reading public for theatrical gossip must be good; and hence the aliment that feeds the disorder. If, however, decayed dramatists find it a means of obtaining a last benefit from the public, they have an apology for yielding to the infection. But the public might consider, whether a tax in behalf of their old servants would not be a more commodious and agreeable way of obtaining the same end. The biographer would be spared the labour of writing, and the public the trouble of reading what can bring neither credit to the one, nor amusement to the other.

This we consider to be true of the recent theatrical biographers generally. In a quantity of chaff, there will scarcely fail to be a few grains which diligent sifting may not extricate from the rubbish. But the compensation for time wasted is small—to those, at least, who have a better way of spending their leisure than making May-flies, or swinging on gates. With this order of men, the gossip of Kelly, O'Keefe, &c. may have a value: and it is for them, we suppose, the publisher caters. If he had sought the good of mankind in general, he would have put a visiting-card before each of his autobiographers, and have said, "There, Mr. O'Keefe, or, there, Mr. O'Kelly, &c. pray write out all the good things you know." Should these narrow limits have been spurned at, the difference was still wide between the compass of a visiting-card and that of two volumes octavo. Mr. Dibdin, for example, we would have allowed as many pages for his good things, as he has filled with the list of his "plays, operas, farces, and pantomimes, &c. &c.;" and the type need not have been small.

It will not require many words to characterize this last piece of autobiography. It has all the marks of the family it belongs to—hollow mirth, tame vivacity, villanous puns, barren jests, snatches of plays ill applied, with poverty of matter, and an incessant effort to torture common-place events into dramatic incidents. These are the distinguishing features of Thespian autobiography. The "Life and Times of Frederick Reynolds" is the most perfect specimen of this "funny" species of composition. Mr. Dibdin is not so mercurial, but, nevertheless, he often forces his heavy and reluctant Minerva into a Harlequin step. The vocation of these dramatists in their youth was

to manufacture jokes, and from a costive wit to extort matter of laughter for the galleries. Their vocation is gone, but the bad habit it engendered remains; and hence autobiography—the most amusing kind of writing, has, in their hands, grown as dull as the drama, which, since Sheridan's time, has been the dullest of all imaginable things.

This effervescence of forced spirits—as lasting and substantial as the froth with which the knowing tapster crowns a pot of stale beer—afflicts the reader with intolerable ennui; a feeling, which if it be superseded at all, yields only to a profound melancholy.

Children are usually beguiled by the laugh of the comedian into believing him the happy fellow he appears upon the stage; but a little further acquaintance with him, corrects their misconception. It is easy to surmise, that the calling of a writer to the theatres must of all others be harassing and vexatious; and, from its excessive precariousness, calculated to plunge the lightest spirits into despondency. Yet these gentlemen of the modern drama would have us conceive them souls of mirth and fellows of infinite fun, who jested at disappointment and found food for merriment in their own miseries. Alas! their efforts to preserve the gay and light-hearted tone, which they deem becoming their vocation, are as distressing as the grimaces of the poor clown, whose face looks any thing but beef-steaks and bottled porter. The history of a dramatist's life, if it faithfully reflected the pangs of disappointment, the tortures of suspense, the difficulties, distresses, hopes and fears, the brief joys and ever-impending glooms necessarily incident to it, would be an instructive, and, at all events, an amusing narrative.

And even though these Reminiscences and Recollections are carefully dressed in a garb of merriment, the naked reality does, notwithstanding, sometimes peep out at elbows, and guide us to the truth. Poor blind O'Keefe led upon the stage to return thanks for a benefit, (almost the latest of his reminiscences,) and Mr. Dibdin, after the wreck of all his hard-earned gains, compounding with Mr. Morris of the Haymarket, for a clear benefit, and an engagement for Mrs. Dibdin, "as superintendant of the ladies' wardrobe, though at a very trifling salary," are quite enough to "pluck out the heart of their mystery."

The narrative of Mr. Dibdin's early life is a repetition of the old story. First subjected to a Cumberland classic, who taught Virgil "with a strong arm and a thick stick," he is next the stage-bit apprentice, with a head always in theatricals, never in his business; indentured to a matter-of-fact upholsterer, (now Sir William Rawlins,) who went to the play only when he could get an order; the master looking up to the mayoralty, the apprentice to the boards of the "Royalty Theatre," as the apex of human ambition. Views so opposite could not fail to make an early breach in the engagement subsisting between them. The issue is narrated by Mr. Dibdin, after his manner; and we beg to present the reader with the passage, as a favourable specimen of the Thespian style.

"One fatal day, in still more fatal hour, (I assure you, moral reader, it was the first 20

* The Reminiscences of Thomas Dibdin, of the Theatres Royal, Covent Garden, Drury Lane, Haymarket, &c. and author of the Cabinet, &c. London: Colburn, 1827. 2 vols.

improperly dedicated,) when I ought to have been making out a bill of parcels, I was busily employed in constructing a lovely little hell, (nothing like those at the west end, though I was apprenticed at Fishmonger's-hall,) but one meant to represent the last scene of *The Libertine Destroyed*—when Sir William unexpectedly entering on the scene, played the devil in a style I never anticipated. In his infernal wrath, he shivered theatre, scenes, and machinery to atoms; burnt seas, razed palaces, dispersed clouds, piled temples upon rocks, mingled cottages with the celestial abodes of Olympus, threw Vesuvius at Kamschatka, and consumed all upon the kitchen-fire: then,—

Heavens! while I tell it, do I live?
He smote me on the cheek!

and that with so much marked determination, and such frequent repetition, that, unable to cope with the common-councilman's wand of office, (and a stout one it was,) as Zanga again says,—

———— I did not stab him then,
For that were poor revenge:

but after upsetting a few piles of massy furniture in my retreat, (for I knew the knight in embryo would stop to pick every article up.) I left him master of the field; and having made up my mind to seek civic protection from what I then deemed civic ferocity, I reached Guildhall by forced marches, and poured my griefs into the bosom of the chamberlain; not the chamberlain from whom I have since so frequently obtained his lordship's license for many a score of major, and minor, and melodramatic bantlings, but John Wilkes himself; who, after I had most pathetically enlarged on the cruelty of a governor (we scorned in our establishment to own a *master*) in not allowing his article'd young gentlemen (apprentice was *infra dig.*) to waste said governor's time on their own amusements,—I showed my marks; portrayed the desolation and entire destruction of my property, the nature of which I minutely described; and indignantly concluded by demanding a summons for my oppressor to attend, and be made a terrible example.

"I grant you a summons with pleasure, young gentleman!" replied the chamberlain, whose eye appeared directed to another person, "and I'll tell you why: I have no doubt but your master will tell the story another way, and I am anxious to know whether I ought to fine him, or send you to Bridewell."—Vol. i. pp. 28—30.

At the hearing before the chamberlain, the only remarkable circumstance was, that "while the worthy magistrate exhorted Sir William, he appeared to be looking full at *me*, and while he admonished *me*, his eyes seemed fixed on Sir William." This singularity, perhaps, prevented the worthy chamberlain's admonition from taking effect, for the next step recorded is a moonlight flitting to Margate, which place "young Dibdin" had selected for the scene of his first dramatic attempt. Armed with a letter from Mr. Booth of Covent Garden, he presents himself, nothing doubting,

before the proprietor of the Margate play-house, whom he found on the stage alone—

"A very comical, good-natured-looking man, in a jacket and trowsers, busily employed in painting a scene to be exhibited that evening in Mrs. Inchbald's new play of 'Such Things Are.' I presented him the already opened letter, which he graciously took with one hand, and a pretty ample pinch of snuff with the other; and having glanced his eye over the billet, he said—'I'm sorry, my son!' (his usual address to all his younger actors) 'very sorry, my son! that Booth did not write to me before he put you to the trouble of a journey: it so happens, we are full, very full, full to an overflow, behind the scenes; and I would to heaven I could say we were ever so before the curtain!'—'What would you have me do, sir?' I asked.—'The best you possibly can, my son!'—'And what is that, sir?'—'I never give advice, and don't, in future, mean to take it: look at that scene, my son! I began it yesterday at rehearsal—the actors crowded round—each advised me how to improve it—I bowed to every opinion, adopted every hint: I had begun it as a grove; and if you'll have the goodness to look at it now, you'll find it is a street.'"—Vol. i. pp. 51—52.

He is recompensed for this disappointment by an opportunity of coming out at Eastbourne, not in Norval, the part to which he had aspired, but in "Poor Jack," to which the sentence of the manager had consigned him.

"I had just entered the room, and, to show my fitness for the morrow's strife," addressed the manager with

'Never till now stood I in such a presence:
Yet, trust me, Norval ne'er shall shame thy
favour,

But blood of Douglas shall protect itself;—

'Bravo!' he cried, 'bravo, my friend, you'll make a hit, I'm sure; but it won't be in Douglas. I am really sorry you cannot come out in that part; for Mrs. Lushington, the great banker's lady, has sent to desire, &c. &c. and you shall come out in Poor Jack!'—Vol. i. p. 71.

The critique of a gentle North Britain upon the acting at Eastbourne, does not imply a very advanced state of the art: the remarks savour of the "dear country."

"Your theatre," said the bonny Scot, 'is unco sma', and far behind the elegance and propriety o' our great hoose at Edinburgh; and tho' ye were vara judicious in acting Maister Home's beautiful poem o' Douglas, yer actors are ower indifferent or careless i' their parts; and there is na ane o' them to compare wi' Maister Digges, i' the Scotch metropolis; and I saw, years back, the cockney callant that pretended to *ae* Glenalvon, was aye putting an H tu every vowel that began his words; and when he told Leddy Randolph he was a *haltered* man, I couldna help wushing the fallow hanged i' downright gude earnest.'—Vol. i. p. 75.

A more advantageous engagement shortly after offered itself in the company of Mrs. Baker, "of the Canterbury, Rochester, Tunbridge Wells, Maidstone, Feversham, Deal, and other theatres!" This lady's corps "being

on a salary establishment, and not a joint-stock concern, ranked considerably above the "Dover association," to which he had recently belonged. The company, in the course of its lengthened circuit, had reached Deal when the new recruit had joined it; but, to use the words of the lady manager, she was only "filling up the time, and keeping her people together, just from hand to mouth, as one might say, till her new great grand theatre at Canterbury should be quite finished." Of our author's Thespian connexions no one appears to us more worthy of commemoration than this motherly manager of twenty theatres, whose homely kindness he must often have painfully missed in his dealings with the cold dignitaries of the London theatres—the Harrises and Morriszes, (not to mention the sub-committee, and his "obedient servant," Douglas Kinnaird,) with whom he was subsequently connected.

"Mrs. Baker, on my first announcing my name in her presence, asked, without waiting a reply, whether I was not very young on the stage, whether I had got a lodging, and whether, after my journey, I did not want some money; adding, with her usual rapidity of utterance, 'I am sure you do, and I won't have my young men get in debt in the town: here is a week's salary in advance, all in silver: show the Deal people a little of this, and they will be sure to be civil to you in hopes of seeing the rest of it.'—Vol. i. pp. 101—102.

"This good lady, who read but little, and had learned no more of writing than to sign her name, had been left a widow without any resources but her own praiseworthy (and I am happy to add, profitable) stock of industry: she was at this time beginning to realize the very considerable property she since died possessed of."—Vol. i. pp. 103—104.

"The indefatigable priestess of Thalia and Melpomene went every morning to market, and kept the box-book, on which always lay a massy silver ink-stand, which, with a superb pair of silver trumpets, several cups, tankards, and candlesticks of the same pure metal, it was the lady's honest pride to say she had paid for with her own hard earnings: she next manufactured the daily play-bill, by the help of scissors, needle, thread, and a collection of old bills; cutting a play from one, an interlude from another, a farce from a third, and sewed them neatly together; and thus precluded the necessity of pen and ink, except where the name of a former actor was to make way for a successor, and then a blank was left for the first performer who happened to call in, and who could write, to fill up. A sort of levee for those of her establishment who had business with her, while others were rehearsing on the stage, (for her dwelling was generally in the theatre,) filled up the remainder of the morning. Her family, consisting of a son, two daughters, (one of the young ladies being the Siddons and Jordan, and the other the Crouch and Billington of the company,) together with her sister, and Mr. Gardner the manager, and sometimes a favourite actress or actor, were added to the dinner party, which no sooner separated, than Mrs. B. prepared for the important five hours' station of money-taker at box, pit, and gallery doors, which she very

cleverly united in one careful focus, and saved by it as much money in her lifetime as I lost at the Surrey theatre in six or seven years. When the curtain dropped, she immediately retired to her bed-chamber, with the receipts of the evening in a large front pocket, leaving always a supper-table substantially covered for the rest of the family. Twice a week, when the theatre was not open, a pleasant little tea and card-party, concluding at an early hour, filled up the time, which, on other evenings, was allotted to the business of the theatre. When Mrs. Baker (who had many years previously only employed actors and actresses of cherry-wood, holly, oak, or ebony, and dressed and undressed both the ladies and gentlemen herself,) first engaged a living company, she not only used to beat the drum behind the scenes, in Richard, and other martial plays, but was occasionally her own prompter, or rather that of her actors. As has before been hinted, her practice in reading had not been very extensive; and one evening, when her manager, Mr. Gardner, was playing *Gradus*, in the farce of 'Who's the Dupe,' and imposing on old Doiley, by affecting to speak Greek, his memory unfortunately failed him, and he cast an anxious eye towards the prompteress for assistance. Mrs. B. having never met with so many syllables combined in one word, or so many such words in one page as the fictitious Greek afforded, was rather puzzled, and hesitated a moment; when Gardner's distress increasing by the delay, he rather angrily, in a loud whisper, exclaimed, 'Give me the word, madam.' The lady replied, 'It's a hard word, Jen.'—'Then give me the next.'—'That's harder.'—'The next.'—'Harder still.' Gardner became furious; and the manageress, no less so, threw the book on the stage, and left it, saying,—'There, now you have 'em all, you may take your choice.'—Vol. i. p. 95—97.

"No individual ever persevered more industriously or more successfully in getting money than Mrs. Baker, who, as fast as she realized cash, laid it out in purchasing or building the several theatres she died possessed of. When by her laudable exertions she had become sole proprietress of the Canterbury, Rochester, Maidstone, Tunbridge-Wells, and Feversham theatres, (the first four have each an attached dwelling-house well furnished, and its own particular stock of standing scenery; the latter, a slight edifice, built at Margate, and removed to Feversham, in consequence of Mrs. B.'s being excluded by the Margate patent.) she began to be at a loss how to dispose of her increasing savings. Well versed as she was in the art of fairly acquiring money, she knew so little what to do with her honest gains, when she had obtained them, that, after vesting sums in country banks, and in the hands of respectable tradesmen at perhaps three per cent., and in some cases at no per cent. at all, but with a view to its being safer than in her own hands,—she still retained considerable sums in *rouleaux* in her house and about her person. Incredible as it may appear, she had an insurmountable distrust of the Bank of England, and could never be brought to comprehend why her money would be safer and

more productive there than elsewhere. At last, in consequence of some trifling losses, (incurred through her keeping so many little spice-boxes full of guineas in her own custody,) she began to listen to advice; and by request of her nearest relations, my wife and self joined in entreating her to buy stock. I recommended a highly respectable stock broker, Mr. Millington, who was and is a most intimate friend of her son-in-law Dowton; and among the first money she commissioned me to pay into his hands, (at a time when gold was gold) were seven hundred guineas, (guineas were often sold at *11. 7s.* each in that day) a gold Jacobus, several foreign coins, and a bank of England note for two hundred pounds,—which last from its being in her eye a rarity, she had literally kept in her pocket above seven years, and parted with it as reluctantly as if she was never to see its value again. It was vain trying to convince her that had she bought stock with it when it first came into her possession, it would have been now worth three hundred instead of two: she conceived she had acted like a heroine in parting with it at all: her opinion, however, gradually altered; and we had the pleasure of a half-yearly visit from her in town, when she came, not to take away, but to add to her dividends the very comfortable profits she still continued to realize."

"I remember one very crowded night, patronized by a royal duke at Tunbridge-Wells, when Mrs. Baker was taking money for three doors at once,—her anxiety and very proper tact, led her, while receiving cash from one customer, to keep an eye in perspective on the next, to save time; as thus:—'Little girl! get your money all ready while this gentleman pays.—My lord! I'm sure your lordship has silver; and let that little boy go in while I give his lordship change.—Shan't count after your ladyship.—Here comes the duke! make haste! His Royal Highness will please to get his ticket ready while my lady—now, sir! now, your Royal Highness!—'O dear, Mrs. Baker! I've left my ticket in another coat pocket.—'To be sure you have! take your Royal Highness's word: let his Royal Highness pass: his Royal Highness has left his ticket in his *other* coat pocket.' *Eclats de rire* followed; and I believe the rank and fashion of the evening found more entertainment in the lobby than from the stage."—Vol. i. pp. 226—227.

The good lady had some difficulty in consenting to relinquish Mr. Dibdin, and his "Snug Little Island," that drew the "great grand" quality folk to her theatres. On going to take a friendly leave of her, he found her "busy among the market people before the door, driving hard bargains for some uncommonly fine butter, fresh from the dairy."

"I announced my business, and begged to be dismissed as soon as possible. Pretending to have forgotten all that had passed, the good lady asked what I meant; and while, in the warmth of my recapitulating our cause of quarrel, I happened to extend my hand towards her, . . . she clapped a Savoy leaf, containing a two-pound lump of butter, in my open palm, and said,—'Take that home to your wife, and ask her whether she can get half so good, or half

so much, for double the price in London. If you want a week's salary in advance, take it; send away the coachman; and don't talk nonsense about going to town. The mayor, and all the "great grand" quality, are coming to-night, and can't do without the "Snug Little Island." What do you write such things for? You are more trouble to me than all my actors."—Vol. i. pp. 222, 223.

It was to the "Jew and the Doctor" that our author owed his introduction to Covent Garden. Some friend of Mr. T. Harris had witnessed the success of that performance, in the hands of Dowton, on the Maidstone boards, and reported so favourably of it, that the great man expressed a wish to see it, and desired it might be transmitted, in such a way as to secure it from the danger of being mislaid, which "Mr. H. was sorry to find was the case with a piece Mr. D. had sent him some time ago." All England was at that time agog with the news of Sir Horatio Nelson's victory at the Nile. Our author, to conciliate yet more the good will of the proprietor, wrote to him to announce that he had "*finished* a drama in one act," on the subject of the victory, (though truth to say, "he had *not written a line*,") and would "send him it, if he would accept of it." "If he *should* accept it," very properly asked Mrs. Dibdin, "what will you do?" "Write it," was my reply. The answer was a wish to see the "*petite piece*," so to work went our author, and "The Mouth of the Nile" was duly transmitted by post. The play-wright as duly followed, and the day after his arrival was appointed for reading the piece in the green-room. And now might our author look back with regret to motherly Mrs. Baker, her rouleaux of silver, pound of butter, "great grand" quality folks, and good-natured Kentish critics, among whom his word had used to be law.

"Before the first nobility and gentry at Tunbridge-Wells I could read, or speak, or sing, without the slightest embarrassment, for there all I did was right; but the actors of the Theatre Royal Covent Garden were to me a much more formidable auditory.

"The dreaded morning at length came; and, nearly a stranger to all, I found myself seated among Messrs. Fawcett, Inledon, J. Johnstone, Townsend, Simmons, Miss Walcup, Miss Sims, Mr. Attwood, (who was to compose the new music,) Mr. Farley, (who was to superintend the melo-dramatic part of the bagatelle,) and Mr. Lewis, the kindest, most gentlemanly, and cleverest stage manager

"My little life hath known.

"I observed, as many a terrified candidate for the bays had done before and since, on similar occasions, 'This is an awful moment, gentlemen!'

"Mr. Fawcett.—'Very; but you are among friends.'

"Mr. Lewis.—'You are just at the edge of a cold bath; plunge in overhead, without fear, and in one moment you will find it quite pleasant.'

"Thus encouraged, I read, 'with good emphasis and good discretion;' and as I had adapted the principal comic songs to known airs, I

sang them as they occurred. Fawcett seemed much pleased; Inledon observed, no man could write a comic song like my father; and when I had finished, each, in tolerable good-humour, except one, took the part allotted, and said 'Good morning!' The part which remained on the table was an Irishman, in which were two songs. Mr. Johnstone had walked out with Mr. Lewis, the latter desiring me to wait his return; pending which, Inledon re-entered the room, and said, without stopping for breath,—My dear lad; that you possess some talent, no man that is a man—of judgment can deny: I adore your father; and, my dear boy! you have got the mark of the beast on you, as well as he has. Then why, my dear Tom Dibdin! (I love the name; for, in short, it is a name—that is a name) though your father is abused by many a composer who is no brick-maker himself, (but his 'Lads of the Village' will live longer than you or I, my boy!) and that makes me ask you—yes, who have heard me sing 'Black-eyed Susan' and the 'Storm,'—the 'Storm,' my boy!—how you could think of writing me such a d-d diabolical part as this? not but what I'll do it from respect to Tommy Harris, and yourself, and your father's talent; and because I'm sure you can never have heard me open 'the Messiah,' or sing 'Old Towler.' Come to-night, and listen, and then you'll know how to do the next better; but now Jack Fawcett has got the best songs here—and the thing will do d-d well; so keep up your spirits, and I'll get Jack Davy and Billy Shields to compose something for you that shall be worth writing to.'

"This was uttered with rapidity, and all that rich eccentricity of manner, which many have imitated, and few have equalled. His exit prevented my reply; and really I felt so awkwardly, and so uncertain whether I ought to laugh or take offence, that I hardly was conscious of the re-entrance of Mr. Lewis, who announced his regret that Mr. Johnstone could not be prevailed on to play in the piece; and as there was no other actor in the theatre, who stood prominent in Irish characters, Mr. Lewis advised me, from having heard me read it, to attempt the part myself; to which, (fearful of not getting my piece acted at all.) I reluctantly consented."—Vol. i. pp. 227—230.

Such was our author's debut as writer-of-all-work to the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. The nature of this connexion was as follows: he was to receive five pounds a week the whole year round, for the production of a pantomime and a one-act piece, on any subject of momentary interest, annually. It is with no small self-complacency that our play-wright speaks of his facility in composition. When a prologue or epilogue was wanted, it was a standing joke, he tells us, to say, "Write to Tom Dibdin, and you'll get it by return of post." This rapidity of execution enabled him to bring out several pieces in addition to those for which the theatre had contracted, and the profits thence arising constituted the largest part of his annual gains. Mr. Dibdin has regularly stated the prices he obtained for his successive works; and has even obliged us with a bill of each year's receipts. From this we learn that his first year's profits amounted

to upwards of 400*l.*, his next to upwards of 500*l.*, and so on progressively, till the sum total reached the satisfactory amount of 1500*l.*—In a word, his connexion with the Theatre Royal was in one shape or other so productive as to allow him, after he had been seized by the unlucky ambition of ruling a theatre of his own, to lose 18,000*l.* upon the Surrey.

This portion of Mr. Dibdin's Autobiography, and it forms no inconsiderable part of the whole, is chiefly commercial. It particularizes the making and selling of every piece he manufactured; and is founded, doubtless, upon the authority of his day-book and ledger. If his example be followed up by dealers and chapmen in other lines of business, what a career may this species of commercial biography run! For why should not Mr. Dibdin's old master, Sir William Rawlins, the upholsterer, write his Recollections, as well as Sir William's old apprentice, Mr. Dibdin, the play-wright? His day-book and ledger are of equal authority, and would supply him with materials equally ample and equally interesting.—As for example:—This day I disposed of the cabinet, with cedar shelves, for 150*l.*, independently of the ivory handles and gold ornaments, which netted about 150*l.* more." Or, "made a four-post bedstead, expecting that Mr. Harris would become a purchaser; which he having declined, Mr. Fawcett informed me might probably be very acceptable to Messrs. Colman and Co. of the Haymarket, to whom it was offered by Mr. Fawcett, and immediately accepted. Fearful of risk, not being perfectly easy as to the credit of the firm of Messrs. Colman and Co., I wrote to desire security for the 200*l.* purchase-money.—N. B. Realized 60*l.* by this transaction." Or, "had an order from Mr. Harris to make a one-legged mahogany table. Next day he sent for me to say, that a table, with but one leg, would not answer his purpose, and begged I would make it with two legs. This did not at all meet my ideas; however, I was persuaded, though not convinced, Mr. Harris throwing in the *argumentum ad hominem*, that he was willing to give for a two-legged table twice the price of a single legged table: I therefore went to my shop, and set to work afresh, &c. N. B. The table returned to me a few days after, to be reduced to *one* leg, Mr. Harris finding that it did not stand well upon *two*." We need make no more citations from the day-book of Sir William Rawlins, to show what copious materials that gentleman possesses for writing a biography of himself. Every piece of furniture he made or sold has its little history, in which the reader of taste cannot but find considerable interest.—And yet more enlarged must be his pleasure in tracing the gradual accumulation of Sir William's property; and contemplating the summary of each successive year's net receipts. And what has been said of Sir William's means of instructing and delighting the world, is no less true of other manufacturers and dealers, both in the same and different lines of business. So that the reading public has a prospect before it of a series of Mercantile Reminiscences, by the most eminent tradesmen, as long as that of the late dramatic autobiographies. With a view to encour-

rage the more distinguished persons in the upholstery business and other departments of trade, to favour the world with their Recollections, we shall here present them with a sample of a Playmaker's Reminiscences.

"I had now completed seven seasons at Covent Garden to the handsomely expressed satisfaction of the proprietors, Mr. Harris in particular; and having thus as it were served my time out faithfully. (much more so than I had done with Sir William,) I wrote to Mr. Harris, requesting an advance of one pound per week salary for myself, and one pound additional per week for my wife: my salary would then be six pounds weekly through the year; Mrs. Dibdin's four pounds, playhouse pay, as it is technically termed; which means four pounds for every week of six nights on which the theatre is open, or rather 13s. 4d. every play-night through the season: this request was instantly acceded to: and, I believe, I voluntarily promised not to ask for another rise till I had seen out another seven years. I ought not to omit stating, that Sadler's Wells was fast repaying its own purchase money.

"In the summer Mr. Colman applied to me for a three-act comedy; and as a balance for the black cloud which had hung over the 'White Plume,' I had the happiness of presenting him with the play of 'Five Miles Off,' or the Finger Post; which, though not produced till the 9th of July, 1806, was performed thirty-five nights during the very short remainder of the Haymarket season. I again made a previous bargain to be insured in the sum of two hundred pounds, hit or miss, and not to run the risk of three benefits, which, under the influence of a July sun, would have been very precarious indeed. *Maugre* the weather, however, the profits of my nights amounted to two hundred and seventy-five pounds. I sold the copy-right of 'Five Miles Off' to Barker for one hundred pounds."

We leave it to the reader to say, whether the literary interest of the upholsterer's biography, of which we gave specimens above, falls one jot below that of the play-wright, as treated by Mr. Dibdin. We do not profess any vehement regard for the modern drama; at the same time we feel that its admirers have reason to be aggrieved at the mode in which its history has been handled by its authors. Mr. D. has indeed entirely misconceived the vein in which it became him, as a dramatic writer, to compose his memoirs. The language and sentiments are exclusively those of a dealer and chapman; and what Mr. Dibdin said in jest, these memoirs seriously repeat in every page;—

"The intrinsic value of a thing,
Is just as much as it will bring."

If any edification at all is to be derived from the work, considered as a history of the drama of these times, it can only arise from our observing the mode in which modern plays are concocted. It is apparent, that as much as possible of mercenary, and as little as possible of dramatic spirit enters into their composition. And not only is the character of the piece affected by the interested speculations of the play-wright, but in the process of ma-

nufacturing is greatly modified by those of the proprietor and performers. Mr. Dibdin's pieces, in the course of reading and rehearsing, appeared to have suffered innumerable alterations and additions, rendered necessary by the views of the proprietor, or the jealousy of actors. The dramatist seems as often to have worked upon their suggestions, as to have been guided by any original conceptions of his own. His business was to fit them with parts, and if the parts did not fit, the pieces were sent home to be altered. Often a particular part would be regarded by the performer it was intended for, as not *roomy* enough—not sufficiently wide to give him full swing and scope for action. Other parts again would be thought by those for whom they were not intended, as too *roomy*—needlessly wide. Hence arose bickerings and jealousies. The more powerful actors were propitiated by additions, at the expense of the weaker; and the whole performance eked out, botched, and curtailed, till its parts were adjusted to the satisfaction of those who were to support it.

Mr. Dibdin's Memoirs abundantly account for the degradation of the modern drama. We are not aware that he possessed original genius, or much dramatic spirit; but with whatever portion endowed, he was not at liberty to manage it unmolested. If a drama worthy of being named with those of former times should ever again take possession of the stage, it must come from a pen remote from the influence of actors and managers.

To illustrate this subject, and exemplify the miseries of a playmaker to the theatres, we shall adduce a passage or two from Mr. Dibdin. The following is his account of the rehearsal of "The Cabinet," a favourite of its composer's, as may be inferred from his designating himself on the title page as its author. "The Cabinet," however, had nearly been marred by the jealousies of its principal supporters.

"In the course of rehearsing 'The Cabinet,' I met with innumerable difficulties respecting the songs, &c. Incedon and Braham were to be kept equally in the fore-ground: if one had a ballad, the other was also to have one; each a martial or hunting-song; each a bravura; and they were to have a duett, in which each was to lead alternately. I, however, managed so as not to affect the general construction of the opera, although I wrote nearly twenty different subjects for music before I satisfied every one: several of these were to suit the difficult taste of Madame Storce, who one morning was so (more than usually) hard to please,—that taking my manuscript out of the prompter's hand, I buttoned it up in my surcoat, and in great ire was leaving the stage, when I nearly tumbled over Mr. Harris, who had just entered: he soon stepped between the dignity of the singer and the tenacity of the author; and harmony was completely restored. Yet 'The Cabinet' gave me *infinitely less trouble* than any opera I subsequently produced. 'Zuma,' in particular, had so many additional and unnecessary scenes written for the introduction of bravuras, concerted pieces, &c. and became so altered in the essential parts of its story, (which, when accepted by

Mr. Harris, was by him pronounced the most consistently interesting plot I had ever given him,) that, when produced, it no more resembled its former self, than 'She Stoops to Conquer' would be like the 'Battle of Hexham.'

The author should have called to mind what Mr. Mate of the Margate theatre had said to him long ago;—he might have profited by the hint. "Look at that scene, my son! I began it yesterday at rehearsal—the actors crowded round—each advised me how to improve it—I bowed to every opinion, adopted every hint: I had begun it as a grove; and if you'll have the goodness to look at it now, you'll find it is a street!"

Through the intervention of Mrs. Mattocks, our author had the honour ("for such it certainly was,"*) of being elected by the Princess Elizabeth to write a *vaudeville*, which was to be represented for the amusement of their Majesties at Frogmore. This passage throws further light upon the state of the modern drama, and the nature of the circumstances that affect it:—

* If it was not honour, it certainly was not profit.

"It was further intimated to me, on calling in Soho-square, that I was to receive THREE GUINEAS for the piece. I, in great astonishment, stated to Mrs. Mattocks, first, that in the few days since my seeing her, I had finished the piece completely, and paid one guinea to a copyist for making a fair transcript; and, anticipating her wish, another guinea for writing out the parts; and, secondly, that although it was but a one-act piece, I could not accept what was offered for it; nor was I desirous of any other remuneration than the distinguished honour of contributing to the amusement of the august party to be present, and of having the happiness to render the humble effort of my Muse acceptable to Her Royal Highness. Mrs. Mattocks replied, it was quite impossible the piece could be accepted on any terms but that of payment, and that what was offered was in proportion to the other expenses of the intended fête. I therefore began to take leave; when Mrs. Mattocks, perceiving I had the manuscripts and copies of the parts with me, begged I would reconsider the matter, which I said was unnecessary, as I should feel but too much honoured in presenting my drama as a dutiful tribute of respect, but could not accept payment beneath what the *minimum* of a minor theatre would have given me. 'Then,' said Mrs. Mattocks, 'confide in me: I will shield you from the idea of having meant any offence; and you shall have reason to be satisfied.' With this assurance I left the copies.

"Some days afterwards, I again saw Mrs. Mattocks, who put a paper in my hand and left me: it contained FIVE GUINEAS, out of which I had paid two, besides the expense of visits to town, &c. &c."

Mr. Dibdin has taken his revenge upon the Princes, and the rest of the royal amateurs of Frogmore. As long as these Reminiscences shall survive, so long will the munificence of the court of George III. to the modern drama be upon record. And as if to guard against the possibility of his royal employer's splendid

"I need not say how grateful I felt for the distinction, how much I thanked Mrs. Mattocks for her participation in my feelings, and how eagerly I inquired who were to represent the dramatic persons of what I might prevail on my Muse to elicit. Mrs. Mattocks said, 'there need only be three principal parts, which would be acted by herself, Mr. Quick, and Mr. Elliston. She entreated me to pay particular attention to the character to be assigned to her, as she had need enough, God knew! of every assistance an author could afford her; while Quick was such a favourite of His Majesty, that he would be able to make *any thing* tell.' And Mr. Elliston, madam?" asked I, 'he is a gentleman I know little of: in what does his *forte* consist?' 'O, my dear sir! the king has seen him somewhere, at Weymouth, or Cheltenham,—and rather likes him; so he will do well enough as—a sort of a—the gentleman of the piece.'—Which, I replied, 'it is not easy to make so good a part as the others'; this the lady assented to, treating it as a matter of no consequence. Just then Mr. Quick entered the room, and many compliments passed between the veteran pair. Finally, I had my instructions as to the length, &c. of the projected drama, and seemed to satisfy them, when I detailed the momentary thoughts which struck me as presenting an outline on which to form it. On bidding adieu, Mr. Quick, in spite of my opposition, insisted on seeing me down stairs; and with the street-door in his hand, and the richest comic expression in his eye, whispered,—'Take care of me, and don't give that woman all the cream.'"

Of Inceledon's unintermitting flow of nonsense there are many examples in these volumes.—Our readers may take the following:

"I'll be judged by any body; ask my friend Dowton, the old Cacique; ask Cacofogo, my dear boy! whether Charles Inceledon is fit to play Harlequin. What is Harlequin? can he sing 'Old Towler,' or 'The Thorn'? is he like Billy Shield, or Rauzzini, or Jackson of Exeter, or little Davy? can he compose, or can he open 'The Messiah'? can his black face give 'Black-eyed Susan'? will his tricks produce

remuneration being forgotten, he has even inserted it in the summary of the year's total receipts, as thus:—

Profit on Mrs. Mattocks's commission: viz.	
Received for piece, . . .	£5 5 0
Paid copying MS.	£1 1 0
Ditto parts	1 1 0
	2 2 0
	3 3 0

This was not forgotten on the part of our play-wright, his motto being, no pay no work. "A twelvemonth after," he tells us, "Mrs. Mattocks, one night in the green-room, whispered in my ear, with one of her very comic laughs,—'I've got you another job!' I begged till next day to consider; and wrote, by Mr. Lewis's advice, that as a one-act piece at Covent Garden would produce me fifty pounds, I hoped I was not presuming in declining to undertake one elsewhere under thirty pounds, especially as I was then much occupied: to this I received no answer; and so ends the history of this Haunted Tower."

'Sally in our Alley?' or his magic conjure any thing like 'The Storm?' A pantomime isn't an opera, my dear fellow! Can Macheath, when 'his pistols miss fire,' and 'his mare slips her shoulder, when she is pursued,' change Peachum into a poll-parrot; or can Young Meadows, when he leaves his father's house 'on the 15th of June,' turn Justice Woodcock into a wig-block? What would Tommy Harris say, and Sloper, and Farley, to see 'Harlequin Hawthorn, or the Wandering Melodist,' and Charles Incedon in 'The Quaker,' while singing 'The Lads of the Village,' transmogrified from Old Steady into

The high-mettled racer
Is in at the death?"

Apropos of Talma, Mr. Dibdin introduces the following pleasant anecdote:

"Monsieur Talma's father lodged in the next house to me, and practised as a dentist. A Miss Daniels, (afterwards married to George Cooke, and now to Mr. Windsor, of Bath.) with her mother, also lodged in the same house with Talma, sen. Miss Daniels, at that time, had a completely foreign accent, and was practising a song in Dudley Bates's opera of 'The Woodman,' in which there was a frequently repeated passage of 'Tell me, tell me, tell me,'—which Miss Daniels mispronounced, 'Tall ma, Tall ma, Tall ma.'—Mr. Talma, sen., who was in the room above, hearing these words given with so much expression, imagined the young lady was suffering from the tooth-ache, and wanted his assistance: he selected his terrific instruments; and, peeping in at the siren's door, with a crimson night-cap on, exclaimed, '—You want me, Miss? here I am! I take out your toose incessantly, and I prevent you make dat discordant noise again.' It would be superfluous to add, that Miss Daniels speedily chased the mistaken foreigner from the door."

The following anecdotes we extract without any attempt at arrangement:—

"At the last rehearsal of 'Joanna.' Mr. Wild, the prompter, asked the author for an order to admit two friends to the boxes; and whether Mr. Cumberland was thinking of the probable proceeds of his play, or whether his anxiety otherwise bewildered him, cannot be ascertained; but he wrote instead of the usual 'two to the boxes'—'admit two pounds two.' Wild often exhibited this order to his friends, and kept it as a *bijou* among his other theatrical curiosities."

"Cooke and the Author went, at a tolerably steady quick step, as far as the middle of Greek-street, when Cooke, who had passed his hand along all the palisades and shutters as he marched, came in contact with the recently painted new front of a coachmaker's shop, from which he obtained a complete handful of wet colour. Without any explanation to me as to the cause of his anger, he rushed suddenly into the middle of the street, and raised a stone which, in respect to its magnitude, Polypheme might not have rejected in his desire to crush the shepherd Acis. This fragment Cooke was going to hurl against the unoffending windows; but I was in time to save them from destruction, and him from the watch-house. On my asking the cause of his hos-

tility to the premises of a man who could not have offended him, he replied, with a hiccup, 'What! not offend? a d—d ignorant coachmaker, to leave his house out, new-painted, at this time of night!'

"I forgot to say that he stopped in the middle of Soho-square, and with thundering emphasis uttered the interjection 'Hah!' in a tone about ten degrees beyond the strongest aspiration of our stoutest street-paviors. 'There!' said Cooke, 'tell Harris what my voice effected, after a hard drinking-bout, at seven in the morning, in Soho-square.'—'I will, my good friend!' said I. 'Will you, indeed,' replied Cooke, 'be such an enemy to your old friend? What business, Harris will say, had Cooke in Soho-square at seven in the morning? and thus, through your forward friendship, I shall lose my situation!' He uttered much more nonsense; compared the bright moon to Mr. Harris, and a dark cloud to Mr. Kemble, with whom, he said, he would play any part by way of wager for—yes, for a god."

"Mr. Lewis mentioned a whimsical circumstance occurring to himself, when he engaged to play six nights at a considerable distance from the capital, and the manager had stuck up a very large LEWIS indeed. Only one member of the company (and he happened to be the worst actor in it) took umbrage at this display; and his indignation was so loud, that it happened to reach the ears of the envied nominee. Lewis was always fond of a joke; and having sought out his temporary employer, the two managers, town and country, laid their heads together how to give the grumbler a lesson; and next day's bills appeared with the names of the actors in general, unusually small, Mr. Lewis's only distinguished by being much smaller than the rest, and that of the aggrieved hero, in the LARGEST LETTER the printer's fount afforded;—a distinction so truly ridiculous, that even the malcontent joined in the laugh against himself, and was glad, from that time, to find his 'post of honour in a private station.'"

"When I produced the comedy of 'The School for Prejudice,' at Covent Garden, some years before, Mr. Munden asked me, in what style I wished him to play the part of Old Liberal? I replied, I meant it as an humble imitation of Matthew Bramble. 'And who the devil's Matthew Bramble?' to my astonishment, inquired the veteran. 'You are pleased to joke, Sir; you have, of course, read Humphrey Clinker?' 'Not I, Sir; after I left school, I never read any books but plays—and no play unless I had a part in it—and even then, no more of such play than was immediately connected with the character assigned me.'"

The "Jew and Doctor," the piece which had pleased the good people of Kent, and which had been the means of introducing its author to the London stage, was put in great danger by Mr. Harris's complaisance to a favourite actress. Yet with a rare felicity, it seems to have passed the ordeal untouched.

"Mrs. Mattocks (who I much feared would refuse the part of Mrs. Changeable) seemed in high spirits, laughed more than all the rest, said it was the best attempt since Mrs. Inchbald's comedy of 'The Midnight Hour,' wished her part

was longer, and on my offering an epilogue by way of make-weight, appeared perfectly satisfied. Mr. Knight made some scruples about Changeable, but Mr. Lewis, by some means, put him into better humour. John Emery and Charles Farley received with the greatest good-nature the trifling characters of Old Bromley and William; and one lady, whom I had known from a child, moved with graceful dignity out of the room, leaving the part of Emily on the table.

"Within a few days of the farce appearing, Mr. Harris, just as he was leaving town, begged (from his anxiety for the safety of the piece) that I would add something more for Mrs. Mattocks in the chamber scene, or at least in the last scene, which I promised to do: but after working at it twenty-four hours, I found that whatever any other author might have done, I could make no improvement; and went in despair to Mr. Lewis, to ask what I should say to Mr. Harris on his return. 'Say? say nothing,' replied Mr. Lewis: 'Mr. Harris is too much your friend to wish to give you unnecessary trouble: he has so much just now to think of, that ten to one, if, at next rehearsal, he does not go away before the last scene comes on: but should he stop, and make any objection, I'll undertake your excuse.'

"I did not feel comfortable, notwithstanding; Mr. Harris's kindness being such, I wished to attend to his wishes, even when they were against my own. He came to the next rehearsal; stayed till the last moment; and when the farce was finished, clapped me on the back, and said, 'Very well! well done, my boy! you have done it now just as I wished: quite another thing!' and away he went, Mr. Lewis looking at me with his archely-arched eyebrows over his shoulder, as he followed his principal."

Another offspring of Mr. Dibdin's muse, to speak his own language, was not equally fortunate. We have seen how Mr. Incedon proposed tampering with the "Mouth of the Nile," the piece offered to Mr. Harris before a line had been written, and the proprietor was contemplating a more serious innovation.

"The next day Mr. Harris sent for me, and observed that, as a one-act piece, 'the Mouth of the Nile' would do little for the theatre in case of success; and begged I would make a preceding act of pantomimic story, founded on some incident supposed to have taken place on the banks of the Nile previous to Nelson's arrival. This did not at all meet my ideas: the value of the trifle we were rehearsing was to arise entirely from its immediate production, while all ranks were enthusiastically delighted with every thing and any thing that could be said in praise of our navy; and now to write a new act, and wait for more scenery and rehearsals, was to me a complete omen of failure. I fancied I saw my air-built castles once more in the dust, and regretted leaving my humble but happy rustic pre-eminence among the good-natured Kentish critics. I was, however, persuaded, though not convinced; Mr. Harris throwing in the *argumentum ad hominem*, that a two-act piece would be hereafter valued by his treasurer at twice the price of the present

single act, I therefore, went to my lodgings, and set to work afresh."

"The new first act of 'the Mouth of the Nile,' being quite finished and sufficiently rehearsed, both acts made their appearance before the audience; and, as my fears had truly prophesied, one act had no sooner come out than it went in again: all that part of the piece which I had originally written by return of post from Tunbridge-Wells was very successful, and repeated thirty-two nights that season, and several times during the year following."

The rehearsal of the above piece, the first Mr. Dibdin submitted to the critics of the green-room, led him to remark that obliquity in their way of judging, to which he owed all his subsequent difficulties.

"At the reading of all new pieces, performers very frequently measure the merit of the proposed drama by the value of their own individual parts in it; and, without meaning any offence to professors whose talents have laid me under so many years of obligation, I can assert, that I have heard opinions of a play given on the staircase, while the actors were descending from the reading-room, so totally opposite to each other,—that until, by after experience, I discovered the cause, I hardly knew how to believe that men of education and merit could be so much at variance on a subject they ought to be, and were generally, pretty equal judges of."

And again, on the mention of his "School for Prejudice," in which Mr. Munden had declined the part of "Old Liberal," and was with difficulty prevailed on by Mr. Harris to tolerate it, he remarks that—

"Although every performer in this play, during rehearsal, expressed themselves much pleased with it as a whole, yet there was not a single incident but what was marked out by one or other, confidentially as the only dangerous part of the comedy; so that had I cut out all I was advised to do, I must have omitted the whole play, which some may think would have been better for the public."

Thus, what with the jealousies of actors and the pecuniary views of proprietors, our author's muse was seldom left to litter unmolested; the necessary consequence, however, of his having let her out to hire at a weekly stipend. But in addition to these, the known and necessary evils of his condition, dangers unforeseen sometimes occurred, in the anticipation or interference of rival authors. For example, a little musical piece, the "Naval Pillar," brought out in 1793, had nearly suffered the loss of its principal support, the character of a Quaker, imitatively acted by Munden, from a cause of this nature.

"On the first night of the piece, I had the honour of being introduced to Mrs. Inchbald by Mr. Lewis, who left us *tete-a-tete* in Mr. Harris's private box.

"This talented lady expressed considerable surprise that I should possess nerve sufficient to be present at the first representation of my own farce: I acknowledged it might be rather fool-hardy, and imply a lack of diffidence or sensibility; but in the present instance, the butterfly which was, in case of condemnation,

to be broken on the wheel, was too *rolage* to be worth alarm, 'and were it otherwise,' I added, 'I never could trust a friend's report with respect to how a piece might be received; as, in case of failure, the truth would be much softened down; and should alteration be necessary, I ought personally to witness the fault, in order to be a better judge of what remedy should be applied.' I ventured, too, to remark to the authoress, that, though not earlier introduced, I had the pleasure of being very near her when she witnessed the first night of her comedy of 'Lovers Vows,' to which she made no reply, as the new piece was just commencing. She paid it much more attention than I thought it deserved, till after Munden's Quaker had excited considerable laughter; when Mrs. Inchbald suddenly turned from the stage to me, and asked whether it would be of 'material consequence,' if I were to omit that Quaker, *in toto*, on the following night. I did not dare to express myself with such colloquial vulgarity as to say I considered my Habbakuk as the 'fiddle of the piece'; but respectfully replied, that it was of 'the most 'material consequence' to me to retain so powerful a support to my weakly offspring. The lady observed, 'it was very unfortunate,' and soon after quitted the box, which Mr. Lewis shortly after re-entered; and having seated himself in Mrs. Inchbald's unoccupied place, told me that Mrs. Inchbald was shortly to bring out a comedy called 'the Wise Man of the East,' in which were a whole family of Quakers; and apprehensive of being anticipated by my bantling, the lady had requested Mr. Harris to ask me, what, in fact, he did not think exactly fair to do, and therefore commissioned Mr. Lewis to bring the fair authoress and me in contact, in order that she might essay her own influence: and it was fortunate for me she had not heard of my Broadbrim till that very day, or I much fear I should have been prevailed on to sacrifice so leading a feature of my own piece to the supposed advantage of her play, which was quite as successful without my assistance."

Upon the whole, when we consider the perils undergone by a piece from its first reading to its first public representation, what rubs, what crosses, what impediments, what danger of being strangled behind the curtain, and what danger of being damned before it, our wonder is not that so many pieces fail, but that any should succeed. As we have been at the pains to furnish a chapter of dramatic miseries arising from causes within, to make it complete we shall subjoin a passage illustrative of those arising from without. In the December of 1802, Mr. Dibdin, in the course of his duty, was preparing the opera called "Family Quarrels" for representation, and as usual, met with so many difficulties as to despair, "not of retaining the original outline of the piece, but of bringing it before the public in any shape at all." Among other obstructions, Mr. Fawcett was not to be contented without a song written particularly for himself, and a song moreover that should celebrate, or satirize, we know not which, the beauties of the Jewish persuasion. This the sons of Israel took amiss, and intimated by prior notice to the author their disapprobation of Mr. Fawcett's intended song

"I immediately waited on Mr. Harris, who bade me be of good cheer, but by no means to think of withdrawing the song; particularly as Mr. Fawcett declared *he* was by no means afraid to sing it. Mr. Harris added that he had hardly ever brought out a piece at any period, without its being preceded by anonymous threats; and my staunch friend Lewis said, 'If there really *be* a conspiracy against the opera, that conspiracy will be the making of it: for I don't think a London audience ever errs in its judgment, and am quite sure they will never suffer any party, however numerous, to wrest their right of judgment from them.'"

"Under these impressions we took the field, nine-tenths of the theatre laughing at our apprehensions. The enemy came, however, in great force, and by too early a manifestation of hostility put the unprejudiced part of the audience completely on their guard. Before the first song, a predetermination of opposition was alarmingly evident; and in allusion to a purchase I was then completing, a skirmishing corps of hostile sharpshooters in the gallery began to cry, as a signal for the general charge, 'It vont do! it vont do! I tell you! take it away! take it to Sadler's Vells!' The impending thunder grumbled, and subsided, and grumbled again, till the appearance of Fawcett in his 'Jewish gaberdrine' proved the chosen moment for commencing an uproar, which, but for the subsequent O. P. row, of noisy memory, would never have been equalled. The song was sung and encored, but not heard, nor was any of the following part of the opera, or the words in which it was announced for repetition."—Vol. i. pp. 340—342.

The most successful production of our author's, and, indeed, his chief-d'œuvre, was the celebrated pantomime, "*Mother Goose*." Its history previous to representation is rather remarkable. It appears that Mr. Dibdin had grown weary of that part of his engagement which entailed upon him the production of the Christmas pantomime, and Mr. Harris had consented to accept an annual farce in lieu of it.

"During eight years I had been at Covent-Garden, the pantomime usually took five or six months' preparation; and I now observed, with some degree of wonder, during my usual summer visits to the theatre, no 'note of preparation,' no magic 'armourers accomplishing the knights' of trip and leap; and was still more surprised, (nay, astonished, and not a little vexed into the bargain,) when, not more than six weeks before Christmas, Mr. Harris knocked at my door, and returned the compliments of the day with—'Well, my dear Dibdin! we cannot do without a pantomime from you, after all.' I was thunderstruck.—'From me, sir? a pantomime, and to be acted in six weeks: it is impossible. I grant I might write one; but how is its scenery to be painted? what time for machinery, practice, composing the music, &c. &c.—'Well, but have you not some sketches by you?'—'Yes, sir, I have shown them to you often; and strongly recommended one in particular, which you have for five years refused.'—'O, what, that d—d Mother Goose, whom you are so wedded to! let's look at her again: she has one recommendation: there is no finery about her; and the scenery, in general, is too

common-place to take up much time: so, e'en set every body to work: I need not again see the manuscript. I will speak to Farley, and you must lose no time." But, sir, our late agreement, and the difficulties thrown in my way—"You are too good a fellow to talk about agreements when I want you to do me a service; and as for difficulties, you shan't meet with any; I won't suffer it. Here (giving me his whole hand) call every body about you, and order every thing you like: I cannot expect you to effect much, especially with such a subject: but do the best you can."—Vol. i. pp. 397—398.

Mr. Dibdin did the best he could, for he retained for Mother Goose the inimitable Grimaldi. However, Mr. Harris had so little hope of the forthcoming pantomime, that he attended but one rehearsal, when he came accompanied by Mr. John Kemble. Both gentlemen seemed mighty indifferent respecting the fate of the piece, though destined, as Mr. Dibdin boasts, "to put many thousand pounds into their pockets; I believe more, rather than less, than twenty." We wonder that Mr. Dibdin did not, after this, propose to christen his "Mother Goose," the "Golden Goose." Yet from Mr. Harris, he says, who had always rejected it, he never met the usual cheering clap on the back, by which the proprietor was wont to express a high degree of satisfaction. This was ungenerous, and as would seem from Mr. Dibdin, not consistent with the proprietor's usual behaviour. As, for example:—

"On the 19th of February, 1800, my Muse was caught tripping, and my farce of 'True Friends' had nearly proved very inimical to my interests: it was acted but five nights; but though a failure, it produced me one feeling of genuine pleasure. Mr. Harris paid me more than usual attention; and one night, when adversity came 'hissing hot' from pit and gallery, kindly helped me on with my great-coat, and exclaimed, 'An audience is seldom wrong; but in this case, my dear Dibdin! I cannot imagine why they hiss: can you?' I laughingly told him I supposed they were angry because the farce was over."—Vol. i. pp. 265—266.

The clap on the back alludes to Mr. Harris's mode of signifying his entire approbation; the inferior degrees of which he used to express by the manner in which he shook hands.

"He seldom paid a compliment, or found a fault; but passed over what he thought ineffective by doubling the leaves down so as to cancel it; and where he was pleased with a passage, would say, 'Let's have a little more like this.' On meeting, he used to shake hands with his little finger; and at parting, gave one, two, or three fingers, in proportion to the approbation he meant to bestow on what he had read; but to be favoured with his whole hand, denoted a perfect climax of applause, sometimes accompanied with 'Good boy! good boy!' During my first few months' intercourse with him, these gradations of his approval or dissent (as connected with my future advancement or failure in the theatre) usually had an evident effect on my spirits during the day; and my wife, guessing the state of the theatrical thermometer, has remarked, when any extreme of

depression or exhilaration occurred, that I came home 'as cold as a little finger,' or 'as happy as a handful.'"—Vol. i. pp. 298—299.

With motherly Mrs. Baker's warm handful of butter fresh in his memory, we don't wonder that Mr. Harris's cold little finger should have depressed his spirits.

The list of dramatic pieces, of various kinds, manufactured by our indefatigable play-wright, for the use of the different theatres with which he was connected—and he seems to have had something to do with every one of them in turn, covers no fewer than ten pages of small print! "Dibdin," said John Kemble to him, as they were travelling together in a post-chaise, after a long pause in the conversation, "how many pieces for the stage have you written?" "About fifty," I believe, sir," was the reply, "or probably a greater number." Kemble again paused, as if to consider, and then exclaimed, "What a misfortune!" Then leaning back, he relapsed into another pause, which lasted the remainder of the journey. "What a misfortune!" repeats the author to himself,—"Did he mean for me or the public?" As the fairest mode of putting the question to rest, he decides that the public and he ought to be set down as equal sharers in the supposed misfortune; and we think it an equitable decision.

It is, however, more probable that the exclamation sprang out of a train of thought, originating in a remoter source than the subject of the present conversation. It seems to have been not uncommon with Kemble to brood over a topic that had been started, long after those with whom he was conversing had abandoned it. The course of these secret reflections was often indicated by some mal-apropos expression, which, while it betrayed the subject of his reverie, occasioned not a little mirth by its utter irrelevance to the subject of the conversation.

Mr. Dibdin was successively prompter and half-manager of Drury Lane Theatre after its last resurrection from its ashes. In these two capacities he acted under two successive sub-committees, in the first of which, Mr. Whitbread, and in the last, Mr. D. Kinnaird, appear to have assumed the direction of affairs. We have given so copious a chapter of the author's miseries, that we have but little space for those of the prompter and of the manager. They are to be found, however, in considerable abundance. First, as to the prompter; whose place, he tells us, is the remotest possible from a sincere:—

"He has to do his duty to the public, and, if he can, to please managers and actors; the first is a very difficult matter to do, the latter impossible, if the said prompter be a man of probity. Now I had two managers to please, who seldom pleased each other; and as I could never please more than one at a time, I had hard work to 'carry my dish even;' and if I accomplished this, there was a higher power, and a still more difficult one to please, in the chief man of the ruling committee."—Vol. ii. pp. 9, 10.

Again, whenever a part is given out for study, which the performer thinks either be-

* Only a fourth of the number to which they eventually amounted.

neath or unsuited to his or her abilities.—all the resentment felt on the occasion is uttered in presence of the prompter, (who must never be a tell-tale,) on the managers and proprietors; while, on the other hand, those higher powers are extremely angry when the prompter neglects to enforce obedience to the rules of the house, or excuses any member of the theatre from his or her duties; he has the same troubles to encounter, in a minor degree, with painters, mechanists, wardrobe-keepers, and band; and, in fact, has all the arduous tasks of stage management to perform, without being entitled to the credit or profits of any of them." Vol. ii. pp. 14, 15.

And then for the more direct and peculiar sweets of the office:—

"I have, on a severe winter's day, been on Drury Lane stage, with one play-book after another in my benumbed fingers, from ten in the morning till near five in the afternoon. . . . The actors and actresses, up to the chin in surtouts and pelisses, by briskly treading the stage, could now and then keep themselves from being frozen to its boards; but it is the prompter's positive duty to stand still and steady on his post."—Vol. ii. p. 12.

If the poor prompter stole home for an hour to warm himself by his own fire-side, his quarters were liable to be beaten up by a half-angry message from the theatre, importing, that the head of the sub-committee had called in the interval, and finding nobody there, had left word, "it was very hard the prompter at least could not be found at his post, and begged that Mr. T. Dibdin might be told as much."

After the death of Mr. Whitbread, a change of administration ensued, and Mr. Dibdin was elevated from the post of prompter to that of half-manager. He had how, as he says, five masters and a coadjutor to go on peaceably with; a thing not to be expected.

Four of his "masters" were disposed to draw amicably with their manager; but the fifth was restive;—four deported themselves familiarly, and put themselves on a level with him; but the fifth was always his "obedient servant;" four, when he left Drury Lane to assume the government of the Surrey, made him each a present, after his kind; the fifth gave him—leave to go: the greatest favour of all. Byron gave him drawings of Turkish costume; Essex, a turkey-pie; Moore, credit for 500*l.*; Lamb, an Irish slave; and Kinnaird, his dismissal. Individually, he owns, the members of the sub-committee deserved well of him; collectively, he says, they treated him ill;—an inconsistency not difficult to account for, since we know that one restive horse will disorder the motion of the whole machine.

Mr. Dibdin's besetting sin—as is the case with the generality of his profession—is the very opposite of a want of deference for rank. Goaded and overdriven he must have been to show symptoms of mutiny so decided as the following:

"By remonstrating frequently, and perhaps with more warmth than a mere deputy's deputy was supposed to be entitled to do, especially when difference of rank was evidently taken into the scale.—I more than once, though unintentionally, gave great offence, in the com-

mittee-room, to a very small portion of the aggregate number; and on one occasion hastily left the room, expressing the little regret I should feel if I never entered it again. My colleague was blest with more prudence."—Vol. ii. pp. 103, 104.

He had a wife and children, he said, forgetting that his colleague had also a wife and children. The principal cause of disagreement was the resolution to which the sub-committee came of transferring the privilege of distributing nightly orders from the managers to the shareholders. They either took it entirely away, or they doled out a scanty number. This Mr. Dibdin, with some show of reason, contends, was to deprive the managers of one main source of influence over the numerous forces they had to conduct.

"The leading performers, whose established characters and talents placed them above these *petits douceurs*, and who rather claimed them as a sort of right, (independently of their agreed-on privileges,) either felt indignant at our apparently withholding them without cause, or professed incredulity as to our want of power to oblige them: and where, at last, was this really important privilege placed? Why, in the hands of a gentleman, who, however respectable in the counting-house, or at the head of the money-takers and their assistants, was no more a competent judge of the dramatic government of a theatre, or how far the proper distribution of favours might help to support it, than many others who have, since his time, held higher situations there."—Vol. ii. pp. 104, 105.

Mr. Dibdin appears to have supported the weight of five masters indifferently well; his unhappy successor, less stout-hearted or strong backed, tottered and fell.

"Poor Raymond, who was appointed to the stage management after my late coadjutor, soon sank under the weight of eternal and complicated committee conference, instruction, explanation, and undetermination. It was necessary to hold correspondence daily, nightly, and all night with them: he received his death-stroke while in the very act of writing a long and utterly useless letter (on some points never to be cleared up) to an *active member* of the committee, who told me, at the deceased manager's funeral, that I was the only man qualified to conduct the theatre at last. *Quelle bonté*. Vol. ii. p. 106.

"The only man qualified"—he could not kill him

From the history of Mr. Dibdin's connexion with the then administration of Drury Lane, we are inclined to draw this inference—that a sub-committee and twin managers are not the best government imaginable for a theatre. Mr. Dibdin has enriched his work with some fragments of a voluminous correspondence between himself and his masters. These indicate, on the part of the latter, (with one exception,) much suavity and good humour, and little inclination to be busy; admirable qualities in a sub-committee. With the majority so happily endowed, we might wonder at the ill-success of their management, were it not clear that one gentleman was cursed with talents and a disposition for business, great enough to overbalance the want of them in his colleagues

The following fragment of a letter bespeaks a turn for business, and a propensity to interference, ominous, beyond measure, to the success of affairs:—

"I take this opportunity of stating that I think first appearances should not be permitted to interrupt good business; and this, I trust, we shall continue to have. When (at what hour) is the 'New Way to Pay Old Debts' rehearsed to-morrow? Was there a rehearsal of 'Love for Love' to-day, as promised? Mr. Lamb is very anxious no time should be lost in getting that out: I entirely agree with him. Should Mr. Kean play four times a week constantly? I suppose, however, he must play four times next week; Richard, Monday, &c. &c., in which case 'Love for Love' may be produced Wednesday week. I send you something for publication; add some more of your own. I cannot give a very favourable account of the piece I was condemned to hear yesterday. Speak to Lord Byron about the 'Spanish Friar': he promised to read and castigate it. Your obedient servant,

"DOUGLAS KINNAIRD."

—Vol. ii. p. 62.

And again, on another occasion:—

"Mr. ***** I will talk to you about: he is assuredly not worth more than 4*l.* per week; he is sometimes above mediocrity, and at others is ludicrous and burlesque. I am delighted at the prospect of engaging Mrs. M^cGibbon at 8*l.* 9*l.* 10*l.* per week, but it must be in lieu of Mrs. somebody else: we will talk about it to-morrow."—Vol. ii. p. 63.

Was the writer delighted to engage Mrs. M^cGibbon at any rate, or to provide a principal tragic actress at so low a rate? The first supposition speaks well for his taste; the latter equally well for his judgment. There is here a nice application of the principles of the counting-house to the management of a theatre.

The other members of the sub-committee write in a manner equally characteristic.

"I received the following from Lord Byron, after a meeting in which it was resolved, among other matters, *und voce* by the whole committee, that no free admissions should be issued:—

"Dear Sir,—You will oblige me with a couple of pit orders for this night, particularly if prohibited. Yours, very truly,

"BYRON."

"P. S. I mean two orders for one each—single admission."

His Lordship again, after hearing a new piece read:—

"Dear Sir,—Is not part of the dialogue in the new piece a little too double, if not too broad, now and then? for instance, the word 'ravish' occurs in the way of question, as well as a remark, some half dozen times in the course of one scene, thereby meaning, not raptures, but rape. With regard to the probable effect of the piece, you are the best judge: it seems to me better and worse than many others of the same kind. I hope you got home at last, and that Miss ——— has recovered from the eloquence of my colleague, which, if it convinced, it is the first time,—I do not mean the first time his eloquence had that ef-

fect,—but that a woman could be convinced she was not fit for any thing on stage.

"Yours truly,

"BYRON."

We venture to give a few more private letters, now for the first time made public:—

"Sir,—Of all the extraordinary things, or, at least, things which have struck me as extraordinary, since I have become conversant with the interior of a theatre, the most extraordinary has been, the refusal of performers to take parts offered them, of which we have now a signal instance in the case of Mr. Phillips. I do not understand how salaries can be paid, if performers will not co-operate to render pieces attractive. Wishing you and the theatre every possible success, and desiring by no means to interfere, I am, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"S. WHITEHEAD."

"Pray show this to Mr. Raymond."

"Cassiobury, Nov. 12th, 1815

"Dear Sir,—Your Journal of to-day (if it does not give you too much trouble) is really most satisfactory, interesting, and amusing, but pray let it be always so done as not to deprive you of those few moments of leisure so necessary both for your comfort as well as amusement. I cannot bear to occupy your time, while you have so many other calls on it only spare me a few short words in Dr. Pangloss's style; as 'Wednesday, 430*l.* gross receipts,—play went off well,—Miss Nash in good voice,—Mr. **** in a d—d passion,—Peter Moore got a new wig: Thursday, house crammed,—an alderman and his wife nearly squeezed to death. T. D.' and no beginnings and endings of 'your lordship,' and 'obedient servant:' it is too much, and must not be. If you have an inclination to take a little fresh air, return here with your carriage: I shall be happy to see you; or if your subjects require, this evening, the attendance of both kings, I send up my landau and four horses to-morrow it will leave town about four, and we do not dine till seven. I have directed my porter to receive your orders. Send a man from the theatre, about one, to fetch the books I have sent you, and let the porter know your determination. Yours, very faithfully,

"ESSEX."

"The following, addressed to Lady Caroline Lamb, having been enclosed to me by her ladyship, will need no better testimony of its being genuine; there is therefore no occasion to give the writer's name:

"And now there's 'Madam' enough for you."

"My Lady,—I some time back took the Great liberty of applying to your *Ladiship*, to have the kindness to patronize my Sons benefit at the Royal Coburg Theatre; and your *Ladiship* had the kindness to say that your *Ladiship* had patronized so many that your *Ladiship* could not comply with my request just then. My son, my Lady, has been in Scotland since and succeeded very well; his talent is not yet known in London my Lady, as he has never yet had an opportunity to shew it: I hope your *Ladiship* will forgive this liberty, and trust my motive for again troubling your *Ladiship* will meet with your *Ladiship*'s par-

don. I am the widow, *my Lady*, of an old officer, and have four children totally unprovided for. I am in a little way of business, *my Lady*, but trade is so bad that it does not support us. My present request, *my Lady*, is, if it meets with your *Ladiship's* approbation, to beg your *Ladiship* would have benevolent kindness to give my son a few lines to Mr. Thos. Dibdin, manager of the Surrey Theatre, to employ him, from your *Ladiship's* recommendation. I am confident of success, and Mr. Dibdin would be the making of my son. I can give your *Ladiship* a reference to the war office for my self and sons character, *my Lady*, and likewise to Mr. Beverly, manager of the Regency-Theatre, or Mr. Wm. Barrymore, if my request should meet with your *Ladiship's* approbation. I most earnestly beg your *Ladiship* will grant my request: it will ever be remembered by my self and son with gratitude.

"I am, *my Lady*, your *Ladiship's* most Devoted and Grateful Servt.

"P. S. My Son, *my Lady*, will take the liberty of waiting your *Ladiship's* answer. I have taken the liberty of Enclosing Mr. Mason's letter to your *Ladiship*, the manager whom he was with last, *my Lady*."

We conclude this series of epistolary fragments with a letter "To Mr. T. Dibdin, Esq. Proprietor of the Royal Circus." We cite it entire, by reason of its pre-eminent merit.

"Sir, I have took the liberty of Troubling you with those few lines, to Ask you if you have an Engagement Vacant in Your Company. To Let You know My Accomplishments, I am Active and Ready, Quick at my Lessons, And further, Sir, the Chief which I Can Play is Norval in 'Douglas,' and Lothair in the 'Miller and his Men;' And have no Objection of being Usefull at the Sides as a *Pheasant*, &c. As My Inclination for treading the Stage is so Strong, That i am like Lothair, 'Without the Stage my life is But a Blank,' my Services is useless to Others and Miserable to Myself. And further, i have to State, i am Very Expeditions at Writing Plays, and have no Objection of Supplying you with a Melodrame Every 3 Months free of Expence; and i have one now in my Possession Which i have lately Wrote, Entitled The (Assassins of the forest,) in 5 Acts, Which, sir, is yours, if you think Proper to Engage Me."—Vol. ii. p. 120.

We have no heart to pursue further the career of this indefatigable workman. 'The gains so painfully accumulated were all wrecked in one unlucky venture. He embarked his whole fortune in the Surrey, and was ruined by the Cobourg; whilst the proprietor of the Cobourg was in like manner ruined by the Surrey. Mr. Glossop and he had the satisfaction of comparing notes, and finding their losses nearly equal.

Mr. Glossop finds it convenient to manage a theatre abroad—Mr. Dibdin writes Reminiscences at home. It is to be hoped their present speculations will succeed better than their last. And for Mr. Dibdin, with more taste, and better judgment, he would have bid fair to deserve success.

VOL. XI.—No. 63.

From the *New Monthly Magazine*.

LONDON LYRICS.

The Exhibition.

SAYS Captain John Clay,
" 'Tis the second of May,
All the town's in a humming condition,
Like bees in a hive—
Shall I give you a drive
To the Somerset House Exhibition?"
"You've tumbled," I answered, my wish on,
We'll go to this year's Exhibition!"
So, light as Queen Mab,
We enter'd his cab
And drove to the new Exhibition.
We first, hard as bone,
View'd the models in stone,
And saw, like a turkey a dish on,
Fair Psyche on Zephyrs,
As spotless as heifers,
All making an odd Exhibition.
A polish'd defunct politician,
A Kemble,—the drama's magician,
A Mrs. H. Gurney,
A marble attorney;
And all in this Year's Exhibition;
We then, with our cat-
A-logue stow'd in our hat,
Ascended, with no expedition,
Where Hercules grapples
His larceny apples,
And guards this sublime Exhibition.
Upstairs, in a weary condition,
We mounted this grand Exhibition;
Saw Boys with a Spaniel,
Two Flounders by Daniel,
And all in this Year's Exhibition
A chief of dragons
In tight red pantaloons,
Stood looking as fierce as Domitian;
A big Holofernes,
Whom Judith at her knees
Survey'd in a ticklish condition.
Indeed 'tis a fine Exhibition!
Pray mark in this Year's Exhibition,
A fat Captive Negro,
Whose visage made me grow
Quite sad, in this new Exhibition.
There's Jesse Watts Russell,
A Waterloo Bustle,
May Morning—not painted by Titian.
A Boa Constrictor,
As big as the picture,
And all in this Year's Exhibition.
Indeed 'tis a fine Exhibition,
Pray note in this new Exhibition
A Farebrother Sheriff,
I should not much care if
He graced not this Year's Exhibition.
There's mild Caradori,
H. Singleton's Glory,
A head of R. Gooch, a physician,
Charles Mathews revealing
His charms to the ceiling,
And all in this grand Exhibition.
A Snow-storm, a dresser with Fish on,
Three Smugglers prepared for sedition,
Five heads by Sir Thomas—
Should fate take him from us,
Twould be a much worse Exhibition.
2 I

A Juliet by Briggs,
 A Peasant and pigs,
 A doctor descended from Priscian.
 A Miss Charlotte Bestwick;
 Not naming the rest which
 Appear in this Year's Exhibition.
 Pray, reader, let no prohibition
 Keep you from this year's Exhibition.
 Do but go, and I trust
 That you'll find this a just
 Account of the new Exhibition.

From the *New Monthly Magazine*.

SIR JONAH BARRINGTON'S PERSONAL SKETCHES OF HIS OWN TIMES.*

As an old gentleman between seventy and eighty, of extraordinary memory, and an invention wonderfully fertile, must either be a great bore or a great treasure. Suppose that he has been conversant with all the characters and remarkable events in his country, his value is doubtless much increased, especially if his life have fallen upon a strange and unhappy period of history. Add to these advantages a restless activity which age cannot tame; an insatiable curiosity which prys into every possible chink: add an ardour, an impudence, and at the same time a simplicity which leads the individual almost unconsciously into the very thick of every event: suppose moreover a national relish for humour, a habit of telling enormous *taradiddles*, told until the teller believes them himself, and a certain quantity of vivacious talent, of shallow quickness, of power of seizing and representing points without a particle of profound knowledge or real wisdom; add, a love of joviality and boon companionship, a host of generous thoughtless impulses, a carelessness of to-morrow, and a determination to enjoy to-day, and you will have a very good idea of Sir JONAH BARRINGTON. There are few stories so monstrous as the facts he is ready to vouch for, there are few better jokes than he makes for himself and others, no man has seen more remarkable people, few can draw a rough portraiture of their coarser traits better than he, few can write more nonsense when he would be wise; few, in short, ever compounded a richer budget of bounce, anecdote, bon mot, fiddlefaddle, and fun—not to mention the more serious, and the more painful interest arising from the picture collected rather from strokes and scattered touches, than any set view or portrait of a noble country, and a noble people, in a state of convulsive struggle with a cruel and despotic government.

Sir Jonah Barrington, from his own account, appears to be descended from a good Irish family. He does not, however, seem to have been deeply indebted to the paternal acres for any large supply of the goods of fortune. But a good family, a bold face, and a seat at the Irish bar, backed by a seat in the

Irish Parliament, and an adherence to administration, quickly set him on the road to preferment. He does not certainly seem to have been deficient in talent or industry, though neither of the most efficient species, and what was still more important, he was well supplied with a *rational* ambition; he was desirous of restoring his family to their ancient consequence; the means at that time in Ireland, as we believe they are still, were pretty obvious. Sir Jonah got on, step after step, advanced his fortunes, and he at length had reason to flatter himself that the highest objects of Irish ambition might speedily be placed within his reach. But Sir Jonah was an Irishman, and on an Irishman there is no calculation. When a statesman thinks his tool most in love with his dirty work, let him beware lest the sharp end be not turned upon himself.—The English government went cautiously to work, and wanted to make terms with Sir Jonah; they wished not only to buy him, but that he should sign the contract. When Sir Jonah went to apply for the Solicitor-Generalship which had been promised him, Lord Castlereagh asked him if he would advocate a Union; the Irishman's patriotism arose, and he acted, like a man of honour and honesty, the part of an incorrupt citizen. Mr. Secretary Cooke said, you will think better of it, Sir Jonah; but Sir Jonah says he has never repented, though he no longer lives in Merriion-square, and is obliged to do his Admiralty Judge's duty by deputy.

The plan of Sir Jonah's autobiography is, we think, the best that has yet been hit up.—He does not pursue a continuous narrative, but groups his recollections, by events, or persons, or things. He writes chapters on different periods or different persons, and gives under each his personal experience and his private opinions. For the latter we profess a kind of good-natured contempt; they are shallow, silly, and moreover ignorant, beyond measure; for instance, he says, as if he had made a discovery, that radical reform is, in his estimation, *proximate revolution*; universal suffrage, *inextinguishable uproar*; annual parliaments, nothing less than *periodical bloodshed*. Now, asks Sir Jonah, who would relish proximate revolution, inextinguishable uproar, and periodical bloodshed? This the venerable gentleman calls reasoning, and wriggles, and bellows, and chuckles, as if he had laid an egg that was to breed the greatest political chicken ever yet hatched. It might be thought all very fine in the Irish Parliament, but it is too late now, we trust, for such logic. Sir Jonah's facts we like much better than his opinions.—His facts are, however, separable into two broad divisions, the "Irish facts" and the "facts all over the world." The Irish facts are those which, as they only could take place, we suppose, in Ireland, are only narrated and credited by Irishmen; the facts all over the world are such as any sober person may believe to have had an existence. Of these two classes we scarcely know which we like best, the genuine or the pseudo-facts. Sir Jonah is so able a bouncer, that we may say we had often rather hear his lie than another man's truth. He has such an enjoyment in

* Personal Sketches of his Own Times, by Sir Jonah Barrington, Judge of the High Court of Admiralty, &c. &c. &c. London.—Colburn. 1827.

the concoction of his "crackers;" he revels so in a clinching circumstance, he vouches for the truth with such a startling rap on the table, and then ends all in such a good humoured "what will you lay it's a lie?" that the excitement is altogether charming. After the elaboration of a fact, the most magnificent in all its proportions and most complete in all its details; after *accouching* a monster such as the world never saw equalled in extent, a leviathan of a lie, sprawling its hundred legs and eyes of circumstance, perhaps grasping in one claw the whole province of Munster, and staring at the world with eyes as large as a gas manufactory, it is delightful to see the worthy Sir Jonah disown his whale, swear that it is a neat little creature produced all in the regular way by a brace of respectable well-doing people at Waterford; and when the incredulous laugh goes round, and the worthy judge sees that *it will not go down*, ah! then with what a merry countenance does the real Frankenstein yield, and grow fainter and fainter in his asseverations, until the audience on their parts subside into a polite acquiescence, and it is well understood to whom they are indebted for their entertainment. We know nothing of Sir Jonah in private, but he strikes us as the finest example of the Pinto school—the privileged bouncers, who will turn half a century into historical romances, without a single impeachment of their veracity; the most honourable and upright men, are given to the exertion of their inventive faculties in the shape of story telling: it is on such individuals that the yoke of wedded life bears hardest. A married man lives with a constant witness, who checks him in his brightest creations. We have seen a look, or a Oh Sir Jonah! or Sir Peter! crush in the bud the most splendid and odoriferous of novelties. The good man indeed proceeds after "you know what I say is true, my dear!" but it is with diminished force and checked energy; the lady keeps her eyes steadily fixed upon her plate, perhaps a tell-tale blush burns in the cheek, and the narrator, after casting a few looks at the reluctant and ashamed auditor, stops, hesitates, and at length, to the utmost mortification of the auditors, botches up a lame conclusion. Yea! a wife is in all ways a great incumbrance to a story teller. Though he may have even told his stories till the pair both believed them true; the one by dint of telling, the other by hearing, still the lady is in the way, for nothing is so inspiring and refreshing as a totally fresh auditory, or so depressing as the presence of one to whom the whole affair is as familiar as the well-worn stair.

But, besides the Bounces of Sir Jonah, from which we shall make a delicious selection, there is much of "the fact universal," which is particularly interesting. It relates chiefly to Ireland and Irishmen, and serves to make known the peculiarities of that extraordinary nation. From this part, illustrative of Ireland and Irishmen, we shall collect many curious passages. There is still a third part; this turns upon the affairs of France during the hundred days. Sir Jonah happened to be at Havre, when Napoleon returned from Elba. All the other British subjects, at that time in

the town, made off helter-skelter to their native land; but Sir Jonah, whether caring less about his native land than they, or influenced by that irrepressible inquisitiveness, that led him to look through every key-hole with a spying-glass, and to mount every hill with a telescope, took his family to Paris, "to beard the lion in his den!" He had, along with the few English at that time in France, an opportunity of witnessing a series of the most extraordinary events that ever took place in Europe. This division of the work, along with much miscellaneous matter, which we cannot class when taken with the Bounces, and the Anecdotes of Ireland and Irishmen, make all together the most amusing volume that has issued from the press. That we are correct in the assertion will be proved by our extracts, which, we are well convinced, in spite of the dulness of the critic, will make of the pleasantest book the pleasantest article in our present number.

We shall commence with the Bounces, promising that we only pick out a few of the most healthy and thriving of Sir Jonah's progeny. And in this department we much regret that our space will not permit us to transfer the Bounce, which we have named in our notes the Romance of the Castle. It is an account of a notable defence, made by Sir Jonah's great aunt, Elizabeth Fitzgerald, of her castle of Moret. Its details are given with the precision and the force of the author of Waverley, and should show Sir Jonah where his talent lies. We, however, can communicate no part of the interest by a quotation, and shall only give the answer of this real lady of Tillietudlem to the besiegers, who, having entrapped her husband, proposed an exchange of him for the castle.

"The lady attended his proposals, which were very laconic. 'I'm a truce, lady!—Look here (showing the terrified squire,) we have your husband in half—yees' have yeer castle *sure* enough. Now we'll change, if you please: we'll render the squire and you'll render the keep; and if yeess won't do that same, the squire will be throttled before your two eyes in half an hour.'

"'Flag of truce!' said the heroine, with due dignity, and without hesitation; 'mark the words of Elizabeth Fitzgerald, of Moret Castle: they may serve for your own wife upon some future occasion. Flag of truce! I won't render my keep, and I'll tell you why—Elizabeth Fitzgerald may get another husband, but Elizabeth Fitzgerald may never get another castle; so I'll keep what I have, and if you can't get off faster than your legs can readily carry you, my warders will try which is hardest, your skull or a stone bullet.'

"The O'Cahills kept their word, and old Squire Stephen Fitzgerald, in a short time, was seen dangling and performing various evolutions in the air, to the great amusement of the Jacobites, the mortification of the warders, and chagrin (which however was not without a mixture of consolation) of my great aunt, Elizabeth."—Vol. i. p. 22.

As we cannot give this story in all its completeness, we shall not venture to say more of it, but go on to

BOUNCE I.

The Bounce of the soft Wall and the hard Heads.

It must be premised, that Sir Jonah's brother had built a hunting-lodge; of the description of life he led, and of the entertainment he afforded his guests, we must give some preliminary information.

"A hog'shead of superior claret was therefore sent to the cottage of old Quin the huntsman; and a fat cow, killed, and plundered of her skin, was hung up by the heels. All the windows were closed to keep out the light. One room filled with straw and numerous blankets, was destined for a bed-chamber in common; and another was prepared as a kitchen for the use of the servants. Claret, cold, mulled, or buttered, was to be the beverage for the whole company; and in addition to the cow abovementioned, chickens, bacon and bread were the only admitted viands. Wallace and Hosey, my father's and my brother's pipers, and Doyle, a blind but a famous fiddler, were employed to enliven the banquet, which it was determined should continue till the cow became a skeleton, and the claret should be on its stoop.

"My two elder brothers;—two gentlemen of the name of Taylor (one of them afterwards a writer in India);—a Mr. Barrington Lodge, a rough songster;—Frank Skelton, a jester and a butt;—Jemmy Moffat, the most knowing sportsman of the neighbourhood;—and two other sporting gentlemen of the county,—composed the *permanent* bacchanalians. A few visitors were occasionally admitted.

"As for myself, I was too unseasoned to go through more than the first ordeal, which was on a frosty St. Stephen's day, when the *hard goers'* partook of their opening banquet, and several neighbours were invited, to honour the commencement of what they called their '*shut-up pilgrimage*.'

"The old huntsman was the only male attendant; and his ancient spouse, once a kitchen-maid in the family, now somewhat resembling the amiable Leonarda in Gil Blas, was the cook; whilst the drudgery fell to the lot of the whipper-in. A long knife was prepared to cut collops from the cow; a large turf fire seemed to court the gridiron; the pot bubbled up as if proud of its contents, whilst plump white chickens floated in crowds upon the surface of the water; the simmering potatoes, just bursting their drab surtouts, exposed the delicate whiteness of their meaty bosoms; the claret was tapped, and the long earthen wide-mouthed pitchers stood gaping under the impatient cock, to receive their portions. The pipers plied their chaunts; the fiddler tuned his cremona; and never did any feast commence with more auspicious appearances of hilarity and dissipation, appearances which were not doomed to be falsified.

"I shall never forget the attraction this novelty had for my youthful mind. All thoughts but those of good cheer were for the time totally obliterated. A few curses were, it is true, requisite to spur on old Leonarda's skill, but at length the banquet entered: the luscious smoked bacon, bedded on its cabbage

mattress, and partly obscured by its own savoury steam, might have tempted the most fastidious of epicures; whilst the round trussed chickens, ranged by the half dozen on hot pewter dishes, turned up their white plump merry-thoughts, exciting equally the eye and appetite: fat collops of the hanging cow, sliced indiscriminately from her tenderest points, grilled over the clear embers upon a shining gridiron, half drowned in their own luscious juices, and garnished with little pyramids of congenial shalots, smoked at the bottom: of the well-furnished board. A prologue of cherry-bounce (brandy) preceded the entertainment, which was enlivened by hob-nobs and joyous toasts.

"Numerous toasts, in fact, as was customary in those days, intervened to prolong and give zest to the repast—every man shouted forth his fair favourite, or convivial pledge; and each voluntarily surrendered a portion of his own reason, in bumpers to the beauty of his neighbour's toast. The pipers jerked from their bags appropriate planxities to every jolly sentiment: the jokers cracked the usual jests and ribaldry; one songster chanted the joys of wine and women; another gave, in full glee, the pleasures of the fox-chase: the fiddler saved his merriest jigs; the old huntsman sounded his horn, and thrusting his fore-finger into his ear (to aid the quaver), gave the *riche holla!* of nearly ten minutes duration; to which melody *tally ho!* was responded by every stentorian voice. A fox's brush stuck into a candlestick, in the centre of the table, was worshipped as a divinity! Claret flowed—bumpers were multiplied—and chickens, in the garb of spicy spitchocks, assumed the name of *devils* to whet the appetites which it was impossible to conquer!"—Vol. i. pp. 64—68.

Now for the Bounce, the scene of which lies in the new built cottage which Mr. Henry French Barrington had lately built, as a convenient spot for the celebration of orgies similar to those already described. Sir Jonah and his lady one morning travelling in the district where his brother resided, determined to give him the surprise of an early visit. They arrive, as is most probable, on the morning that he had just risen upon the ruins of a debauch, and had much difficulty in restoring the bacchanalians to their waking senses. In two instances, it appears to have been more easy to wake than to rouse the guests.

"All being duly in order, we at length awakened Joe Kelly, and Peter Alley, his neighbour; they had slept soundly, though with no other pillow than the wall; and my brother announced breakfast with a *riche holla!*"

"The twain immediately started and roared in unison with their host most tremendously! it was however in a very different tone from the *riche holla!*—and perpetuated much longer.

"Come, boys," says French, giving Joe a pull—"come!"

"Oh, murder!" says Joe, "I can't"—Mur-

* The shout of hunters when the game is in view.

der!—murder!' echoed Peter. French pulled them again, upon which they roared the more, still retaining their places. I have in my lifetime laughed till I nearly became spasmodic; but never were my risible muscles put to greater tension than upon this occasion. The wall, as I said before, had only that day received a coat of mortar, and of course was quite soft and yielding when Joe and Peter thought proper to make it their pillow; it was nevertheless setting fast from the heat and lights of an eighteen hours' carousal; and, in the morning, when my brother awakened his guests, the mortar had completely set, and their hair being the thing most calculated to amalgamate therewith, the entire of Joe's stock, together with his *queue*, and half his head, was thoroughly and irrecoverably bedded in the greedy and now marble cement, so that if determined to move, he must have taken the wall along with him, for separate it would not.—One side of Peter's head was in the same state of imprisonment. Nobody was able to assist them, and there they both stuck fast.

"A consultation was now held on this pitiful case, which I maliciously endeavoured to prolong as much as I could, and which was, in fact, every now and then interrupted by a roar from Peter or Joe, as they made fresh efforts to rise. At length, it was proposed by Dan Tyrone to send for the stone-cutter, and get him to cut them out of the wall with a chisel. I was literally unable to speak two sentences for laughing. The old woman meanwhile tried to soften the obdurate wall with melted butter and new milk—but in vain.—I related the school story how Hannibal had worked through the Alps with hot vinegar and hot irons:—this experiment likewise was made, but Hannibal's solvent had no better success than the old crone's. Peter, being of a more passionate nature, grew ultimately quite outrageous: he roared, gnashed his teeth, and swore vengeance against the mason;—but as he was only held by one side, a thought at last struck him: he asked for two knives, which being brought, he whetted one against the other, and introducing the blades close to his skull, sawed away at cross corners till he was liberated, with the loss only of half his hair and a piece of his scalp, which he had sliced off in zeal and haste for his liberty. I never saw a fellow so extravagantly happy! Fur was scraped from the crown of a hat, to stop the bleeding; his head was duly tied up with the old woman's *prasken*;^{*} and he was soon in a state of bodily convalescence. Our solicitude was now required solely for Joe, whose head was too deeply buried to be exhumed with so much facility. At this moment, Bob Casey, of Ballynakill, a very celebrated wig-maker, just dropped in, to see what he could pick up honestly in the way of his profession, or steal in the way of any thing else; and he immediately undertook to get Mr. Kelly out of the mortar by a very expert but tedious process, namely,—clipping with his scis-

sors, and then rooting out with an oyster knife. He thus finally succeeded, in less than an hour, in setting Joe once more at liberty, at the price of his *queue*, which was totally lost, and of the exposure of his raw and bleeding occiput. The operation was, indeed, of a mongrel description—somewhat between a complete tonsure and an imperfect scalping, to both of which denominations it certainly presented claims." Vol. i. pp. 81—84.

This, of course, is all perfectly true—though an ill-natured person might say that the heads of the sufferers were more likely, all things considered, to yield to the wall, than the wall to them.

The next Bounce which we have to record is the *Resurrection Bounce*, and is in our catalogue

BOUNCE II.

One Lanegan had combined with Mrs. O'Flaherty to poison the Captain, her husband. For this crime Lanegan was hanged, and duly quartered or cut ~~in~~ four places—a circumstance which does not prevent him from drinking a bottle of wine, and eating a loaf of bread with Sir Jonah and a friend, in Devereux-court, Temple.

"A templar and a friend of mine, Mr. David Lander, a soft, fat, good-humoured, superstitious young fellow, was sitting in his lodgings, Devereux-court, London, one evening at twilight. I was with him, and we were agreeably employed in eating strawberries and drinking Madeira. While thus chatting away in cheerful mood, and laughing loudly at some remark made by one of us, my back being towards the door, I perceived my friend's colour suddenly change—his eyes seemed fixed and ready to start out of his head—his lips quivered convulsively—his teeth chattered—large drops of perspiration flowed down his forehead, and his hair stood nearly erect.

"As I saw nothing calculated to excite these motions, I naturally conceived my friend was seized with a fit, and rose to assist him. He did not regard my movements in the least, but seizing a knife which lay on the table, with the gait of a palsied man, retreated backwards—his eyes still fixed—to the distant part of the room, where he stood shivering, and attempting to pray; but not at the moment recollecting any prayer, he began to repeat his catechism, thinking it the best thing he could do: as—'What is your name? David Lander! Who gave you that name? My godfathers and godmothers in my baptism!' &c. &c.

"I instantly concluded the man was mad: and turning about to go for some assistance, I was myself not a little startled at sight of a tall, rough-looking personage, many days unshaved, in a very shabby black dress, and altogether of the most uncouth appearance.

"'Don't be frightened, Mr. Lander,' said the figure, 'sure 'tis me that's here.'

"When David Lander heard the voice, he fell on his knees, and subsequently flat upon his face, in which position he lay motionless.

"The spectre (as I now began to imagine it) stalked towards the door, and I was in hopes he intended to make his exit thereby; instead of which, however, having deliberately shut and

* A coarse dirty apron, worn by working women in the kitchen, in the country parts of Ireland.

bolted it, he sat himself down in the chair which I had previously occupied, with a countenance nearly as full of horror as that of Davy Lander himself.

"I was now totally bewildered; and scarce knowing what to do, was about to throw a jug of water over my friend, to revive him if possible, when the stranger, in a harsh croaking voice, cried—

"For the love of God, give me some of that—for I am perishing!"

"I accordingly did so, and he took the jug and drank immoderately.

"My friend Davy now ventured to look up a little, and perceiving that I was becoming so familiar with the goblin, his courage somewhat revived, but still his speech was difficult—he stammered, and gazed at the figure, for some time, but at length made up his mind that it was tangible and mortal. The effect of this decision on the face of Davy was as ludicrous as the fright had been. He seemed quite ashamed of his former terror, and affected to be stout as a lion! though it was visible that he was not yet at his ease. He now roared out in the broad, cursing Kerry dialect: 'Why then, blood and thunder! is that you, Lanegan?'

"Ah, Sir, speak easy," said the wretched being.

"How the devil," resumed Davy, "did you get your four quarters stitched together again, after the hangman cut them off of you at Stephen's Green?"

"Ah, gentlemen!" exclaimed the poor culprit, "speak low: have mercy on me, Master Davy, you know it was I taught you your Latin. I'm starving to death!"

"You shall not die in that way, you villainous schoolmaster!" said Davy, pushing towards him a loaf of bread and a bottle of wine that stood on the table.

"The miserable creature having ate the bread with avidity, and drunk two or three glasses of wine, the lamp of life once more seemed to brighten up. After a pause, he communicated every circumstance relating to his sudden appearance before us. He confessed having bought the arsenic at the desire of Mrs. O'Flaherty, and that he was aware of the application of it, but solemnly protested that it was she who had seduced him; he then proceeded to inform us that after having been duly hanged, the sheriff had delivered his body to his mother, but not until the executioner had given a cut on each limb, to save the law; which cuts bled profusely, and were probably the means of preserving his life. His mother conceived that the vital spark was not extinct, and therefore had put him into bed, dressed his wounded limbs, and rubbed his neck with hot vinegar. Having steadily pursued this process, and accompanied it by pouring warm brandy and water down his throat, in the course of an hour he was quite sensible, but experienced horrid pains for several weeks before his final recovery. His mother filled the coffin he was brought home in with bricks, and got some men to bury it the same night in Kilmainham burial ground, as if ashamed to inter him in open day. For a long time he was unable to depart, being every moment in dread of discovery:—at length, however, he got off by night in a

smuggling boat, which landed him on the Isle of Man, and from thence he contrived to reach London, bearing a letter from a priest at Kerry to another priest who had lived in the borough, the purport of which was to get him admitted into a monastery in France. But he found the Southwark priest was dead; and though he possessed some money, he was afraid even to buy food, for fear of detection! but recollecting that Mr. Lander, his old scholar, lived somewhere in the Temple, he got directed by a porter to the lodging.

"My friend Davy, though he did not half like it, suffered this poor devil to sit in the chamber till the following evening. He then procured him a place in the night coach to Rye, from whence he got to St. Vallery, and was received, as I afterwards learnt from a very grateful letter which he sent to Lander, into the monastery of La Trappe, near Abbeville, where he lived in strict seclusion, and died some years since."—Vol. i. pp. 98—102.

The next Bounce which we shall pick out of our splendid collection, is a personal anecdote, for the truth of which Sir Jonah's aversment is ample authority.

BOUNCE III.

The Bounce of the Turn-up Red and the Inn Kitchen.

"The late Earl Farnham had a most beautiful demesne at a village called Newtown Barry, county Wexford. It is a choice spot, and his lordship resided in a very small house in the village. He was always so obliging as to make me dine with him on my circuit journey, and I slept at the little inn—in those days a very poor one indeed.

"The day of my arrival was on one occasion wet, and a very large assemblage of barristers were necessitated to put up with any accommodation they could get. I was sure of a good dinner; but every bed was engaged. I dined with Lord F., took my wine merrily, and adjourned to the inn, determined to sit up all night at the kitchen fire. I found every one of my brethren in bed; the maid-servant full of good liquor; and the man and woman of the house quite as joyously provided for. The lady declared, she could not think of permitting my honour to sit up; and if I would accept of their little snug cupboard-bed by the fire-side, I should be warm and comfortable. This arrangement I thought a most agreeable one: the bed was let down from the niche, into which it had been folded up, and, in a few minutes I was in a comfortable slumber.

"My first sensation in the morning was, however, one which it is not in my power to describe now, because I could not do so five minutes after it was over—suffice it to say, I found myself in a state of suffocation, with my head down and my feet upwards! I had neither time nor power for reflection:—I attempted to cry out, but that was impossible;—the agonies of death, I suppose, were coming on me, and some convulsive effort gave me a supernatural strength that probably saved me from a most inglorious and whimsical departure. On a sudden I felt my position change; and with a crash sounding to me like thunder, down the bed and

I came upon the floor. I then felt that I had the power of a little articulation, and cried out 'murder!' with as much vehemence as I was able. The man, woman, and maid, by this time all sober, came running into the room together. The woman joined me in crying out murder; the maid alone knew the cause of my disaster, and ran as fast as she could for the apothecary, to bleed me. I had, however, recovered after large draughts of cold water, and obtained sense enough to guess at my situation.

"The maid, having been drunk when I went to bed, on awakening just at break of day to begin to set all matters to rights, and perceiving her master and mistress already up, had totally forgotten the counsellor! and having stronger arms of her own than any barrister of the home circuit, in order to clear the kitchen, had hoisted up the bed into its proper niche, and turned the button at the top that kept it in its place: in consequence of which, down went my head, and up went my heels! and as air is an article indispensably necessary to existence, death would very soon have ended the argument, had not my violent struggles caused the button to give way, and so brought me once more out of the position of the *Antipodes*.—The poor woman was as much alarmed as I was!"—Vol. i. pp. 158—160.

The next is—

BOUNCE IV.

Or the Bounce of Dr. Borumborad.

Dr. Achmet Borumborad, in the time of the Irish parliament, was a celebrated medicator of warm and cold baths, and under the idea that he was a Turk, and by force of a splendid Turkish costume, and a large handsome person, he became entirely the fashion in Dublin. His popularity was unhappily put an end to by a discovery, which he made himself voluntarily, that he was no other than one Patrick Joyce, of Waterford. The Bounce is the history of the immersion of no less than nineteen members of the Irish parliament by accident in the baths of Borumborad. But on consideration we must omit it, only referring to the book, to make room for the next Bounce, which is—

BOUNCE V.

This is shot with a peculiarly long bow; it is—

The Bounce of the Portcullis.

The author justly observes, in limine, that incidents which he thinks could only have occurred in Ireland, took place there in 1798.

"One of these curious occurrences remains even to this day a subject of surmise and mystery. During the rebellion in county Wexford in 1798, Mr. Waddy, a violent loyalist, but surrounded by a neighbourhood of inveterate insurgents, fled to a castle at a considerable distance from the town of Wexford. Though not in repair, it was not unfit for habitation; and might secure its tenant from any *coup de main* of undisciplined insurgents. He dreaded discovery so much, that he would entrust his place of refuge to no person whatsoever; and, as he conceived, took sufficient food to last until he might escape out of the country. There was

but one entrance to the castle, and that was furnished with an old ponderous portcullis, which drew up and let down as in ancient fortresses.

"Here Mr. Waddy concealed himself; and every body was for a long time utterly ignorant as to his fate:—some said he was drowned; some, burned alive; others, murdered and buried in ploughed ground! But whilst each was willing to give an opinion as to the mode of his destruction, no one supposed him to be still alive. At length, it occurred to certain of his friends to seek him through the country; with which view they set out, attended by an armed body. The search was in vain, until approaching by chance the old castle, they became aware of a stench, which the seekers conjectured to proceed from the putrid corpse of murdered Waddy. On getting nearer, this opinion was confirmed; for a dead body lay half within and half without the castle, which the descent of the portcullis had cut nearly into equal portions. Poor Mr. Waddy was deeply lamented; and, though with great disgust, they proceeded to remove that half of the carcass which lay outside of the entrance—when, to their infinite astonishment, they perceived that it was not Waddy, but a neighbouring priest, who had been so expertly cut in two; how the accident had happened, nobody could surmise. They now rapped and shouted—but no reply. Waddy, in good truth, lay close within, supposing them to be rebels. At length, on venturing to peep out, he discovered his friends, whom he joyfully requested to raise, if possible, the portcullis, and let him out—as he was almost starved to death.

"This, with difficulty, was effected, and the other half of the priest was discovered immediately within the entrance—but by no means in equally good condition with that outside: inasmuch as it appeared that numerous collops and rump-steaks had been cut off the reverend gentleman's hind-quarters by Waddy, who, early one morning, had found the priest thus divided; and being alike unable to raise the portcullis or get out to look for food, (certain indeed, in the latter case, of being piked by any of the rebels who knew him) he thought it better to feed on the priest, and remain in the castle till fortune smiled, than run a risk of breaking all his bones by dropping from the battlements—his only alternative.

"To the day of Waddy's death, he could give no collected or rational account of this incident."—Vol. i. pp. 264—267.

The Bounces must, however, end with the half dozen—there certainly, in such as we have recorded, is ample provision for a whole Decameron.

BOUNCE VI.

The Bounce of the Head.

"In the year 1800, a labourer dwelling near the town of Athy, county Kildare, (where some of my family still resided) was walking with his comrade up the banks of the Barrow to the farm of a Mr. Richardson, on whose meadows they were employed to mow; each, in the usual Irish way, having his scythe loosely wagging over his shoulder, and lazily lounging close to the bank of the river, they espied a salmon

partly hid under the bank. It is the nature of this fish that, when his *head* is concealed, he fancies no one can see his *tail* (there are many wise-acres, besides the salmon, of the same way of thinking). On the present occasion the body of the fish was visible.

"'Oh Ned—Ned dear!' said one of the mowers, 'look at that big fellow there: isn't it a pity we ha'n't no spear?'"

"'May be,' said Ned, 'we could be after piking the lad with the scythe-handle.'"

"'True for you!' said Dennis: 'the spike of yeer handle is longer nor mine; give the fellow a dig with it at any rate.'"

"'Ay, will I,' returned the other: 'I'll give the lad a prod he'll never forget any how.'"

"The spike and their sport was all they thought of; but the *blade* of the scythe, which hung over Ned's shoulders, never came into the contemplation of either of them. Ned cautiously looked over the bank; the unconscious salmon lay snug, little imagining the conspiracy that had been formed against his tail.

"'Now hit the lad smart!' said Dennis: 'there now—there! rise your fist; now you have the boy! now Ned—success!'"

"Ned struck at the salmon with all his might and main, and that was not trifling. But whether 'the boy' was piked or not never appeared; for poor Ned, bending his neck as he struck at the salmon, placed the vertebra in the most convenient position for unfurnishing his shoulders; and his head came tumbling splash into the Barrow, to the utter astonishment of his comrade, who could not conceive how it could drop off so suddenly. But the next minute he had the consolation of seeing the head attended by one of his own ears, which had been most dexterously sliced off by the same blow which beheaded his comrade.

"The head and ear rolled down the river in company, and were picked up with extreme horror at the mill-dam, near Mr. Richardson's, by one of the miller's men.

"'Who the devil does this head belong to?' exclaimed the miller.

"'Whoever owned it,' said the man, 'had three ears at any rate.'"

"A search being now made, Ned's headless body was discovered lying half over the bank, and Dennis in a swoon, through fright and loss of blood, was found recumbent by its side. Dennis, when brought to himself, (which process was effected by whiskey,) recited the whole adventure. They tied up the head; the body was attended by a numerous assemblage of Ned's countrymen to the grave; and the habit of carrying scythes carelessly very much declined."—Vol. I. pp. 124—127.

This story leads to a humorous remark by the author of it. "In truth," says he, "the only three kinds of death the Irish peasants think natural are, dying quietly in their own cabins; being hanged about the assize time; or starving when the potato crop is deficient."

We shall now go on to our anecdotes of Irishmen; and the first we meet with is a characteristic blunder of a brother of Sir Jonah, the same sporting gentleman whose exploits we have witnessed in the hunting lodge.

An unfortunate duel took place between another brother of Sir Jonah and a Lieutenant

M'Kenzie. In those days in Ireland a meeting was the inevitable consequence of the most trifling discussion, or rather the hottest disputes arose out of the most trifling subjects. In this duel, Mr. Barrington was shot dead, not by his principal, but by captain, afterwards the celebrated general Gillespie, the second of M'Kenzie. Gillespie was tried for the murder, and acquitted, in consequence of the friendly interference of the sheriff, who packed the jury. The jury were challenged in detail by the friends of the barrister; but the other party out-manœuvred them. The result was as has been stated.

"On the evening of the trial, my second brother, Henry French Barrington,—a gentleman of considerable estate, and whose perfect good temper, but intrepid and irresistible impetuosity when assailed, were well known—the latter quality having been severely felt in the county before,—came to me. He was, in fact, a complete country gentleman, utterly ignorant of the law, its terms and proceedings; and as I was the first of my name who had ever followed any profession (the army excepted), my opinion, so soon as I became a counsellor, was considered by him as oracular: indeed, questions far beyond mine, and sometimes beyond the power of any person existing, to solve, were frequently submitted for my decision by our neighbours in the country.

"Having called me aside out of the Barroom, my brother seemed greatly agitated, and informed me that a friend of ours, who had seen the jury-list, declared it had been decidedly *packed*!—concluding his appeal by asking me what he ought to do? I told him we should have 'challenged the array.'—That was my own opinion, Jonah,' said he, 'and I will do it now!' adding an oath, and expressing a degree of animation which I could not account for. I apprized him that it was now too late, as it should have been done before the trial.

"He said no more, but departed instantly, and I did not think again upon the subject. An hour after, however, my brother sent in a second request to see me. I found him, to all appearance, quite cool and tranquil. 'I have done it, by G—d!' (cried he, exultingly;) 'twas better late than never!' and with that he produced from his coat-pocket a long queue and a handful of powdered hair and curls. 'See here!' continued he, 'the cowardly rascal!'"

"'Heavens,' cried I, 'French, are you mad?'"

"'Mad,' replied he, 'no, no; I followed your advice exactly. I went directly after I left you to the grand jury-room to 'challenge the array,' and there I challenged the head of the array, that cowardly Lyons!—he peremptorily refused to fight me; so I knocked him down before the grand jury, and cut off his curls and tail—see, here they are,—the rascal! and my brother Jack is gone to flog the Sub-Sheriff.'"

"I was thunder-struck, and almost thought my brother was *crazy*, since he was obviously not in *liquor* at all. But after some inquiry, I found that, like many other country gentlemen, he took the words in their common acceptance. He had seen the High Sheriff coming in with a great *array*, and had thus conceived my suggestion as to challenging the

STORY was literal; and accordingly, repairing to the grand jury dining-room, had called the High Sheriff aside, told him he had omitted challenging him before the trial, as he ought to have done, according to advice of counsel, but that it was better late than never, and that he must immediately come out and fight him. Mr. Lyons conceiving my brother to be intoxicated, drew back, and refused the invitation in a most peremptory manner. French then collared him, tripped up his heels, and putting his foot on his breast, cut off his side-curls and queue with a carving knife which an old waiter named Spedding (who had been my father's butler, and liked the thing.) had readily brought him from the dinner-table. Having secured his spoils, my brother immediately came off in triumph to relate to me his achievement."—Vol. i. pp. 171—174.

The excessive ignorance which this humorous anecdote displays, is accounted for by the life already described in the hunting lodge. The gentlemen of Ireland were divided into three classes. 1. The half-mounted gentlemen—2. The gentlemen every inch of them—and, 3. The gentlemen to the back-bone. But however much these classes differ in other attributes, they all agreed in being fond of hunting, duelling, and drinking; and in being thoroughly uninformed on every other subject. Another definition we have heard of an Irish gentleman, seems to include all three classes. An Irish gentleman is one who wears leather breeches, whose boots never touch the ground, and who has killed his man. The men, however, of whom we chiefly hear in Sir Jonah's pleasant work, are of a superior description either to his brother or the native Irish gentlemen in general—or—we should not concern ourselves with any long account of them, though even they may be considered as very remarkable human curiosities. The chief part of Sir Jonah's observations, and his anecdotes of Irishmen, appertain to the period of the Rebellion, and the preceding years. The characteristics of Irishmen at this time were excessive sociality, and an ever-vigilant irritability. They rejoiced in looking on each other's countenances; and at the same time they delighted in meeting each other with pistols in their hands—either across the board, or at the distance of five paces, they were equally pleased to face one another. Sir Jonah's anecdotes naturally enough, therefore, divide themselves into anecdotes of the field, and anecdotes of the table: we shall add a third division, of anecdotes of character.

To begin with the field.—It does not appear to be known that Sheridan was put in nomination at the general election, in 1808, for the county of Wexford, in conjunction with Mr. Colclough—their opponent was Mr. Alcock. Mr. Colclough, a gentleman of great eminence in the county, wished to poll certain votes, which were resisted by the opposite faction: a severe contest ensued, which it was finally determined to settle by the death of one of the principals. These gentlemen were even intimate friends; but in the ferocity of the struggle every kind feeling was forgotten.

"Early on the eventful morning, many hundred people assembled to witness the affair;

and it will scarcely be believed that no less than eleven or twelve county justices stood by, passive spectators of the bloody scene which followed, without any effort, or apparently a wish, to stop the proceeding.

"Both combatants were remarkably near-sighted; and Mr. Alcock determined on wearing glasses, which was resisted by the friends of Mr. Colclough, who would wear none. The partizans of the former, however, persevered, and he did wear them. The ground at length was marked; the anxious crowd separated on either side, as their party feelings led them; but all seemed to feel a common sense of horror and repugnance. The unfeeling seconds handed to each principal a couple of pistols; and placing them about eight or nine steps asunder, withdrew, leaving two gentlemen of fortune and character—brother candidates for the county—and former friends, nay, intimate companions,—standing in the centre of a field, without any personal offence given or received, encouraged by false friends, and permitted by unworthy magistrates, to butcher each other as quickly and as effectually as their position and weapons would admit.

"The sight was awful!—a dead silence and pause ensued: the great crowd stood in motionless suspense: the combatants presented; men scarcely breathed: the word was given: Mr. Alcock fired first, and his friend—his companion—one of the best men of Ireland, instantly fell forward, shot through the heart! he spoke not—but turning on one side, his heart's blood gushed forth—his limbs quivered—he groaned and expired. His pistol exploded after he was struck—of course without effect.

"The by-standers looked almost petrified. The profound stillness continued for a moment, horror having seized the multitude, when, on the sudden, a loud and universal yell (the ancient practice of the Irish peasantry on the death of a chieftain) simultaneously burst out like a peal of thunder from every quarter of the field; a yell so savage and continuous—so like the tone of *revengé*,—that it would have appalled any stranger to the customs of the country. Alcock and his partizans immediately retreated; those of Colclough collected round his body; and their candidate, (a few moments before in health, spirits, and vigour!) was mournfully borne back upon a plank to the town of his nativity, and carried lifeless through the very streets which had that morning been prepared to signalize his triumph.

"The election-poll, of course proceeded without further opposition:—the joint friends of Colclough and Sheridan, deprived of their support, and thunderstruck at the event, thought of nothing but lamentation: and in one hour Mr. Alcock was declared duly elected for Wexford county, solely through the death of his brother-candidate, whom he had himself that morning unjustly immolated."—Vol. i. pp. 302—305.

This did not end here. Mr. Alcock, eaten up with remorse, became melancholy; his understanding gradually declined; and he at length sank into irrecoverable imbecility. His sister had been well acquainted with Mr. Colclough; and the circumstances of the conflict, Mr. Alcock's trial, and subsequent depression,

affected her intellects; her reason wandered; and she did not long survive her brother.

This is a pure tragedy; but among the intemperate, but at the same time good-humoured sons of Erin, a challenge as often ended in a hearty laugh as a fatal result. We have many contests and projected contests, which excite nothing but the risible muscles. Such is Lord Norbury's (then Toler's) challenge to Sir Jonah himself, in the House of Commons.

"Lord Norbury (then Mr. Toler,) went circuit as judge, the first circuit I went as barrister. He continued my friend as warmly as he possibly could be the friend of any one, and I thought he was in earnest. One evening, however, coming hot from Lord Clare's, (at that time my proclaimed enemy,) he attacked me with an after-dinner volubility, which hurt and roused me very much. I kept indifferent bounds myself: but he was generally so very goodtempered, that I really felt a repugnance to indulge him with as tart a reply as a stranger would have received, and simply observed, that 'I should only just give him that character which developed itself by its versatility—namely, that *he had a hand for every man, and a heart for nobody*!'—and I believe the sarcasm has stuck to him from that day to this. He returned a very warm answer, gave me a wink, and made his exit—of course, I followed. The serjeant-at-arms was instantly sent by the speaker to pursue us with his attendants, and to bring both refractory members back to the House. Toler was caught by the skirts of his coat fastening in a door, and they laid hold of him just as the skirts were torn completely off. I was overtaken (whilst running away) in Nassau-street, and, as I resisted, was brought like a sack on a man's shoulders, to the admiration of the mob, and thrown down in the body of the House. The speaker told us we must give our honours forthwith that the matter should proceed no further.—Toler got up to defend himself; but as he then had no skirts to his coat, made a most ludicrous figure; and Curran put a finishing-stroke to the comicality of the scene, by gravely saying, that 'it was the most unparalleled insult ever offered to the House! as it appeared that one honourable member had *trimmed* another honourable member's *jacket* within these walls, and nearly within view of the speaker!' A general roar of laughter ensued."—Vol. i. pp. 334—335.

Even Mr. Grattan was not exempt from this silly mania of duelling; a falsehood had been alleged against him by the notorious John Giffard, the "dog in office," and it was with the utmost difficulty that he could be prevented from challenging him.

"Barrington" said he, "I must have a shot at that rascal!"

"Heavens!" said Barrington, "what rascal?"

"There is but one such in the world!" cried Grattan,—*"that Giffard."*

"My dear Grattan," replied Sir Jonah, "you cannot be serious; there is no ground for a challenge on your part: your language to him was such as never before was used to human nature: and if he survives *your words*, no bullet would have effect upon him," &c. &c.

Barrington appears to have quieted him for

the time, and Grattan was persuaded to enter his sedan and go home. In the morning, however, Sir Jonah was surprised in his bed at six o'clock, by hearing that the little gentleman, in the sedan chair, wanted to see him again. Grattan had not slept all night; nothing would satisfy him but a shot "at the fellow." Barrington at length put an end to the *penchant*, by declaring that he would fight Giffard himself if Grattan persisted, for the insult had been really aimed at him, &c.

If on this occasion any body should have been anxious to fight, it should have been the "dog in office," as will appear from quoting Mr. Grattan's words alluded to above. They were spoken on occasion of Sir Jonah's standing for Dublin, when Mr. Grattan's vote was at first rejected, on the alleged ground that he had been erased from the list of Dublin freemen, as a United Irishman.

"The objection was made by Mr. John Giffard, of whom hereafter. On the first intermission of the tumult, with a calm and dignified air, but in that energetic style so peculiar to himself, Mr. Grattan delivered the following memorable words—memorable, because conveying in a few short sentences, the most overwhelming philippic—the most irresistible assemblage of terms imputing public depravity, that the English, or, I believe, any other language, is capable of affording:—

"Mr. Sheriff, when I observe the quarter from whence the objection comes, I am not surprised at its being made! It proceeds from the hired traducer of his country—the excommunicated of his fellow-citizens—the regal rebel—the unpunished ruffian—the bigotted agitator!—In the city a firebrand—in the court a liar—in the streets a bully—in the field a coward!—And so obnoxious is he to the very party he wishes to espouse, that he is only supportable by doing those dirty acts the less vile refuse to execute."

"Giffard, thunderstruck, lost his usual assurance; and replied, in one single sentence, 'I would spit upon him in a desert!'"—Vol. i. pp. 260, 261.

Sir Jonah proceeds to call Mr. Giffard's angry exclamation rapid and unmeaning; to us, however, it seems quite as full of force as Mr. Grattan's more elaborate abuse. Of other duels we shall not speak with particularity, unless it be to mention the rencontre between a most eccentric Irish barrister, Theophilus Swift, and the Colonel Lennox, afterwards Duke of Richmond, who fought the Duke of York. This was thought by Swift, a litigious visionary, so great a presumption in a subject, that he conceived it was his duty, and every other man's, to challenge the colonel till he fell. In pursuance of this notion, he called out Colonel Lennox, who accepted the invitation, and shot the restless barrister remarkably clean through the carcase. Swift was carried home, made his will, left the Duke of York a gold snuff-box, and recovered.

A duel was part of the official duty of a statesman. Sir Jonah gives a list of what he calls the fire-eaters.

"The lord chancellor of Ireland, Earl Clare, fought the master of the rolls, Curran.

"The chief justice K. B., Lord Clonmell,

fought Lord Tyrawley, (a privy counsellor,) Lord Llandaff, and two others.

"The judge of the county of Dublin, Egan, fought the master of the rolls, Roger Barrett, and three others.

"The chancellor of the exchequer, the Right Honourable Isaac Corry, fought the Right Honourable Henry Grattan, a privy counsellor, and another.

"A baron of the exchequer, Baron Medge, fought his brother-in-law and two others.

"The chief justice C. P., Lord Norbury, fought Fire-eater Fitzgerald, and two other gentlemen, and frightened Napper Tandy and several besides: one hit only.

"The judge of the prerogative court, Doctor Duigenan, fought one barrister, and frightened another on the ground.—N. B. The latter case a curious one.

"The chief counsel to the revenue, Henry Deane Grady, fought Counsellor O'Mahon, Counsellor Campbell, and others: all hits.

"The master of the rolls fought Lord Buckinghamshire, the chief secretary, &c.

"The provost of the university of Dublin, the Right Honourable Hely Hutchinson, fought Mr. Doyle, master in chancery, (they went to the plains of Minden to fight,) and some others.

"The chief justice, C. P., Patterson, fought three country gentlemen, one of them with swords, another with guns, and wounded all of them.

"The Right Honourable George Ogle, a privy counsellor, fought Barney Coyle, a distiller, because he was a Papist.—They fired eight shots, and no hit; but the second broke his own arm.

"Thomas Wallace, K. C., fought Mr. O'Gorman, the Catholic secretary.

"Counsellor O'Connell fought the Orange chieftain: fatal to the champion of Protestant ascendancy.

"The collector of the customs of Dublin, the Honourable Francis Hutchinson, fought the Right Honourable Lord Mountmorris."—Vol. ii. pp. 3—5.

Sir Jonah adds, as an apology for himself,

"The reader of this dignified list (which, as I have said, is only an abridgment*) will surely see no great indecorum in an admiralty judge having now and then exchanged broadsides, more especially as they did not militate against the law of nations."—Vol. ii. p. 5.

A romantic spirit seemed to fill the country. On the eve of great convulsions, the moral atmosphere becomes rarefied as it were; personal sacrifices more common, and wild tenets more practically supported. An admirable specimen of Quixotism is given in the person of the celebrated Mr. Hamilton Rowan. A young woman, Mary Neil, had been treated with violence by some unknown person; her cause was warmly taken up by some, and by others her veracity was suspected. Mr. Rowan, a gentleman of rank and fortune, felt so deeply interested in her reputation, that he vowed vengeance against all her calumniators. One of the steps which he took to this end, is

* Two hundred and twenty-seven memorable and official duels have actually been fought during my grand climacteric.

exceedingly well described in the following history of a visit he paid to a society of young barristers, of which Sir Jonah was a member.

"At this time about twenty young barristers, including myself, had formed a dinner club in Dublin: we had taken large apartments for the purpose; and, as we were not yet troubled with *too much* business, were in the habit of faring luxuriously every day, and taking a bottle of the best claret which could be obtained.

"There never existed a more cheerful, nor half so cheap a dinner club. One day, whilst dining with our usual hilarity, the servant informed us that a gentleman below stairs desired to be admitted *for a moment*. We considered it to be some brother barrister who requested permission to join our party, and desired him to be shown up. What was our surprise, however, on perceiving the figure that presented itself!—a man, who might have served as model for a Hercules, his gigantic limbs conveying the idea of almost supernatural strength: his shoulders, arms, and broad chest, were the very emblems of muscular energy; and his flat, rough countenance, overshadowed by enormous dark eyebrows, and deeply furrowed by strong lines of vigour and fortitude, completed one of the finest, yet most formidable figures I had ever beheld. He was very well dressed: close by his side stalked in a shaggy Newfoundland dog of corresponding magnitude, with hair a foot long, and who, if he should be voraciously inclined, seemed well able to devour a barrister or two without overcharging his stomach:—as he entered, indeed, he alternately looked at us, and then up at his master, as if only awaiting the orders of the latter to commence the onslaught. His master held in his hand a large, yellow, knotted club, slung by a leathern thong round his great wrist: he had also a long small-sword by his side.

"This apparition walked deliberately up to the table; and having made his obeisance with seeming courtesy, a short pause ensued, during which he looked round on all the company with an aspect, if not stern, yet ill-calculated to set our minds at ease either as to his or his dog's ulterior intentions.

"Gentlemen! at length he said, in a tone and with an air at once so mild and courteous, nay so polished, as fairly to give the lie, as it were, to his gigantic and threatening figure: 'Gentlemen! I have heard with very great regret that some members of this club have been so indiscreet as to calumniate the character of Mary Neil, which, from the part I have taken, I feel identified with my own: if any present hath done so, I doubt not he will now have the candour and courage to avow it.—*Who avows it?*' The dog looked up at him again; he returned the glance; but contented himself, for the present, with patting the animal's head, and was silent: so were we.

"The extreme surprise indeed with which our party was seized, bordering almost on consternation, rendered all consultation as to a reply out of the question; and never did I see the old axiom that 'what is every body's business is nobody's business' more thoroughly exemplified. A few of the company whispered

each his neighbour, and I perceived one or two steal a fruit-knife under the table-cloth, in case of extremities; but no one made any reply. We were eighteen in number; and as neither would or could answer for the others, it would require eighteen replies to satisfy the giant's single query; and I fancy some of us *could not* have replied to his satisfaction, and stuck to the truth into the bargain.

"He repeated his demand (elevating his tone each time) thrice: 'Does any gentleman avow it?' A faint buzz now circulated round the room, but there was no *answer* whatsoever. Communication was cut off, and there was a dead silence: at length our visitor said, with a loud voice, that he must suppose, if any gentleman had made any observations or assertions against Mary Neil's character, he would have the *courage* and spirit to avow it: 'therefore,' continued he, 'I shall take it for granted that my information was erroneous; and, in that point of view, I regret having *alarmed* your society.' And, without another word, he bowed three times very low, and retired backwards toward the door, (his dog also backing out with equal politeness,) where, with a salaam doubly ceremonious, Mr. Rowan ended this extraordinary interview. On the first of his departing bows, by a simultaneous impulse, we all rose and returned his salute, almost touching the table with our noses, but still in profound silence; which *booming* on both sides was repeated, as I have said, till he was fairly out of the room. Three or four of the company then ran hastily to the window to be *sure* that he and the dog were clear off into the street; and no sooner had this satisfactory *denouement* been ascertained, than a general roar of laughter ensued, and we talked it over in a hundred different ways: the whole of our arguments, however, turned upon the question 'which had behaved the *politest* upon the occasion?' but not one word was uttered as to which had behaved the *stoutest*.'—Vol. ii. pp. 116—110.

Mr. Rowan was soon after tried and convicted of circulating a factious paper;—while in prison, charges of a heavier nature, and of a political kind, came out against him; and, as is well known, he made his escape, and at length arrived in France.

Of Curran we have a good deal in these volumes. Sir Jonah complains that his biographers knew nothing about him, a charge we believe to be not founded. Sir Jonah was intimate with him, and certainly gives a very striking idea of his alternate brilliancy and depression, his meanness and his magnanimity, his simplicity and his ability. Of the several stories relative to him we shall select one which sets his social talents in a brilliant point of view. In this, however, as in the Bounces, which we have so irreverently designated, we suspect a pervading exaggeration. "It is too good," is the exclamation with which we finish many of Sir Jonah's clever anecdotes. Curran and Sir Jonah were accustomed to spend a part of every long vacation together in London.

"We were in the habit of frequenting the Cannon Coffee-house, Charingcross, (kept by the uncle of Mr. Roberts, proprietor of the Royal Hotel, Calais,) where we had a box every

day at the end of the room; and as, when Curran was free from professional cares, his universal language was that of wit, my high spirits never failed to prompt my performance of *Jackall* to the *Lion*. Two young gentlemen of the Irish bar were frequently of our party in 1796, and contributed to keep up the flow of wit, which, on Curran's part, was well nigh miraculous. Gradually the ear and attention of the company were caught. Nobody knew us, and, as if carelessly, the guests flocked round our box to listen. We perceived them, and increased our flights accordingly. Involuntarily, they joined in the laugh, and the more so when they saw it gave no offence. Day after day the number of our satellites increased,—until the room, at five o'clock, was thronged to hear 'The Irishmen.' One or two days we went elsewhere; and, on returning to 'the Cannon,' our host begged to speak a word with me at the bar. 'Sir,' said he, 'I never had such a set of pleasant gentlemen in my house, and I hope you have received no offence.' I replied, 'quite the contrary!'—'Why, sir,' rejoined he, 'as you did not come the last few days, the company fell off. Now, sir, I hope you and the other gentleman will excuse me if I remark that you will find an excellent dish of fish, and a roast turkey or joint, with any wine you please, hot on your table, every day at five o'clock, whilst you stay in town; and, I must beg to add, *no charge*, gentlemen.'

"I reported to Curran, and we agreed to see it out. The landlord was as good as his word: the room was filled: we coined stories to tell each other, the lookers-on laughed almost to convulsions, and for some time we literally feasted. Having had our humour out, I desired a bill, which the landlord positively refused: however, we computed for ourselves, and sent him a 10*l.* note enclosed in a letter, desiring to give the balance to the waiters."—Vol. i. pp. 377, 378.

Sir Jonah is happy in his portraits—his sketch of Curran's personal appearance; and that of Grattan's confirms our previous notion, that these two great orators were the ugliest men that ever spoke.

"Curran's person was mean and decrepit:—very slight, very shapeless—with nothing of the gentleman about it; on the contrary, displaying spindle limbs, a shambling gait, one hand imperfect, and a face yellow, furrowed, rather flat, and thoroughly ordinary. Yet his features were the very reverse of disagreeable: there was something so indescribably dramatic in his eye and the play of his eyebrow, that his visage seemed the index of his mind, and his humour the slave of his will. I never was so happy in the company of any man as in Curran's for many years. His very foibles were amusing—He had no vein for poetry; yet fancying himself a bard, he contrived to throw off pretty verses: he certainly was no musician; but conceiving himself to be one, played very pleasingly: Nature had denied him a voice; but he thought he could sing; and in the rich mould of his capabilities, the desire hero also bred, in some degree, the capacity.

"It is a curious, but a just remark, that every slow, crawling reptile is in the highest degree disgusting; whilst an insect, ten times uglier,

if it be sprightly, and seems bent upon enjoyment, excites no shuddering. It is so with the human race: had Curran been a dull, slothful, inanimate being, his talents would not have redeemed his personal defects. But his rapid movements,—his fire,—his sparkling eyes,—the fine and varied intonations of his voice,—these conspired to give life and energy to every company he mixed with; and I have known ladies who, after an hour's conversation, actually considered Curran a *beauty*, and preferred his society to that of the finest fellows present. There is, however, it must be admitted, a good deal in the circumstance of a man being *celebrated*, as regards the patronage of women."—Vol. i. pp. 374, 375.

A pendant to this is the description of Grattan, as he appeared in a morning visit to certain American gentlemen, whom Sir Jonah took to call upon him.

"At length the door opened, and in hopped a small bent figure,—meagre, yellow, and ordinary; one slipper and one shoe; his breeches' knees loose; his cravat hanging down; his shirt and coat sleeves tucked up high, and an old hat upon his head.

"This apparition saluted the strangers very courteously: asked (without any introduction) how long they had been in England, and immediately proceeded to make inquiries about the late General Washington and the revolutionary war. My companions looked at each other: their replies were evasive, and they seemed quite impatient to see Mr. Grattan. I could scarcely contain myself; but determined to let my eccentric countryman take his course; who appeared quite delighted to see his visitors, and was the most inquisitive person in the world. Randolph was far the tallest, and most dignified-looking man of the two, gray-haired and well-dressed: Grattan therefore, of course, took him for the vice-president, and addressed him accordingly. Randolph at length begged to know if they could shortly have the honour of seeing Mr. Grattan. Upon which, our host (not doubting but they knew him,) conceived it must be his son James for whom they inquired, and said, he believed he had that moment wandered out somewhere, to amuse himself.

"This completely disconcerted the Americans, and they were about to make their bow and their exit, when I thought it high time to explain; and, taking Colonel Burr and Mr. Randolph respectively by the hand, introduced them to the Right Honourable Henry Grattan.

"I never saw people stare so, or so much embarrassed! Grattan himself now perceiving the cause, heartily joined in my merriment;—he pulled down his shirt-sleeves, pulled up his stockings; and, in his own irresistible way, apologised for the *outré* figure he cut, assuring them he had totally overlooked it, in his anxiety not to keep them waiting; that he was returning to Ireland next morning, and had been busily packing up his books and papers in a closet full of dust and cobwebs! This incident rendered the interview more interesting: the Americans were charmed with their reception; and, after a protracted visit, retired highly gratified, whilst Grattan returned again to his books and cobwebs."—Vol. i. pp. 351—353.

Our author, when in the meridian of his glory at Dublin, gave a dinner, to which the Speaker of the Irish parliament brought along with him two young men, just then returned to that House. These young men were Captain Wellesley and Mr. Stewart—afterwards the Duke of Wellington and Lord Castlereagh. Captain Wellesley then, in 1790, was ruddy-faced and juvenile in appearance, and popular enough among the young men of his age and station. His address was unpolished, and though he occasionally spoke in parliament, never on any important subject, and altogether evinced no promise of his future celebrity. Mr. Stewart, at that time, was a professed, and not a very moderate patriot. Sir Jonah Barrington observes, on the effect of the personal intimacy between those two individuals: "Sir Arthur Wellesley never would," says he, "have had the chief command in Spain, but for the ministerial manœuvring and aid of Lord Castlereagh, who never could have stood his ground as a minister, but for Lord Wellington's successes."

Sir Jonah brings this pair again on the scene at a subsequent period, when they had undergone no little change.

"Many years subsequently to the dinner-party I have mentioned, I one day met Lord Castlereagh in the Strand, and a gentleman with him. His lordship stopped me, whereat I was rather surprised, as we had not met for some time; he spoke very kindly, smiled, and asked if I had forgotten my old friend, Sir Arthur Wellesley?—whom I discovered in his companion; but looking so sallow and wan, and with every mark of what is called a worn-out man, that I was truly concerned at his appearance. But he soon recovered his health and looks, and went as the Duke of Richmond's secretary to Ireland; where he was in all material traits still Sir Arthur Wellesley—but it was Sir Arthur Wellesley judiciously improved. He had not forgotten his friends, nor did he forget himself. He said that he had accepted the office of secretary only on the terms that it should not impede or interfere with his military pursuits; and what he said proved true, for he was soon sent, as second in command, with Lord Cathcart to Copenhagen, to break through the law of nations, and execute the most distinguished piece of treachery that history records.

"On Sir Arthur's return he recommenced his duty of secretary; and during his residence in Ireland in that capacity, I did not hear one complaint against any part of his conduct either as a public or private man. He was afterwards appointed to command in Spain; an appointment solicited, and I believe expected, by Sir John Doyle. It might be entertaining to speculate on the probable state of Europe at present, if Sir John had been then appointed generalissimo. I do not mean to infer any disparagement to the talents of Sir John, but he might have pursued a different course, not calculated, as in Sir Arthur's instance, to have decided (for the time being) the fate of Europe.

"A few days before Sir Arthur's departure for Spain, I requested him to spend a day with me, which he did. The company was not very large, but some of Sir Arthur's military friends

were among the party:—the late Sir Charles Asgill, the present General Meyrick, &c. &c. I never saw him more cheerful or happy. The bombardment of Copenhagen being by chance started as a topic of remark, I did not join in its praise; but, on the other hand, muttered that I never did nor should approve of it.

"'D—n it, Barrington,' said Sir Arthur, 'why? what do you mean to say?' 'I say, Sir Arthur,' replied I, 'that it was the very best devised, the very best executed, and the most just and necessary 'robbery and murder' now on record!' He laughed and adjourned to the drawing-room, where Lady B. had a ball and supper as a *finish* for the departing hero."—Vol. i. pp. 323—325.

Again, at Paris, in 1815, Sir Jonah paid a visit to the duke; he merely observes he was "intermediately much changed!" The interview was doubtless as cold as charity.

Every thing we have read of Lord Clare has combined to convey a most disagreeable impression of his character, and it was with delight we read an account of his being made ridiculous by Lord Aldborough. His lordship had had a cause decided against him, with costs, by Lord Clare, corruptly, as was conceived. He appealed to the Lords, but there sat the Lord Chancellor Clare, and, as lately in the case of Lord Eldon, decided on appeals from himself. Lord Aldborough had now no remedy left but to write at the Chancellor. In a pamphlet he told the following humorous story of a Dutch skipper, which he conceived precisely in point:

"His lordship was going to Amsterdam on one of the canals in a *trekschuit*—the captain or skipper of which being a great rogue, extorted from his lordship, for his passage, much more than he had a lawful right to claim. My lord expostulated with the skipper in vain; the fellow grew rude; his lordship persisted; the skipper got more abusive. At length Lord Aldborough told him he would, on landing, immediately go to the proper tribunals and get redress from the judge. The skipper cursed him as an impudent *milord*, and desired him to do his worst, snapping his tarry *finger-posts* in his lordship's face. Lord Aldborough paid the demand, and, on landing, went to the legal officer to know when the court of justice would sit. He answered, at nine next morning. Having no doubt of ample redress, he did not choose to put the skipper on his guard by mentioning his intentions. Next morning he went to court and began to tell his story to the judge, who sat with his broad-brimmed hat on, in great state, to hear causes of that nature. His lordship fancied he had seen the man before, nor was he long in doubt! for ere he had half-finished, the judge, in a voice like thunder (but which his lordship immediately recognised, for it was that of the identical skipper!) decided against him *with full costs*, and ordered him out of court. His lordship, however, said he would *appeal*, and away he went to an advocate for that purpose. He did accordingly appeal, and the next day his appeal cause came regularly on. But all his lordship's stoicism forsook him, when he again found that the very same skipper and judge was to decide the *appeal* who had decided the *cause*; so that the learned skipper first

cheated and then laughed at him."—Vol. i. pp. 360—362.

The lord chancellor complained in the house of this pamphlet, as a breach of privilege, and holding the book in his hands, demanded of Lord Aldborough if he admitted it to be his writing, to which his Lordship replied he would admit nothing as written by him until it had been read. Lord Clare began to read it, but not being near enough to the light, his opponent seized an enormous pair of candlesticks from the table, walked deliberately to the throne, and requested permission to hold the candles for him whilst he was reading the book. The unfortunate chancellor feeling himself outdone, duly read the comparison of himself to the Dutch skipper and the rest of the libel to the House, while Lord Aldborough assiduously presented the lights, and did not omit to set the reader right when he mistook a word or misplaced an emphasis. This may well be supposed the sweetest enjoyment to an angry and litigious controversialist, and gave no little amusement to a crowded assembly, containing a large number of secret haters of the complainant. Though imprisonment was the result to Lord Aldborough, we can scarcely pity him.

We are glad to see that the formality and dullness of another lord chancellor (the present Lord Redesdale) were properly appreciated by our lively neighbours. From an account that Sir Jonah gives of a dinner, it appears that this dull, but laborious man, was completely bewildered by the eccentricities of the Irish bar.

After some witticisms of Mr. Toler, (Lord Norbury,) which raised a laugh, the Chancellor seemed somewhat discomposed.

"He sat for awhile silent; until skaiting became a subject of conversation, when his lordship rallied—and with an air of triumph said, that in his boyhood all danger was avoided; for, before they began to skait, they always put blown bladders under their arms; and so, if the ice happened to break, they were buoyant and saved.

"'Ay, my lord!' said Toler, 'that's what we call blatheram-skate in Ireland.'"

"His lordship did not understand the sort of thing at all: and (though extremely courteous,) seemed to wish us all at our respective homes. Having failed with Toler, in order to say a civil thing or two, he addressed himself to Mr. Garrat O'Farrell, a jolly Irish barrister, who always carried a parcel of coarse national humour about with him; a broad, squat, ruddy-faced fellow, with a great aquiline nose and a humorous eye. Independent in mind and property, he generally said whatever came uppermost.—'Mr. Garrat O'Farrell,' said the chancellor solemnly, 'I believe your name and family were very respectable and numerous in County Wicklow. I think I was introduced to several of them during my late tour there.'

"'Yes, my lord!' said O'Farrell, 'we were very numerous; but so many of us have been lately hanged for sheep-stealing, that the name is getting rather scarce in that county.'

"His lordship said no more: and (so far as

* An Irish vulgar idiom for "nonsense."

respect for a new chancellor admitted) we got into our own line of conversation, without his assistance. His lordship, by degrees, began to understand some jokes a few minutes after they were uttered. An occasional smile discovered his enlightenment; and, at the breaking up, I really think his impression was, that we were a pleasant, though not very comprehensible race, possessing at a dinner-table much more good-fellowship than special pleading; and that he would have a good many of his old notions to get rid of before he could completely cotton to so dissimilar a body:—but he was extremely polite. Chief Justice Downes, and a few more of our high, cold sticklers for 'decorum,' were quite uneasy at this skirmishing."—Vol. i. pp. 337–339.

The Chancellor's backwardness at comprehension left him behind in court as well as at table: of this the following is an amusing instance.

"I never met a cold-blooded ostentatious man of office, whom I did not feel pleasure in mortifying: an affectation of sang-froid is necessary neither to true dignity nor importance, and generally betrays the absence of many amiable qualities.

"I never saw Lord Redesdale more puzzled than at one of Plunkett's best *jeux d'esprits*.—A cause was argued in Chancery, wherein the plaintiff prayed that the defendant should be restrained from suing him on certain bills of exchange, as they were nothing but *kites*. 'Kites?' exclaimed Lord Redesdale:—'Kites,' Mr. Plunkett? Kites never could amount to the value of those securities! I don't understand this statement at all, Mr. Plunkett.'

"It is not to be expected that you should, my Lord," answered Plunkett: 'In England and in Ireland, kites are quite different things. In England, the *wind* raises the *kites*; but, in Ireland, the *kites* raise the *wind*.'

"I do not feel any way better informed yet, Mr. Plunkett," said the matter-of-fact chancellor.

"Well, my Lord, I'll explain the thing without mentioning those birds of prey:—and therewith he elucidated the difficulty."—Vol. i. pp. 339, 340.

We have thus made a most copious selection of good things from Sir Jonah's storehouse, while on looking at the work and at the notes we made in the perusal of it, we find an almost undiminished treasure left behind. We were anxious to have made many quotations and drawn many illustrations, which want of space, but more particularly a fit of modest shame at the extent of our robbery compel us to relinquish. One whole volume has been nearly left untouched by us, and many interesting points of the other left unnoticed. We have said enough of Sir Jonah's tendency to colour facts and to draw for incidents on a ready fancy, in the early part of this article; we will add now, that while this vivacity certainly renders Sir Jonah's sketches particularly amusing, it does not diminish to any great extent their historical value. It is easy to strip his stories to the essentials; and the more important divisions of his memoirs are, on the whole, more soberly penned.

The parts of the "Sketches" which espe-

cially relate to the Rebellion in Ireland are very interesting; and as Sir Jonah was intimately acquainted with the principal heroes of it, his testimony is valuable. We particularly recommend to the notice of the reader his account of the dinner to which he is a party, on the eve of the rebellion, given by several of the chiefs whose heads shortly after adorned the bridge of Wexford.—Vol. i. p. 267. There is also a very interesting chapter on Mrs. Jordan, a subject which the author treats with much mystery, while at the same time he records several instructive anecdotes and remarks. The whole of the author's residence in France, we must dismiss with a bare acknowledgment of its importance and curiosity. Sir Jonah lived intimately among the spies of the police during the hundred days, without knowing it; as he associated with the chief insurgents of Ireland without suspecting treason. In Sir Jonah's account of the scene in Paris, the administering the oath to the peers, the inspection of the army under Davoust, and various other circumstances, are told, not only in a way to attract by the interest of the narration, but by the characteristic touches which show off the narrator along with his subject.—We very much wish that our limits permitted us to imitate Lord Aldborough, and hold the candle to Sir Jonah reading his own book.

We take our leave of him—if we have spoken too freely of his talent for the manufacture of *crackers*, we beg his pardon, and grant him ours in return. There is a brogue in the mind as well as on the tongue, and the intellectual accent is as difficult to dismiss as the vocal one. For an Irishman to tell a plain, straightforward, unadorned story, would be as impossible as that he should assume the quiet, even tenor of English pronunciation. These ornaments are national, and if we cannot always approve of them, we can always laugh at them, and that is a real good.

Sir Jonah professes to have collected the hints for his work from several old trunks of letters which he long carried about with him, and into which he has again deposited them.—We beseech him, as a particular favour, to reopen his trunks, and give us two more volumes. In the present work there is not the slightest mark of exhaustion. We have not only the garrulity of old age, but the vigour of youth; and our parting wish is in a spirit of exaggerated good-will, which he perfectly understands, that "he may live a thousand years!"

From the London Magazine.

MUSICAL REMINISCENCES RESPECTING THE ITALIAN OPERA IN ENGLAND.*

THIS entertaining little volume is attributed to the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe; and were

* Musical Reminiscences of an Old Amateur, chiefly respecting the Italian Opera in England for Fifty Years, from 1773 to 1823.—The Second Edition, continued to the present Time. London: 1827.

we rashly to argue from the book to the author, we should infer that the noble lord had looked upon the world merely as a huge convenience for the support of opera houses; and regarded the human species only as *first men* and *first women*, tenors, basses, sopranos, contra altos, &c. It is curious to remark the seriousness with which he notes the state of the opera in the various great cities which he visited in his travels, and the simplicity with which he occasionally mixes up music with morals, when the temptation of an anecdote brings him on the latter ground. For example, speaking of Mara, the noble author says, that "she eloped from her husband, an idle, drunken man, and bad player on the *violin-cello*." Many whimsical appearances such as this, suggest to us in reading the book the idea of a man who has viewed the world as an orchestra, and seen in its inhabitants only so many vocal and instrumental performers, to be rated chiefly according to their skill in their respective provinces. We can hardly prevail upon ourselves to believe that the author has observed the phenomenon of a Napoleon on the theatre of war and politics; and were he asked who was the *first man* of the beginning of the nineteenth century, he would doubtless answer Tramezzani. This impression, the absurdity of which lies in ourselves, and not in the writer, is in truth created by the very spirited manner in which the noble critic has executed his work: he has thrown his whole soul into it; has never for a moment suffered himself to be diverted from the business in hand; and consequently makes the reader ridiculously imagine that it is impossible one so earnest and apparently absorbed in music, can have bestowed a thought on any other topic.

The book commences with this sentence:

"The first opera which I have any the slightest recollection of having seen, was that of Artaserse, in the year 1773, at which time Millico was the first man."

From this datum it might safely be inferred, that the author is one of the *old school*; but we are not left to the hazard of inference, for he speaks in that unequivocal Nestorian language which in all ages and climes sufficiently denotes the attached adherent to an antiquated or exploded state of things, whether political, moral or musical. Opera is not what opera was; and singers are not what singers were.—The author may presume to decide, for he was fond of music *while music was really good*, and lived in one of its most flourishing periods. Such is the burden of the song. It is obvious that these complaints are common to all the arts, to all periods of the arts, and to all the stages of the arts. When the taste is pliant, it forms itself to the existing model of excellence, and after a time it is incapable of accommodating itself to a departure from the old standard. The senses become comparatively dull, and the judgment, too feeble to traverse new walks, contends that there is no nature beyond the mill-horse round in which it has delighted for half a century. *We*, who are of course the only reasonable men under the sun, do not imagine that ours is *par excellence*, the age of music; or to speak more distinctly, we do not esteem it the age of composition. Rossini

has many beauties,* and also many mortal faults, while Mozart is, in our opinion, the Magnus Apollo himself; and the age of him and Haydn, the age of composition. Our author's school is, however, further back than this date. He finds Mozart superior indeed to Rossini, but objects to him as too German, and obscurely refers to more perfect masters. If we are inferior in composition, it will, we think, be readily admitted, that there is more taste for music now than at any former period; we mean a more general taste. Formerly the amateurs were a very small body; now every body has a taste for music—a very bad taste, undeniably, but still a taste; and people must have a bad taste, we suppose, before they can acquire a good one. The first step, as it appears to us, is to obtain the relish; then to refine it by experience of the best subjects, and a comparison of the degrees of delight imparted by them. The water drinker who first drenches himself with cape madeira, accounts it the nectar of the gods; he gets on in time to brown sherry, and despises Charles Wright; travels to the Rhine; becomes intimate, hand on glass, with the best bottles, and turns up his nose at sherry, port, madeira, and kitchen wipes. At present, in music there is a great devotion to cape, and much gooseberry is swallowed for champagne; but in time the good folks will learn discrimination, or if they do not, their children will. When we say this, we are far from imagining that the public in the man will ever be a *good* judge of music, or of any thing else; but a large portion of it will probably make a considerable progress, and attain to a moderate degree, of discretion formerly limited to a select few.

It has long been imagined that Italy was the great province of musical taste. This we have discovered to be an error in our time, and our author appears to have discovered it also in his.

"Upon the whole I was surprised at hearing so little very good in that country, and still more so at the extreme badness of much which I have passed over unnoticed. At the small towns, such as Nice, Trieste, and others, there were operas, if indeed they deserved that name, for the singers were little better than those of the streets, and would not have been tolerated for a moment in England. But the passion for music cannot be so great in that land of song as we are apt to suppose: for on inquiring in any town if the opera was good, I was uniformly answered, Oh! si; *bellissimi balli*; and indeed in general the dances are more thought of, and attended to in greater *elence*, than the opera itself, in which, if there is one, or at most two good performers, and as many good songs, it is quite sufficient, and the rest may be as bad as possible, without giving any offence. Yet the ballets are long and wearisome in the extreme, absolute tragedies in pantomime (I saw Romeo and Juliet danced);

* The praise of Rossini is now *caviare* to the general. The vulgar herd, after idolizing, have, according to the common re-action, run into the opposite extreme, and turned their beastly hoofs against him.

and nothing is to me so delightful as a really good opera."

Before M. D'Egville was appointed ballet-master at the King's Theatre, and anterior to the consequent utter decline and fall of the ballet, we remember that our young men, who had been talking, without respite or mercy, during the opera, would suddenly stop, saying—"Hush, hush, the ballet has begun." M. D'Egville has found a method of curing them of this bad practice. They must interest themselves now in the opera, or in nothing at all. The author's critical sketches are hit off with considerable skill, and his anecdotes are many of them particularly happy.

Of Grassini he gives this account:—

"Grassini, who was engaged for the next season as first woman alternately with Mrs. Billington. This very handsome woman was in every thing the direct contrary of her rival. With a beautiful form, and a grace peculiarly her own, she was an excellent actress, and her style of singing was exclusively the cantabile, which became heavy *à la longue*, and bordered a little on the monotonous: for her voice, which it was said had been a high soprano, was by some accident reduced to a low and confined contralto. She had entirely lost all its upper tones, and possessed little more than one octave of good natural notes; if she attempted to go higher, she produced only a shriek, quite unnatural, and almost painful to the ear. Her first appearance was in *La Vergine del Sole*, an opera of Mayer's, well suited to her peculiar talents: but her success was not very decisive as a singer, though her acting and her beauty could not fail of exciting high admiration. So equivocal was her reception, that when her benefit was to take place she did not dare to encounter it alone, but called in Mrs. Billington to her aid, and she, ever willing to oblige, readily consented to appear with her. The opera composed for the occasion by Winter was *Il Ratto di Proserpina*, in which Mrs. Billington acted Ceres, and Grassini Proserpine. And now the tide of favour suddenly turned; the performance of the latter carried all the applause, and her graceful figure, her fine expression of face, together with the sweet manner in which she sung several easy simple airs, stamped her at once the reigning favourite.—Her deep tones were undoubtedly fine, and had a particularly good effect when joined with the brilliant voice of Mrs. Billington; but though, from its great success, this opera was frequently repeated, they never sang together in any other. Grassini having attained the summit of the ladder, kicked down the steps by which she had risen, and henceforth stood alone. Not only was she rapturously applauded in public, but she was taken up by the first society, *fêtee*, caressed, and introduced as a regular guest in most of the fashionable assemblies. Of her private claims to that distinction it is best to be silent, but her manners and exterior behaviour were proper and genteel.

"As I before observed, it was the comparison of these two rival performers that discovered to me the great superiority of Mrs. Billington as a musician and as a singer. But as every one has eyes, and but few musical ears, the superior beauty was the most generally

admired, and no doubt the deaf would have been charmed with Grassini, while the blind must have been delighted with Mrs. Billington."

Braham:—

"Though it seems needless to say much of so well known a performer, yet it is impossible to pass over a singer of Braham's reputation without some remark. All must acknowledge that his voice is of the finest quality, of great power, and occasionally sweetness. It is equally certain that he has great knowledge of music, and can sing extremely well. It is therefore the more to be regretted that he should ever do otherwise, that he should ever quit the natural register of his voice by raising it to an unpleasant falsetto, or force it by too violent exertion: that he should depart from a good style, and correct taste, which he knows and can follow as well as any man, to adopt at times, the over florid and frittered Italian manner; at others to fall into the coarseness and vulgarity of the English. The fact is, that he can be two distinct singers according to the audience before whom he performs, and that to gain applause he condescends to sing as ill at the playhouse as he has done well at the opera. His compositions have the same variety, and he can equally write a popular noisy song for the one, or its very opposite for the other. A duetto of his introduced into the opera of *Gli Orazi*, sung by himself and Grassini, had great beauty, and was in excellent taste."

In another department of this publication, (the *Diary*), it was once affirmed that Braham *could* sing well when he pleased to sing well, and that as he always suited his style to the taste of his audience, and generally sang in those sinks of vulgarity, the national theatres, he generally sang ill. This proposition gave immense offence to the millions who think that Braham's singing is always perfection, and also to two or three persons, still more unreasonable and bigotted, who doubt his ability to sing at all. We are glad to see our opinion corroborated by authority so respectable. We think the better, both of Lord Mount Edgecumbe and of ourselves, for finding that his judgment agrees with ours; and we avow it, which is more than men of less modesty and candour would do.

Catalini:—

"Of this celebrated performer it is well known that her voice is of a most uncommon quality, and capable of exertions almost supernatural. Her throat seems endued (as has been remarked by medical men) with a power of expansion and muscular motion by no means usual, and when she throws out all her voice to the utmost, it has a volume and strength that are quite surprising, while its agility in divisions, running up and down the scale in semi-

* Braham has done material injury to English singing by producing a host of imitators. What is in itself not good, but may be endured from a fine performer, becomes insufferable in bad imitation. Catalini has done less mischief, only because her powers are *unique* and her astonishing execution unattainable. Many men endeavour to rival Braham; no woman can aspire to being a Catalini.

tones, and its compass in jumping over two octaves at once, are equally astonishing. It were to be wished she was less lavish in the display of these wonderful powers, and sought to please more than to surprise; but her taste is vicious, her excessive love of ornament spoiling every simple air, and her greatest delight (indeed her chief merit) being in songs of a bold and spirited character, where much is left to her discretion (or indiscretion) without being confined by the accompaniment, but in which she can indulge in ad libitum passages with a luxuriance and redundancy no other singer ever possessed, or if possessing never practised, and which she carries to a fantastical excess. She is fond of singing variations on some known simple air, and latterly has pushed this taste to the very height of absurdity, by singing, even without words, variations composed for the fiddle. This is absolute nonsense, a lamentable misapplication of that finest of instruments, the human voice, and of the delightful faculty of song. Whenever I hear such an outrageous display of execution, either vocal or instrumental, I never fail to recollect, and cordially join in, the opinion of a late noble statesman, more famous for his wit than for love of music, who, hearing a remark on the extreme difficulty of some performance, observed, that he wished it was impossible."

"From what has been said it may readily be conceived that Catalini has a bad choice of music, and that she prefers the compositions of inferior masters, written expressly for herself, to the more regular of better composers. She found one here precisely to her taste in Pucitta, who had been successful in two very light, but pleasing comic operas. Him she employed to compose for her several serious, to which he was unequal: all of them were very moderate, *La Vestale* the best. She performed, however, in many others; *Semiramide*, by *Portogallo*, which she chose for her débüt; but it was very inferior to *Bianchi's*, *Mitridate*, *Elfrida*, and, much to her dissatisfaction, *La Clemenza di Tito*, for she detested *Mozart's music*, which keeps the singer too much under the control of the orchestra, and too strictly confined to time, which she is apt to violate. Yet she first introduced to our stage his *Nozze di Figaro*, in which she acted the part of *Susanna* admirably. In the *Orazi* she performed the first soprano's part of *Curazio*, that of the first woman being filled by *Ferlendis*, a pretty good actress, at that time first buffa. But she totally disregarded the general effect of an opera, and the cast of all the other characters, whatever might be the disadvantage of it to the other performers, if she was indulged in her whimsical choice of parts for herself. Thus in *Didone*, she

* This *bon mot* has generally been given to Dr. Johnson, but I have reason to know it was said by the noble lord alluded to, of whom a similar one is recorded confirming his distaste for music. Being asked why he did not subscribe to the Ancient Concerts, and it being urged as a reason for it that his brother the Bishop of W—— did, "Oh," replied his lordship, "if I was as deaf as my brother, I would subscribe too."

caused the part of *Enea* to be done by *Madame Dussek*, who had neither voice, figure, nor action for the character; and in another opera, she made *Madame Dussek* act the first woman's part, choosing for herself that of the first man.

"Catalini was now the only performer of any eminence remaining in England, and led in both lines; but as one singer does not constitute an opera," and neither her disposition would bear with others, nor the extravagance of her annually increasing demands allow the manager to engage them, she at length quitted the theatre at the end of the season of 1813."

She returned to the opera stage for a few nights about three or four seasons ago, and sung so ill in the part of *Susanna*, in the *Nozze di Figaro*, to *Ronzi de Begnis's* Countess, that she was very deservedly hissed. Her fault was not from failure of voice, which would only have excited regret, but vicious embellishment.

Of *Curioni*, *Zucchelli*, and *Ronzi de Begnis*, the lost pearl of the opera, the critic writes thus:—

"The first tenor, *Curioni*, has a very sweet and pleasing voice, and is an agreeable though not a great singer; and *Zucchelli*, who possesses the most soft, mellow, and flexible bass voice I almost ever heard. *Ronzi de Begnis*, with a pretty face and pleasing countenance, has a voice of great sweetness and flexibility, which she manages with considerable skill and taste, is a good singer, and a good actress, both in serious and comic parts. But she decidedly excels most in the latter: indeed I have rarely seen a better buffa. She made her first appearance in *Il Turco* in *Italia*, and acted in it delightfully. Her husband, *De Begnis*, is an excellent comic actor."

Velluti, *Caradori*, and *Bonini*:—

"The first appearance of *Signor Velluti* was announced to take place, on an unusual night, for his own benefit, granted him, it was said, on account of the great trouble he had taken (to use a theatrical phrase) in getting up the new opera; which indeed was true, for, as he had a perfect knowledge of the stage, he entirely directed all the performances in which he took a part. As he had brought me a letter of introduction from a friend at Florence, and my curiosity was a good deal raised from the representation given to me of his talents, I was induced once more to enter a theatre, and was present on that occasion. At the moment when he was expected to appear, the most profound silence reigned in one of the most crowded audiences I ever saw, broken on his advancing by loud applauses of encouragement. The first note he uttered, gave a shock of surprise, almost of disgust, to inexperienced ears, but his performance was listened to with attention and great applause throughout, with but few audible expressions of disapprobation, speedily suppressed. The opera he had chosen for his debut was *Il Crociato in Egitto*, by a German composer named *Mayerbeer*, till then totally unknown in this country. The music was quite

* Her husband, *M. Valabregue*, was of a very different opinion; he is reported to have said, "*Ma femme, et quatre ou cinq pouspous, voila tout ce qu'il faut.*"

of the new school, but not copied from its founder, Rossini: it was original, odd, flighty, and might even be termed *fantastic*, but at times beautiful; here and there most delightful melodies and harmonies occurred, but it was unequal. Solos were as rare as in all the modern operas, but the numerous concerted pieces much shorter and far less noisy than Rossini's, consisting chiefly of duets and trios, with but few chorusses, and no overwhelming accompaniments. Indeed Mayerbeer has rather gone into the contrary extreme, the instrumental parts being frequently so slight as to be almost meagre, while he has sought to produce new and striking effects from the voices alone. The first woman's part was filled by Caradori, the only singer left who could undertake it, Pasta's engagement having terminated, and her performance gave great satisfaction. Though from want of power she is not to be ranked in the first line of prima donnas, it may truly be said she is *without a fault*. Her voice is sweet, but not strong; her knowledge of music very great; her taste and style excellent, full of delicacy and expression. In a room she is a perfect singer. Her genteel and particularly modest manner, combined with a very agreeable person and countenance, render her a pleasing and interesting, though not a surprising performer.

"To speak more minutely of Velluti. This singer is no longer young, and his voice is in decay. It seems to have had considerable compass, but has failed (which is extraordinary) in its middle tones, many of which are harsh and grating to the ear. Some of his upper notes are still exquisitely sweet, and he frequently dwells on, swells, and diminishes them with delightful effect. His lower notes too are full and mellow, and he displays considerable art in descending from the one to the other by passages ingeniously contrived to avoid those which he knows to be defective. His manner is florid without extravagance, his embellishments (many of which were new to me) tasteful and neatly executed. His general style is the *grazioso*, with infinite delicacy and a great deal of expression, but never rising to the grand, simple, and dignified *cantabile* of the old school, still less to the least approach towards the *brazura*. He evidently has no other, therefore there is a great want of variety in his performance, as well as a total deficiency of force and spirit. Of the great singers mentioned before, he most resembles Pacchierotti, in one only, and that the lowest of his styles, but cannot be compared to him in excellence. He is also somewhat like him in figure, but far better looking; in his youth he was reckoned remarkably handsome. On the whole, there is much to approve and admire in his performance, and I can readily believe that in his prime he was not unworthy of the reputation he has attained in Italy. Even here, under so many disadvantages, he produced considerable effect, and overcame much of the prejudice raised against him. To the old he brought back some pleasing recollections; others, to whom his voice was new, became reconciled to it, and sensible of his merits, whilst many declared that to the last his tones gave them more pain than pleasure. However, either from curiosity or real

admiration, he drew crowded audiences, and no opera but the *Crociato* was performed to the end of the season.

"The next (of 1826) began also with the same opera, but very differently performed. Caradori, though still belonging to the company, was unaccountably removed, for the purpose of introducing a new singer of the name of Bonini, and Garcia's place was filled by a performer below mediocrity. The new first woman having frequently sung with, and been taught by Velluti, was brought over at his recommendation and desire. She was not without merit, and it was not easy to say what were her faults; but it was impossible she should please: neither her voice nor her style had any peculiar excellence or defects; her person was small and very plain, and she was no actress. She was little attended to, and though never calling down disapprobation, was never applauded. Velluti's favour sensibly declined, and in his second opera, called *Tebaldo e Isolina*, by Morlacchi, which he considers as his *chef-d'œuvre*, he was much less admired than in the former. For his benefit this year, (which I also went to) he brought out *Aureliano in Palmira*, one of the first compositions of Rossini, and the only one of his operas in which he ever would sing. It is in my opinion one of the best of that master, as he had not yet, in his efforts at originality, fallen into that wild unnatural style which characterizes so many of his works. There are in it many beautiful melodies, and but little of the extravagant ornament and cramped passages he subsequently delighted to introduce. Those who are more conversant with his compositions, and can remember them (which I have professed I cannot) say that this opera has been a nursery from whence he has drawn much for his later productions, and that there is scarcely one good motivo in it which he has not transplanted into some other. The first woman's part was again filled by Bonini, a miserable representative of the heroic *Zenobia*. But I now discovered why Velluti preferred her to any other performer. Pasta had returned to England some time before for her usual short engagement, but they never appeared in the same opera. This was thought to be occasioned by jealousy or rivalry in one or both: Velluti, however, was in the right to decline it. She would not only have overpowered him with the strength and volume of her voice, but her style was so different, often so superior to his own, that they could never have harmonized well; whereas Bonini, trained by him, accustomed to sing with him, and having acquired all his peculiar graces, was exactly suited to him by equality of power, and similarity of style: in the duets accordingly nothing could be more perfect than the union of their voices."

The critique on Velluti is indulgent, but, in the main, just; that on Caradori perhaps a little too laudatory; her chaste style, however, is peculiarly suited to the tastes of the old school; that of Bonini the exact truth. And the reason of the signor's preferring her to Pasta is very sufficiently explained. That person had a great horror of any merit which might possibly come into collision with his own, and would have said, in the spirit of M. Valabregue, "*Moi,*

et quatre ou cinq poupées, voilà tout ce qu'il faut."

On the mismanagement of the opera, the author has these judicious observations:

"Whilst enormous expense is lavished in superfluities, a mean economy prevails in all the inferior departments, with regard to secondary singers, the chorus and orchestra; the scenery, decorations, and wardrobe, are in every respect unworthy of the largest theatre in the country. The ballets too have latterly been of a very inferior description, scarcely above mediocrity. Such are the consequences of a bad system of government, and of the want of a manager conversant with the Italian stage, a good judge of music and of singers, acquainted with foreign languages, and foreign usages, of liberal ideas, not sparing of expense, but judicious in the application of it; knowing what is right, and firm in exercising his authority to enforce it: in short, one who can act for himself, and not be dependent on the ignorance or bad faith of subordinate agents. Such a one only can carry on the business of the theatre with success, and give to the English public a really good Italian opera."

While performances, the ballet particularly, have been deteriorating, the cost to subscribers has been increasing.

"It will scarcely be credited by those who are not old enough to remember it, that at the period when these Reminiscences commenced, and for many years subsequent to it, the price of a subscription to a box for fifty representations was *twenty guineas* a seat, so that there was a positive saving of five guineas on the season to every subscriber; and that too when the theatre was differently constructed, and the private boxes were very few in number, not exceeding in all *thirty-six*, eighteen, ranged in three rows, on each side of the house; the front being then occupied by open public boxes (or *amphitheatre*, as it is called in French theatres) communicating with the pit. Both of these were filled exclusively with the highest classes of society, all, without exception, in the full dress then universally worn. The audiences thus assembled were considered as indisputably presenting a finer spectacle than any other theatre in Europe, and absolutely astonished the foreign performers, to whom such a sight was entirely new. At the end of the performance the company of the pit and boxes repaired to the coffee-room, which was then the best assembly in London, private ones being rarely given on opera nights, and all the first society was regularly to be seen there. Over the front box was the five shilling gallery, then resorted to by respectable persons not in full dress; and above that an upper gallery, to which the admission was three shillings. Subsequently the house was encircled by private boxes, yet still the prices remained the same, and the pit preserved its respectability and even grandeur till the old house was burnt down in 1789. After its rebuilding the subscription was raised to twenty-five guineas, and subsequently to thirty, but then the number of representations was increased to sixty, so that the admission never exceeded the usual pit price of half a guinea. Thus it continued the whole time that I was a subscriber to the opera. It was not till the so-

cond year of Catalini's engagement, when she more than doubled her demands, and obtained a salary wholly unprecedented, that the subscription for a whole box was at once raised from *one hundred and eighty to three hundred guineas*. Thus has she permanently injured the establishment: for the price, once raised, has never been lowered, or at most in a very trifling degree: and it is become quite impossible for persons of moderate incomes to afford so unreasonable a sum for a mere entertainment. Hence has arisen the custom of halving and sub-dividing the subscriptions, so that very few persons have now the sole ownership of a box. Hence too that of letting them for the night, and of selling even single tickets when not used by the proprietor. The evil of this practice is evident. Formerly every lady possessing an opera box, considered it as much her *home* as her house, and was as sure to be found there, few missing any of the performances. If prevented from going, the *loan* of her box, and the gratuitous use of the tickets, was a favour always cheerfully offered and thankfully received as a matter of course, without any idea of payment. Then too it was a favour to ask gentlemen to belong to a box, when subscribing to one was actually advantageous. Now, no lady can propose to them to give her more than double the price of the admission at the door, so that having paid so exorbitantly, every one is glad to be reimbursed a part at least of the great expense which she must often support alone. Boxes and tickets therefore, are no longer given, they are let for what can be got; for which traffic the circulating libraries afford an easy accommodation. Many too which are not taken for the season are disposed of in the same manner, and are almost put up to auction, their price varying from three to eight or even ten guineas, according to the performance of the evening, and other accidental circumstances. I have known an instance of a box being asked for in the morning for a particular opera, but not taken on account of the high price demanded: in the afternoon of the same day the same box was offered for half the sum, and then again rejected from the suspicious appearance of the tender. The next morning the reason was discovered; *the opera had been changed*. This artifice requires no comment. In no other theatre in any country was such uncertainty of prices ever heard of: they were where are, and ought to be, fixed and inviolable.

"While the boxes are thus let at prices so much too high, admissions to the pit are to be purchased beneath their proper value. Half-a-guinea has at all times been the established price for that part of the house: but by the convenient accommodation before alluded to, they are now to be bought for inferior sums nightly; and if taken for the whole season, for not much more than half what it would cost to pay the entrance money at the door. This is as injurious and unfair to the proprietors of the theatre, as the box system is to the frequenters of it. Besides these contrivances for filling the theatre, the manager has recourse to issuing orders of free admission (varying in number according to circumstances) that the benches may be occupied on unattractive nights: boxes

even are frequently given away, or let for trifling sums, to create the delusive appearance of a crowded house, when in fact the money actually received is barely sufficient to cover the evening's expense."

There is in fact a varying price of admission to the pit. When a thin or bad house is expected, cards of admission are sold for eight and sixpence, and on these nights that in fact is the price of the pit, for few will pay ten and sixpence when it is well known that tickets can be procured for eight and sixpence. When there is attraction, this pasteboard issue is contracted proportionally, and when Pasta performs, a card is not to be had.

The author proceeds:

"From all these causes the whole style of the Opera House is totally changed, its audiences are of a different description, its comfort entirely lost. The pit has long ceased to be the resort of ladies of fashion; and latterly, by the innovations introduced, is no longer agreeable to the former male frequenters of it. Those who compose the best part of the audience, and who really pay the fair price, coming late to the theatre, find all the seats occupied by the holders of orders and of cheap admissions; while the boxes, being frequently filled by occasional hirers of them, afford no retreat to those who would visit the friends to whom they properly belong." This is an abuse which the manager should rectify for his own sake; for that of the subscribers the rent of the boxes ought to be lowered, if not to their original price, which may now be impossible, at least to one far beneath what is still demanded, though the first cause for raising it has long ceased. This might be done, if the establishment were judiciously managed, and its expenses reduced within reasonable bounds; especially as the term of all the boxes which were private property, (originally assigned to the lenders of money for rebuilding the theatre,) is now expired, and they are become that of the manager, by which a very large addition is made to the amount of the subscription. The only plea that can be adduced for not doing so, must be, the pecuniary embarrassments in which former managers have incurred the concern, the vast debt yet unpaid, and the endless law-suits in which its affairs are still involved. To these difficulties it is almost hopeless to expect that an effectual remedy will be found, or that the encumbrances will ever be entirely shaken off. Certainly not as the concern is at present conducted. The whole system is radically bad; and nothing can restore the opera in this country to its former respectable and agreeable footing, or the performances to that excellence which a public paying so dearly has a right to expect, but a total reformation, an entire change of proprietors, of managers, of all parties connected with the theatre, I had almost said, hampered and embarrassed as it is, of the theatre itself."

*Most improper company is sometimes to be seen even in the principal tiers, and tickets bearing the names of ladies of the highest class have been presented by those of the lowest, such as used to be admitted only to the hindmost rows of the gallery.—[A fact for which we can vouch.—*Rep.*]

The raffish composition of the pit is likely to prove a material prejudice to the theatre. The very last article on the opera which appeared in our publication, closed with these remarks: "We would recommend the proprietor to be a little more nice in the distribution of his orders; for if he perseveres in the system of cramming the pit with shop-boys, coxcombs will soon come to a resolution not to be seen there; and then all the world will think it vulgar to be found in the pit, and as every body cannot get into the boxes, the consequence will be that a large class will cease to visit the theatre. The would-be fashionables will be altogether excluded from the house, and grievously will the treasury feel their absence. It is a point of the first importance to the proprietor of the opera to uphold, by all means, the fashion of the pit." *Lond. Mag. March, 1826.*

The opera is now the only theatre, the performances of which are not vulgarized to the very lowest level, and it will share the disgrace and the fate of the other public places whenever the mob feel their strength in it. The introduction of horses on the stage this season, we regard as a bad omen; it is said that there can be no harm in adding to the effect of the *spectacle* while it is secondary, but we know from experience that where the mob is powerful, the *spectacle* never is long secondary; that it always ends by usurping the first place, and excluding all the more lasting attractions.

From the *New Monthly Magazine*.

MY WIFE'S MOTHER.

My uncle George was never easy till he got all the males of the family married. He has said to me, at least a hundred times, "John, I'm surprised you don't settle." I did not at first understand his meaning. I was walking with him in the Temple Gardens, and while we were in the act of contemplating the beauties of the majestic Thames—I allude to a man in a red night-cap walking to and fro on a floating raft of tied timbers, and a coal-barge embedded in mud—he stopped short on the gravel-walk and said, "John, why don't you settle?" Concluding that he was tired, I answered, "Oh, by all means;" and sat down in the green alcove at the eastern extremity of the footpath. "Pho!" said my uncle, "I don't mean that. I mean why don't you marry? There's your brother Tom is settled, and has had seven children, not reckoning two who died of the measles; and Charles is settled, and he has nine; his eldest boy Jack is tall enough to thump him: and Edward is settled, at least he will be, as soon as Charlotte Payne has made up her mind to live in Lime-street. I wonder why you don't settle." "Pray, uncle," said I, "of what Buck's Lodge are you a noble brother?" "Why do you ask?" said he. "Because," replied I, "you seem to think men are like masonry—never to be depended upon till they settle." As we walked homeward, we saw that adventurous aeronaut, Garnerin, flying over our heads; and while we were wondering at his valour, he cut the rope that fasten-

ed his balloon to his parachute, and began to descend in the latter towards the earth. My uncle George began to run as fast as his legs could carry him, looking all the while so intently upwards, that he did not advert to a nurse-maid and two children, whom he accordingly upset in his course, and nearly precipitated into the subjacent ooze. "What's the matter, uncle?" said I. "Matter!" answered my outinian relative, "why, I'm going to look after Garnerin. I shall never be easy till I see him settled."

In process of time my uncle began to be seriously displeased at my not settling. Population, he seemed to opine, was on the wane. And if any thing should happen to my brothers Tom and Charles, and their respective families, not omitting Edward and his issue, when his intended wife should have conquered her repugnance to Lime-street, what would become of the House of Jackson? It might be dead, defunct, extinct, like the Plantagenets and Montmorencies of other days, unless I, John Jackson, of Finsbury-circus, underwriter, became accessory to its continuation. The dilemma was awful, and my uncle George had money to leave. I accordingly resolved to fall in love. This, however, I found to be a matter more easily resolved upon than accomplished. The Batavian government, after Lord Duncan's naval victory, passed a series of resolutions, the first of which ran thus: "Resolved, that a new marine be built;" but I never heard of a single seventy-four that ever after issued from Rotterdam docks: and certain disaffected Hibernians in Dublin, in the year 1798, by way of discouraging British trade, made a patriotic determination in the words and figures following, that is to say, "Resolved, that every thing coming from England be burned, except her coals, which we have occasion for." Paddy here put himself in a cleft stick, and so did I when I resolved to fall in love. A man may fall in a ditch whenever he pleases—he must fall in love when and where he can.

My mother recommended Susan Roper to me as a suitable match; and so she was as far as circumstances extend. Her father was a reputable coal merchant, living in Chatham place: I tried very much to be in love with her, and one warm evening when she sang "Hush every breeze," in a boat under the second arch of Blackfriars-bridge, and accompanied herself upon the guitar, I thought that I was in love—but it went off before morning. I was afterwards very glad it was so, for Susan Roper turned out very fat, and ate mustard with her roast beef. She married Tom Holloway, the Policy Broker, and I wished him joy. I wish it him still, but I doubt the efficacy of my prayers, inasmuch as his wife's visage bears a strong resemblance to the illuminated dial-plate of St. Giles's church clock.

My next affair was more decisive in its result. Old Mrs. Cumming, of St. Helen's-place, Bishopsgate-street, had a daughter named Jane, who taught me some duettas. We sang "When thy bosom heaves a sigh,"—"Take back the Virgin page,"—and "Fair Aurora," with impunity. But when it came to "Together let

us range the fields," where the high contracting parties talk about "tinkling rills" and "rosy beds," the old lady who had hitherto sat in seeming carelessness on the sofa, hemming doyleys, requested to speak with me in the back drawing-room; and after shutting the door, asked me my intentions. My heart was in my mouth, which plainly implied that it was still in my own keeping. Nevertheless, I had no answer ready; so Jane Cumming and I were married on that day month. My uncle George was so delighted at my being settled, that, after making us a present of a silver coffee pot, he exclaimed, "I shall now die happy," an intention, however, which he has since shown himself in no hurry to carry into effect. Now came my wife's mother into play. Sparrows leave their daughters to shift for themselves the moment they are able to take to the wing. (My uncle George calls this barbarous, and says, they should wait till they are settled.) But in Christian countries, like England, one's wife's mother is not so unnatural. Mrs. Cumming lives, as I before mentioned, in St. Helen's place: I reside in Finsbury-circus: so that the old lady has only to cross Bishopsgate-street, pass the church-yard, and issue through the iron bars at the base of Broad-street buildings, and here she is. This makes it so very convenient, that she is never out of my house. Indeed, all the congratulations of my wife's friends, verbal and epistolary, ended with this apophthegm: "Then it must be so delightful to you to have your Mamma so near!" It is, in fact, not only delightful, but quite providential. I do not know what my wife would do without my wife's mother. She is the organ blower to the organ—the kitchen jack to the kitchen fire—the verb that governs the accusative case. Mrs. Cumming has acquired, from the pressure of time, rather a stoop in her gait; but whenever my wife is in the family way, my wife's mother is as tall and perpendicular as a Prussian life-guardsmen. Such a bustling about the house, such a cry of "hush" to the pre-existent children, and such a bevy of directions to Jane! The general order given to my wife is to lie flat upon her back, and look at nothing but the fly-trap that hangs from the ceiling. For five months out of the twelve, my wife is parallel to the horizon, like a good quiet monumental wife in Westminster Abbey, and my wife's mother is sitting beside her with a bottle of Eau de Cologne in one hand, and one of my book-club books in the other. By the way, talking of book-clubs, it makes a great difference, as to the utility of those institutions, whether the members of them are married or single. My wife's mother is a woman of uncommon purity of mind, and so consequently is my wife. We have accordingly discarded our Malone and Steevens to make way for Bowdler's Family Shakespeare. My expensive quarto edition of *Paradise Lost*, printed for J. and J. Richter, Great Newport-street, in the year 1794, is dismissed to an empty garret, because it contains cuts of our first parents undecorated by the tailor and milliner. It is to be succeeded by a *Family Milton*, edited by the late Mr. Butterworth, in which our aforesaid progenitors are clad, like the poet's own evening, "in sober

gray." My wife's mother is herself editing a Family *Æsop*, in which old Menenius Agrippa's fable of the belly and the members is denominated the stomach and the members. Our family nomenclature is equally unexceptionable. Water, according to us, is the elemental fluid; a mad dog is a rabid animal; and a stroke of the palsy is a paralytic seizure. Little Charles was yesterday rebuked for alleging that he had seen a mad bull, and informed by my wife's mother that the animal, which had excited his fears, was an over-driven ox. A pair of trowsers is the rest of a man's dress; newspaper-reporters are gentlemen connected with the press; and a sheepstealer making his exit under the gallows, is not hanged but launched into eternity. Neither do our obligations to my wife's mother end here. Our workmen she has changed to operatives; and by parity of reason she would have denominated the parish work-house an opera-house, had she not been apprehensive that in so doing she might then cause Miss Fanny Ayton, in error, to call upon us in quest of a re-engagement. Old Bethlem is already Liverpool-street, and we only wait to see Edinburgh fairly launched as the modern Athens, to call Broker's-row Cabinet-crescent. But to return awhile to our book-club. My wife and my wife's mother have an amazing knack of grasping all the quartos and octavos that come to my share. They all get into my wife's boudoir, as my wife's mother has christened it, whence they seldom emerge till a week or ten days after they are transmissible. This costs me an extra sixpence per book present: but that's a trifle. I sent up stairs yesterday for something to amuse me, hoping for *De Vere*, and down came little Billy with *Baverstock on Brewing*, with a portrait of the author prefixed. I myself drink nothing but water, but the secretary of the club brews his own beer. I sent back *Baverstock on Brewing*, with a request for something more funny; whereupon my wife's mother sent me down *Sermons by the Reverend Something Andrews, of Walworth*, with a portrait of the author likewise prefixed. Mr. Burrigge, the indigo broker, happened to be with me when this latter publication arrived; and when we happened also to be discoursing about what trade my nephew Osgood should be brought up to, Mr. Burrigge cast his eye upon the portrait, and said, "Has your nephew got a black whisker?" "Yes," I answered. "And a white shirt collar?" "Yes." "Then bring him up to the church." It appears to me that a book-club would be a good thing if we could but get the books we want, and when we want them. But perhaps I am too particular.

We never have a dinner without, of course, inviting my wife's mother. Indeed she always settles the day, the dishes, and the party. Last Wednesday I begged hard to have Jack Smith invited; but no—my wife's mother was inexorable. The last time he dined with us he was asked for a song. Mrs. Cumming wanted him to sing "My Mother had a Maid called Barbara;" thinking that daughters should bear in mind not only their mothers, but their mothers' maids: whereupon what does Jack do, but break cover as follows:—

"The Greeks they went fighting to Troy;
The Trojans they came out to meet 'em:
'Tis known to each little school-boy
How the Greeks they horse-jockey'd and beat 'em.

"No house in that day was secured;
They made them too hot for their holders;
And *Æneas*, not being insured,
Pack'd off with his dad on his shoulders,
Singing Rumpti, &c."

This was intolerable. A man who would mention a husband's father thus irreverently, could only wait for an opportunity in order to lampoon a wife's mother. Jack is consequently suffering under the ban of the Finsbury empire. This reminds me of an odd incident that happened under my cognizance before I had a wife's mother. I went one night into the green-room of Drury Lane theatre. When young girls are called upon to perform in London playhouses, it is customary for their mothers to come to look after them, to adjust their dress, rub their cheeks with a rouged hare's foot, and prevent viscounts from falling in love with them. It so happened that five young girls were wanted in the drama: the consequence was that five fat black-bonneted mothers blockaded the green-room. "Did you ever see any thing like it?" ejaculated Munden in an under tone; "I'll bring my own mother to-morrow night: I've as much right as they have!"—Munden's mother!!!

My uncle George dined with us yesterday se'nnight, and before dinner asked my wife what she thought of the weather. "Mamma thinks it cold for the time of year," was the answer. At dinner, she was asked by Sir Anthony Andrews, whether she would take red or white wine: Mrs. Cumming happened at the moment to be deep in conversation with the clergyman of our parish, who sat next to her, about the opera of *Proserpina*, which the clerical gentleman wished to see revived, adding, "You remember, Ma'am, what a fine situation occurs in the story when Proserpine invokes the aid of Jove to punish her gloomy abductor." My wife's mother could not accuse herself of remembering any thing about it. When Dr. Stubble had explained the story, the old lady shook her head, and wondered that a deity, who behaved in that way to his wife's mother, could be allowed to continue on his throne. "It was in the infernal regions," said the doctor. "I'm glad of it, a brute!" ejaculated Mrs. Cumming. During the whole of this colloquy, Sir Anthony Andrews sat with his wine-glass in his right hand, waiting for my wife's decision. The poor girl—(she is only thirty-four)—waited for her mother's fiat—"White, my dear," said the old lady,—and white it was.

I own I am puzzled to know what my wife will do when my wife's mother dies, which in the course of nature she must do first. The laws of this country prevent her from mounting the pile, like a Hindoo widow, or descending into the grave, like Sinbad, the sailor. But I will not anticipate so lamentable an epoch. Two incidents more, and I have done. We went last Wednesday, with my uncle George and my wife's mother, to Covent Garden thea-

tre to see "Peter Wilkins, or the Flying Indians," whom, by the way, my wife's mother mistook for defeated Burmese. Miss M. Glover and Miss J. Scott acted two flying Gories, and were swinging across the stage, when Mrs. Cumming expressed a wish to go home. "No, no, wait a little," said my uncle, looking upward to the theatrical firmament, "I'm quite uneasy about those two girls; I hope they'll soon settle."—Last Sunday Doctor Stubble gave us an excellent sermon: the subject was the fall of man; in which he de-scented eloquently upon the happiness of Adam in Paradise. "Alas!" ejaculated I to myself, as we walked homeward, "his happiness, even there, must have been incomplete! His wife had no mother."

From the Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE ALLIGATOR. *In a Letter to Sir William Jardine, Baronet, and Prideaux John Selby, Esq. By John J. Audubon, Esq. Member of the Wernerian Natural History Society, &c.*

MY DEAR SIRS,

One of the most remarkable objects connected with the Natural History of the United States that attracts the traveller's eye, as he ascends through the mouths of the mighty sea-like river Mississippi, is the Alligator. There, along the muddy shores, and on the large floating logs, these animals are seen either lying basking and asleep, stretched to their full length, or crossing to and fro the stream in search of food, with only the head out of water. It is here neither wild nor shy, neither is it the very dangerous animal represented by travellers. But, to give you details that probably may not be uninteresting to you, I shall take you to their more private haunts, and relate what I have experienced and seen respecting them and their habits.

In Louisiana, all our lagoons, bayous, creeks, ponds, lakes, and rivers, are well stocked with them,—they are found wherever there is a sufficient quantity of water to hide them, or to furnish them with food, and they continue thus, in great numbers, as high as the mouth of the Arkansas River, extending east to North Carolina, and as far west as I have penetrated. On the Red River, before it was navigated by steam-vessels, they were so extremely abundant, that, to see hundreds at a sight along the shores, or on the immense rafts of floating or stranded timber, was quite a common occurrence, the smaller on the backs of the larger, groaning and uttering their bellowing noise, like thousands of irritated bulls about to meet in fight, but all so careless of man, that, unless shot at, or positively disturbed, they remained motionless, suffering boats or canoes to pass within a few yards of them, without noticing them in the least. The shores are yet trampled by them in such a manner, that their large tracks are seen as plentiful as those of sheep in a fold. It was on that river particularly that

thousands of the largest size were killed, when the mania of having either shoes, boots, or saddle-seats, made of their hides, lasted. It had become an article of trade, and many of the squatters and strolling Indians followed for a time no other business. The discovery that the skins are not sufficiently firm and close-grained to prevent water or dampness long, put a stop to their general destruction, which had already become very apparent. The leather prepared from these skins was handsome and very pliant, exhibiting all the regular lozenges of the scales, and able to receive the highest degree of polish and finishing.

The usual motion of the alligator, when on land, is slow and sluggish; it is a kind of laboured crawling, performed by moving alternately each leg, in the manner of a quadruped when walking, scarce able to keep up their weighty bodies from dragging on the earth, and leaving the track of their long tail on the mud, as if that of the keel of a small vessel. Thus they emerge from the water, and go about the shores and the woods, or the fields, in search of food, or of a different place of abode, or one of safety to deposite their eggs. If, at such times, when at all distant from the water, an enemy is perceived by them, they droop and lie flat, with their nose on the ground, watching the intruder's movements with their eyes, which are able to move considerably round, without affecting the position of the head. Should a man then approach them, they do not attempt either to make away or attack, but merely raise their body from the ground for an instant, swelling themselves, and issuing a dull blowing sound, not unlike that of a blacksmith's bellows. Not the least danger need be apprehended; then you either kill them with ease or leave them. But, to give you a better idea of the slowness of their movements and progress of travels on land, when arrived at a large size, say 12 to 15 feet, believe me when I tell you, that, having found one in the morning 50 yards from a lake going to another in sight, I have left him unmolested, hunted through the surrounding swamps all the day, and met the same alligator within 500 yards of the spot, when returning to my camp at dusk. On this account they usually travel during the night, they being then less likely to be disturbed, and having a better chance to surprise a litter of pigs, or of land-tortoises, for prey.

The power of the alligator is in his great strength; and the chief means of his attack or defence is his large tail, so well contrived by nature to supply his wants, or guard him from danger, that it reaches, when curved into half a circle, his enormous mouth. Woe be to him who goes within the reach of this tremendous thrashing instrument, for no matter how strong or muscular; if human, he must suffer greatly, if he escapes with life. The monster, as he strikes with this, forces all objects within the circle towards his jaws, which, as the tail makes a motion, are open to their full stretch, thrown a little sidewise, to receive the object, and, like battering-rams, to bruise it shockingly in a moment.

The alligator, when after prey in the water, or at its edge, swims so slowly towards it, as

not to ruffle the water. It approaches the object sidewise, body and head all concealed, till sure of his stroke; then, with a tremendous blow, as quick as thought, the object is secured, as I described before.

When alligators are fishing, the flapping of their tails about the water may be heard at half a mile; but, to describe this in a more graphic way, suffer me to take you along with me, in one of my hunting excursions, accompanied by friends and negroes. In the immediate neighbourhood of Bayou Sarah, on the Mississippi, are extensive shallow lakes and morasses, that are yearly overflowed by the dreadful floods of that river, and supplied with myriads of fishes of many kinds, amongst which trouts are most abundant, white-perch, cat-fish, and alligator-gars, or devil-fish. Thither, in the early part of autumn, when the heat of a southern sun has exhaled much of the water, the squatter, the planter, the hunter, all go in search of sport. The lakes are then about two feet deep, having a fine sandy bottom; frequently much grass grows in them, bearing crops of seeds, for which multitudes of water-fowls resort to those places. The edges of these lakes are deep swamps, muddy for some distance, overgrown with heavy large timber, principally cypress, hung with Spanish beard, and tangled with different vines, creeping plants and cane, so as to render them almost dark during the day, and very difficult to the hunter's progress. Here and there in the lakes are small islands, with clusters of the same trees, on which flocks of snake-birds, wood-ducks, and different species of herons, build their nests. Fishing-lines, guns, and rifles, some salt and some water, are all the hunters take. Two negroes precede them,—the woods are crossed,—the scampering deer is seen,—the racoon and the opossum cross before you,—the black, the grey, and the fox squirrel, are heard barking,—here on a tree close at hand, is seen an old male pursuing intensely a younger one; he seizes it, they fight desperately, but the older attains his end, *vincit, castratque juvenem*. (Now, my dear Sirs, if this is not mental power illustrated, what shall we call it?) As you proceed farther on, the *hunk hunk* of the lesser ibis is heard from different parts, as they rise from the puddles that supply them with cray-fishes. At last the opening of the lake is seen; it has now become necessary to drag one's-self along through the deep mud, making the best of the way, with the head bent, through the small bushy growth, caring about nought but the lock of your gun. The long narrow Indian canoe kept to hunt those lakes, and taken into them during the fresh, is soon launched, and the party seated in the bottom, is paddled or poled in search of water-game. There, at a sight, hundreds of alligators are seen dispersed over all the lake, their head, and all the upper part of the body, floating like a log, and, in many instances, so resembling one, that it requires to be accustomed to see them to know the distinction. Millions of the large wood-ibis are seen wading through the water, mudding it up, and striking deadly blows with their bills on the fish within. Here are a hoard of blue herons,—the sand-hill-crane rises with his hoarse note,—the snake-

birds are perched here and there on the dead timber of the trees,—the cormorants are fishing,—buzzards and carrion-crows exhibit a mourning train, patiently waiting for the water to dry and leave food for them,—and far in the horizon the eagle overtakes a devoted wood-duck, singled from the clouded flocks that have been bred there. It is then that you see and hear the alligator at his work,—each lake has a spot deeper than the rest, rendered so by those animals who work at it, and always situate at the lower end of the lake near the connecting bayous, that, as drainers, pass through all those lakes, and discharge sometimes many miles below where the water had made its entrance above, thereby ensuring to themselves water as long as any will remain. This is called by the hunters the Alligator's Hole. You see them there lying close together. The fish that are already dying by thousands, through the insufferable heat and stench of the water, and the wounds of the different winged enemies constantly in pursuit of them, resort to the Alligator's Hole to receive refreshment, with a hope of finding security also, and follow down the little currents flowing through the connecting sluices: but, no! for, as the water recedes in the lake, they are here confined. The alligators thrash them and devour them whenever they feel hungry, while the ibis destroys all that make towards the shore. By looking for a little on this spot, you plainly see the tails of the alligators moving to and fro, splashing, and now and then, when missing a fish, throwing it up in the air. The hunter, anxious to prove the value of his rifle, marks one of the eyes of the largest alligator, and, as the hair-trigger is touched, the alligator dies. Should the ball strike one inch astray from the eye, the animal flounces, rolls over and over, beating furiously with his tail all about him, frightening all his companions, who sink immediately, whilst the fishes, like blades of burnished metal, leap in all directions out of the water, so terrified are they at this uproar.* Another and another receives the shot in the eyes, and expires: yet those that do not feel the fatal bullet, pay no attention to the death of their companions till the hunter approaches very close, when they hide themselves for a few moments, by sinking backward.

So truly gentle are the alligators at this season, that I have waded through such lakes in company of my friend Augustin Bourgeat, Esq. to whom I owe much information, merely holding a stick in one hand to drive them off, had they attempted to attack me. When first I saw this way of travelling through the lakes, waist-deep, sometimes with hundreds of these animals about me, I acknowledge to you that I felt great uneasiness, and thought it foolhardiness to do so; but my friend, who is a most experienced hunter in that country, removed my fears by leading the way, and, after a few days, I thought nothing of it. If you go towards the head of the alligator, there is

* This so alarms the remaining alligators, that, regularly, in the course of the following night, every one, large and small, removes to another hole, going to it by water, and probably for a week not one will be seen there.

no danger, and you may safely strike it with a club, four feet long, until you drive it away, merely watching the operations of the point of the tail, that, at each blow you give, thrashes to the right and left most furiously.

The drivers of cattle from the Appelousas, and those of mules from Mexico, on reaching a lagoon or creek, send several of their party into the water, armed merely each with a club, for the purpose of driving away the alligators from the cattle; and you may then see men, mules, and those monsters, all swimming together, the men striking the alligators, that would otherwise attack the cattle, of which they are very fond, and those latter hurrying towards the opposite shores, to escape those powerful enemies. They will swim swiftly after a dog, or a deer, or a horse, before attempting the destruction of man, of which I have always remarked they were afraid, if the man feared not them.

Although I have told you how easily an alligator may be killed with a single rifle ball, if well aimed, that is to say, if it strike either in the eye or very immediately above it, yet they are quite as difficult if not shot properly; and, to give you an idea of this, I shall mention two striking facts.

My good friend, Richard Harlan, M. D. of Philadelphia, having intimated a wish to have the heart of one of those animals to study its comparative anatomy, I one afternoon went out about half a mile from the plantation, and seeing an alligator that I thought I could put whole into a hoghead of spirits, I shot it immediately on the skull bone. It tumbled over from the log on which it had been basking into the water, and, with the assistance of two negroes, I had it out in a few minutes, apparently dead. A strong rope was fastened round its neck, and, in this condition, I had it dragged home across logs, thrown over fences, and handled without the least fear. Some young ladies there, anxious to see the inside of its mouth, requested that the mouth should be propped open with a stick put in vertically; this was attempted, but at this instant the first stunning effect of the wound was over, and the animal thrashed and snapped its jaws furiously, although it did not advance a foot. The rope being still around the neck, I had it thrown over a strong branch of a tree in the yard, and hauled the poor creature up, swinging free from all about it, and left it twisting itself, and scratching with its fore-feet to disengage the rope. It remained in this condition until the next morning, when finding it still alive, though very weak, the hoghead of spirits was put under it, and the alligator fairly lowered into it with a surge. It twisted about a little, but the cooper secured the cask, and it was shipped to Philadelphia, where it arrived in course.

Again, being in company with Augustin Bourgeat, Esq. we met an extraordinary large alligator in the woods whilst hunting; and, for the sake of destruction I may say, we alighted from our horses and approached it with full intention to kill it. The alligator was put between us, each of us provided with a long stick to irritate it, and by making it turn its head partly on one side, afford us the means of shooting it immediately behind the fore-leg and

through the heart. We both discharged five heavy loads of duck-shot into its body, and almost all into the same hole, without any other effect than that of exciting regular strokes of the tail, and snapping of the jaws, at each discharge, and the flow of a great quantity of blood out of the wound, and mouth and nostrils of the animal; but it was still full of life and vigour, and to have touched it with the hand would have been madness; but as we were anxious to measure it, and to knock off some of its larger teeth, to make powder chargers, it was shot with a single ball just over the eye, when it bounded a few inches off the ground, and was dead when it reached it again. Its length was seventeen feet; it was apparently centuries old; many of its teeth measured three inches. The shots taken were without a few feet only of the circle that we knew the tail could form, and our shots went *en masse*.

As the lakes become dry, and even the deeper connecting bayous empty themselves into the rivers, the alligators congregate into the deepest hole in vast numbers; and, to this day, in such places, are shot for the sake of their oil, now used for greasing the machinery of steam-engines and cotton-mills, though formerly, when indigo was made in Louisiana, the oil was used to assuage the overflowing of the boiling juice, by throwing a ladleful into the kettle whenever this was about to take place. The alligators are caught frequently in nets by fishermen: they then come without struggling to the shore, and are killed by blows on the head given with axes.

When autumn has heightened the colouring of the foliage of our woods, and the air feels more rarefied during the nights and earlier part of the day, the alligators leave the lakes to seek for winter quarters, by burrowing under the roots of trees, or covering themselves simply with earth along their edges. They become then very languid and inactive, and, at this period, to sit or ride on one, would not be more difficult than for a child to mount his wooden rocking-horse. The negroes who now kill them, put all danger aside by separating, at one blow with an axe, the tail from the body. They are afterwards cut up in large pieces, and boiled whole in a good quantity of water, from the surface of which the fat is collected with large ladles. One single man kills oftentimes a dozen or more of large alligators in the evening, prepares his fire in the woods, where he has erected a camp for the purpose, and by morning has the oil rendered.

I have frequently been very much amused when fishing in a bayou, where alligators were numerous, by throwing a blown bladder on the water towards the nearest to me. The alligator makes for it at once, flaps it towards its mouth, or attempts seizing it at once, but all in vain. The light bladder slides off; in a few minutes many alligators are trying to seize this, and their evolutions are quite interesting. They then put one in mind of a crowd of boys running after a football. A black bottle is sometimes thrown also, tightly corked; but the alligator seizes this easily, and you hear the glass give way under its teeth as if ground in a coarse mill. They are easily caught by ne-

groes, who most expertly throw a rope over their heads when swimming close to shore, and haul them out instantly.

But, my dear sirs, you must not conclude that alligators are always thus easily conquered: there is a season when they are dreadfully dangerous; it is during spring, during the love season. The waters have again submerged the low countries; fish are difficult of access; the greater portion of the game has left for the northern latitudes; the quadrupeds have retired to the high lands; and the heat of passion, joined to the difficulty of procuring food, render these animals now ferocious and very considerably more active. The males have dreadful fights together, both in the water and on the land. Their strength and weight adding much to their present courage, exhibit them like colossuses wrestling. At this time no man swims or wades among them; they are usually left alone at this season.

About the first days of June the female prepares a nest; a place is chosen forty or fifty yards from the water, in thick bramble or cane, and she gathers leaves, sticks, and rubbish of all kinds, to form a bed to deposite her eggs; she carries the materials in her mouth, as a hog does straw. As soon as a proper nest is finished, she lays about ten eggs, then covers them with more rubbish and mud, and goes on depositing in different layers until fifty, or sixty, or more eggs are laid. The whole is then covered up, matted and tangled with long grasses, in such a manner that it is very difficult to break it up. These eggs are the size of that of a goose, more elongated, and, instead of being contained in a shell, are in a bladder, or thin transparent parchment-like substance, yielding to the pressure of the fingers, yet resuming its shape at once, like the eggs of snakes and tortoises. They are not eaten even by hogs. The female now keeps watch near the spot, and is very wary and ferocious, going to the water from time to time only for food. Her nest is easily discovered, as she always goes and returns the same way, and forms quite a path by the dragging of her heavy body. The heat of the nest, from its forming a mass of putrescent manure, cause the hatching of the eggs, not that of the sun, as is usually believed.

Some European writers say, that at this juncture the vultures feed on the eggs, and thereby put a stop to the increase of those animals. In the United States, I assure you, it is not so, nor can it be so, were the vultures ever so anxiously inclined; for, as I have told you before, the nest is so hard, and matted, and plastered together, that a man needs his superior strength, with a strong sharp stick, to demolish it.

The little alligators, as soon as hatched (and they all break shell within a few hours from the first to last), force themselves through, and issue forth all beautiful, lively, and as brisk as lizards. The female leads them to the lake, but more frequently into small detached bayous for security's sake; for now the males, if they can get at them, devour them by hundreds, and the wood ibis and the sand-hill cranes also feast on them.

I believe that the growth of alligators takes

place very slowly, and that an alligator of twelve feet long, for instance, will most probably be fifty or more years old. My reasons for believing this to be fact is founded on many experiments, but I shall relate to you one made by my friend Bourgeat. That gentleman, anxious to send some young alligators as a present to an acquaintance in New York, had a bag of young ones, quite small, brought to his house. They were put on the floor, to show the ladies how beautiful they were when young. One accidentally made its way out into a servant's room, and lodged itself snug from notice into an old shoe. The alligator was not missed, but, upwards of twelve months after this, it was discovered about the house, full of life, and, apparently, scarcely grown bigger; one of his brothers, that had been kept in a tub and fed plentifully, had grown only a few inches during the same period.

Few animals emit a stronger odour than the alligator; and, when it has arrived at great size, you may easily discover one in the woods in passing fifty or sixty yards from it. This smell is highly musky, and so strong, that, when near, it becomes insufferable; but this I never experienced when the animal is in the water, although I have, whilst fishing, been so very close to them, as to throw the cork of my fishing line on their heads, to tease them. In those that I have killed, and, I assure you, I have killed a great many, if opened, to see the contents of the stomach, or take fresh fish out of them, I regularly have found round masses of a hard substance, resembling petrified wood. These masses appeared to be useful to the animal in the process of digestion, like those found in the craws of some species of birds. I have broken some of them with a hammer, and found them brittle, and as hard as stones, which they resemble outwardly also very much. And, as neither our lakes nor rivers, in the portion of the country I have hunted them in, afford even a pebble as large as a common egg, I have not been able to conceive how they are procured by the animals, if positively stones, or by what power wood can become stone in their stomachs.

From the London Magazine.

MEMOIRS AND JOURNAL OF THEOBALD WOLFE TONE.*

THEOBALD WOLFE TONE was born in Dublin, on the 20th June, 1763, of Protestant parents: he continued a Protestant, or at least never was, or professed himself to be, a Catholic to the end of his life. He had apparently no great store of religion of any kind.

* Memoirs of Theobald Wolfe Tone, written by himself, comprising a complete Journal of his Negotiations to procure the Aid of the French for the Liberation of Ireland; with selections from his Diary whilst Agent to the Roman Catholics. Edited by his Son, William Theobald Wolfe Tone. In two volumes. Colburn. 1827.

Tone married young; went to the bar, where he does not seem to have met with or deserved much success; and began what may be called his political life in 1789, by a pamphlet (*A Review of the last Session of Parliament*) which met with great encouragement. He followed it by some others; and thus, at the outset of the French Revolution, was a political writer: he soon became an active politician. The state of the parties then existing in Ireland, the number of the Established Religion, the Dissenters, and the Catholics, he describes in the following terms:

"The first party, whom for distinction's sake, I call the *Protestants*, though not above the tenth of the population, were in possession of the whole of the government, and of five-sixths of the landed property of the nation; they were, and had been for above a century, in quiet possession of the church, the law, the revenue, the army, the navy, the magistracy, the corporations; in a word, of the whole patronage of Ireland. With properties whose title was founded in massacre and plunder, and being as it were, but a colony of foreign usurpers in the land, they saw no security for their persons and estates but in a close connexion with England, who profited by their fears, and as the price of her protection, executed the implicit surrender of the commerce and liberties of Ireland. Different events, particularly the revolution in America, had enabled and emboldened the other two parties, of whom I am about to speak, to hurry the Protestants into measures highly disagreeable to England, and beneficial to their country: but in which, from accidental circumstances, the latter durst not refuse to concur. The spirit of the corps, however, remained unchanged, as has been manifested on every occasion since which chance has offered. This party, therefore, so powerful by their property and influence, were implicitly devoted to England, which they esteemed necessary for the security of their existence; they adopted in consequence, the sentiments and language of the British cabinet; they dreaded and abhorred the principles of the French Revolution, and were in one word, an aristocracy, in the fullest and most odious extent of the term.

"The Dissenters, who formed the second party, were at least twice as numerous as the first. Like them, they were a colony of foreigners in their origin; but being engaged in trade and manufactures, with few overgrown landed proprietors among them, they did not like them feel that a slavish dependence on England was necessary to their very existence. Strong in their numbers and their courage, they felt that they were able to defend themselves, and soon ceased to consider themselves as any other than Irishmen. It was the Dissenters who composed the flower of the famous volunteer army in 1782, which extorted from the English minister, the restoration of what is affected to be called, the Constitution of Ireland; it was they who first promoted and continued the demand of a Parliamentary Reform, in which, however, they were baffled by the superior address and chicanery of the aristocracy; and it was they finally who were the first to stand forward in the most unqualified manner in sup-

port of the principles of the French revolution.

"The Catholics, who composed the third party, were about two-thirds of the nation, and formed perhaps a still greater proportion. They embraced the entire peasantry of three provinces; they constituted a considerable portion of the mercantile interest; but from the tyranny of the penal laws enacted at different periods against them, they possessed but a very small proportion of the landed property, perhaps not a fiftieth part of the whole. It is not my intention here to give a detail of that execrable and infamous code, framed with the art and malice of demons, to plunder, and degrade, and brutalize the Catholics. . . . This horrible system, pursued for above a century with unrelenting severity, had wrought its full effect, and has in fact reduced the great body of the Catholic peasantry of Ireland to a situation, morally and physically speaking, below the beasts of the field. The spirits of their few remaining gentry were broken, and their minds degraded; and it was only in the class of their merchants and traders, and a few members of the medical profession, who had smuggled an education in despite of the penal code, that any thing like political sensation existed."—pp. 53—55.

The feeling of Wolfe Tone, in the state of parties he has described, is sufficiently apparent in the description itself. He hated the English and the Protestants, not from suffering, (for he was, we have observed, of Protestant parents,) but from sympathy. "To subvert the tyranny of our execrable government, to break the connexion with England, the never-failing source of our political evils, and to assert the independence of my country—these were my objects. To unite the whole people of Ireland; to abolish the memory of all past dissensions; and to substitute the common name of Irishman in place of the denomination, Protestant, Catholic, and Dissenter; these were my means. . . . The Protestants I despaired of from the outset, for obvious reasons."—p. 64.

In pursuance of his object, Tone seems to have worked with great perseverance and skill. After having written a pamphlet in favour of an union of sects, he was invited to Belfast, where he assisted in forming the first club of United Irishmen, in October, 1791. From Belfast he returned to Dublin, and there formed, chiefly out of Protestants, the first club of United Irishmen in that city, of which the Hon. Simon Butler was the first chairman, and the famous James Napper Tandy the first secretary. The first clubs were seditious; they soon became treasonable.

Soon after this time, Tone was chosen agent of the Catholic committee of Ireland, in the room of Richard Burke, the son of Edmund Burke. Richard Burke, of whose merits the father entertained the fondest and most extravagant opinion, was, if we may believe the account of Tone, one of the most conceited, impracticable, disagreeable, and useless personages that could be met with. It must be acknowledged that Tone was Richard Burke's successor; that it was Tone's interest to oust him; but the remarks on the conduct of Burke are chiefly in Tone's private Journal, and are

borne out by all other notices of him, if we divert the latter of the deference which is paid to them to the declared opinion of the elder Burke.

While Tone was agent or secretary to the Catholic Committee, their exertions were prosecuted with great effect. A delegation was organized; the body assumed confidence, and the concessions were made to the Catholics, which placed it in the condition in which they now stand; they were admitted to the elective franchise and many inferior privileges, but excluded from Parliament, and from many offices of honour and trust.

We hasten to the most interesting period of Tone's life. Early in 1794 the Rev. W. Jackson came to Ireland from France, commissioned by the French government to ascertain whether the people of Ireland would join the French. Jackson, who was a very indiscreet man, disclosed his mission on his passage through England, to Cockayne, an English attorney, who sold his information to the government, and was instructed to follow Jackson as a spy. Tone's editor, his son, observes, "What renders this transaction the more odious, is, that before his arrival in Ireland, the life of Jackson was completely in the power of the British government. . . . He was allowed to proceed, not in order to detect an existing conspiracy in Ireland, but to form one, and thus increase the number of victims. A more atrocious instance of perfidious and gratuitous cruelty is scarcely to be found in the history of any country but Ireland." Nonsense. Jackson went to Ireland; Tone conversed with him, and undertook to go to France to give an account of the situation of Ireland; but he was disgusted by Jackson's indiscretion, and especially by his confidence in Cockayne, and withdrew his offer in the presence of the latter. Jackson was arrested, and after a long delay tried; and poisoned himself to avoid being executed. Tone made a sort of compromise with the government, and was allowed to withdraw himself from Ireland without giving any pledge as to his future conduct.

On the 13th June, 1795, Tone embarked on board an American ship for the United States, and after having narrowly escaped being pressed into the navy by three British frigates, who boarded them, and took all the seamen save one, and nearly fifty of the passengers, he arrived at Wilmington, whence he proceeded to Philadelphia. The incident on his passage made an impression on him, as the officer who boarded his vessel behaved to him and the others with the greatest insolence. He seems also to have had an obscure notion, which the Americans have since taken up, that this practice of boarding a neutral vessel at sea, and kidnapping the hands, was not in accordance with the law of nations, justice, and so forth. It is no doubt, however, a very fine practice, so long as it can be maintained. Besides, at the time in question, it was done in defence of social order.

At Philadelphia, Tone met Hamilton Rowan and Dr. Reynolds, both of whom had been also obliged to fly from Ireland. He had the means of settling comfortably in America, and for a time thought of doing so; but he was urged on

by his own desires, the entreaties of his friends in Ireland, and singular as it may appear, by those of his wife and sister, to go to France to obtain assistance to liberate his country. "I handed," he says, "the letters (from the United Irishmen in Ireland) to my wife and sister, and desired their opinion, which I foresaw would be, that I should immediately, if possible, set out for France. My wife especially, whose courage and zeal for my honour and interests were not in the least abated by all her past sufferings, supplicated me to let no consideration of her or our children, stand for a moment in the way of my engagements to our friends, and my duty to my country; adding, that she would answer for our family during my absence, and that the same Providence which had so often, as it were miraculously, preserved us, would, she was confident, not desert us now. My sister joined in those entreaties."—Vol. i. p. 196. Ireland should be proud of having produced such women, but England may be ashamed of having supported, in a country which it is her interest and duty to attach to her, a system of government which has incited mothers and sisters to urge husbands and brothers to risk their lives in attempting its destruction.

Tone sailed for Havre, and arrived there on the 1st Feb. 1796, and proceeded to Paris. In America, Tone had received intelligence from his friends in Ireland, and assurances of the rapid progress which republicanism had made in Ireland; he had communicated with the French minister, and had obtained from him a letter to the Committee of Public Safety.

The incidental notices in Tone's Journal of the state of France during the government of the Directory, are amusing. Two of the notions of the wisacres in England, at the time were, that the French government would perish through the disorder of the finances, and the people through want of food. Tone seems to have been delighted to find that people could live in France. Speaking of the country between Pontoise and Paris, he says, "an uninterrupted succession of corn, vines, and orchards, as far as the eye can reach; rich and *riant* beyond description. I see now clearly that John Bull will be able to starve France. . . . Several windmills turning as if they were grinding corn, but to be sure they have none to grind; an artful fetch to deceive the worthy Mr. Bull, and make him believe there is still some bread in France."—p. 209.

Certainly the monstrous absurdities which we believed of France during the war, were only equalled by the absurdities the French believed concerning us; our attacks were only matched by their reprisals. At one time we attempted to starve a country containing thirty millions of acres more than the United Kingdom, as if it had been the rock of Gibraltar. Then we cut off the jesuit's bark, that the poor devils might die at once of looseness and emptiness. We foretold their ruin by their assignats, they our ruin through our bank notes. The great spoiled child of victory assailed us by taking dandelion roots instead of coffee; he aimed a fatal blow at us by sweetening it with bad sugar, but we parried the stroke by drinking bad wine. In the end, however, he did not

die of his beet root, nor did we sink under our sloe juice. We have resumed cash payments, and the finances of France, notwithstanding the great burdens imposed on her since the peace, are in a most flourishing condition.

Paris, under the Directory, appears to have been, as it always has been, a very agreeable place. Though the assignats were at 6500 livres the Louis, (that is, reduced to a 260th part of their nominal value,) the Palais Royal, then *Maison Egalité*, wore its usual appearance of opulence and luxury; excellent dinners for half-a-crown, the coffee-houses as full as they could hold, the theatres superb; republican ballets were given at the opera, and *liberté, liberté, chérie*, sung with an emphasis that affected Tone most powerfully. Meantime, the Republic had no money, but contrived to keep a million of men in arms; every place was filled with soldiery, while the palaces of the Bourbons were occupied by ministers who covered the ferocity of republicanism with scarlet cassocks, rose-coloured silk stockings, and scarlet ribands in their shoes. Citizen Carnot, then one of the directors, organized victory in a petticoat of white satin, with a crimson robe richly embroidered. In short, while we were making war upon them on account of the destruction of social order amongst them, the French seem to have had their comforts and even their little fooleries, as well as if social order had never been destroyed.

Tone, without loss of time, applied himself to the main object of his mission; to inform the French government of the great desire of the Catholics and Dissenters in Ireland "to throw off the yoke of England," and to procure an armed force as a *point d'appui*, till they could organize themselves. In his communication, first with De La Croix, the minister for foreign affairs, then with Carnot and others, he seems to have displayed excellent sense and candour, and to have contended against the misconceptions that arose, and the absurd plans that were broached, with great effect. Indeed, with all the advantage which those who judge after an event, have over those who prophesy concerning it, we are inclined to esteem Tone as much for his sagacity, as his moral courage and enthusiasm.—Anxious as he was that some assistance should be sent to Ireland, and ready as he was to go, as he expressed, even with a corporal's guard, he never flattered the French government that success could be deemed at all secure with less than fifteen thousand men. Sometimes the Directory thought of sending merely money and arms, sometimes a small detachment of two thousand men, (Tone observed, they might as well send twenty,) sometimes they talked of exciting a *chouan* or guerilla warfare. All these schemes he, without ceremony, discountenanced. If twenty thousand French were in Ireland, he observed, they would have in a month, one, two, or if necessary, three hundred thousand men; but the *point d'appui* was indispensable. Clark, afterwards Duke of Feltre, and minister of war under Napoleon and the Bourbons, of Irish extraction, was, while Tone was at Paris, employed in the war department, and was for some time the channel of communication between the government

and Tone. He had a notion of gaining the aid of some of the aristocracy of Ireland. Madgett, an old Irishman in the foreign office, had a scheme for enlisting some of the Irish prisoners in the French prisons, which Tone well compares to the plan of his countryman, who got on horseback in the packet in order to get the sooner from Dublin to Holyhead. Napper Tandy, who came to France long after Tone, gave into the exaggerating spirit of his countrymen, and thought the separation from England could be effected without French troops. It is very much to the credit of the intelligence of the Directory that it entered completely into Tone's views, and determined to carry his suggestions into effect, even at the expense of sacrifices great for a government in extreme want of money and credit. General Hoche was appointed to the command of the army destined for the expedition, which was prepared nearly on the scale Tone recommended.

Lazarus Hoche was one of the men who enjoyed the highest character among the generals of republican France, and who raised the fame, and illustrated the genius of the nation. Hoche was a stable boy, who had enlisted in the French Guards before the Revolution. In 1792 he was a corporal, in 1793 he commanded the army of the Moselle, in 1794 and 1795, he subdued and pacified La Vendée. If we were to consider the moral qualities as entirely the result of education, we should, on comparing Hoche with Bonaparte, whom he considered his rival, prefer the education of the stable to that of the military school. Hoche was frank, generous, and a zealous republican. Tone gives the following account of his first conference with him:—

"As I was sitting in my cabinet, studying my tactics, a person knocked at the door, who, on opening it, proved to be a dragoon of the third regiment. He brought me a note from Clarke, informing me that the person he mentioned was arrived, and desired to see me at one o'clock. I ran off directly to the Luxembourg, and was shown into Fleury's cabinet, where I remained till three, when the door opened, and a very handsome, well made young fellow, in a brown coat and nankeen pantaloons, entered, and said, 'Vous, vous êtes le citoyen Smith?' I thought he was a chef de bureau, and replied, 'Oui, citoyen, je m'appelle Smith.' He said, 'Vous, appelez, aussi, je crois, Wolfe Tone?' 'Oui, citoyen, c'est mon véritable nom.' 'Eh bien,' replied he, 'je suis le Général Hoche.' At these words I mentioned, that I had for a long time been desirous of the honour I now enjoyed, to find myself in his company. He then said, he presumed I was the author of the memorandums which had been transmitted to him. I said, I was. 'Well,' said he, 'there are one or two points on which I want to consult you;' and he proceeded to ask me, in case of the landing being effected, might he rely on finding provisions, and particularly bread? I said, it would be impossible to make any arrangements in Ireland, previous to the landing, because of the surveillance of the government; but if that were once accomplished, there would be no want of provisions; that Ireland abounded in cattle; and, as for bread, I saw by the Gazette that there was not

only no deficiency of corn, but that she was able to supply England, in a great degree, during the late alarming scarcity in that country: and I assured him, that if the French were once in Ireland, he might rely that, whoever wanted bread, *they* should not want it.—He seemed satisfied with this, and proceeded to ask me, might we count upon being able to form a provisory government, either of the Catholic committee, mentioned in my memorials, or of the chiefs of the defenders? I thought I saw an opening here, to come at the number of troops intended for us, and replied, that would depend on the force which might be landed; if that force were but trifling, I could not pretend to say how they might act; but if it were considerable, I had no doubt of their co-operation. ‘Undoubtedly,’ replied he, ‘men will not sacrifice themselves, when they do not see a reasonable prospect of support; but, if I go, you may be sure I will go in sufficient force.’ He then asked, did I think ten thousand men would decide them? I answered, undoubtedly; but that early in the business the minister had spoken to me of two thousand; and that I had replied, that such a number could effect nothing. ‘No,’ replied he, ‘they would be overwhelmed before any one could join them.’ I was glad to hear him give this opinion, as it was precisely what I had stated to the minister; and I repeated that, with the force he mentioned, I could have no doubt of support, and co-operation sufficient to form a provisory government. He then asked me, what I thought of the priests; or was it likely they would give us any trouble? I replied, I certainly did not calculate on their assistance; but neither did I think they would be able to give us any effectual opposition; that their influence over the minds of the common people was exceedingly diminished of late; and I instanced the case of the defenders, so often mentioned in my memorials, and in these memorandums. I explained all this, at some length, to him, and concluded by saying, that, in prudence, we should avoid as much as possible shocking their prejudices unnecessarily; and that, with common discretion, I thought we might secure their neutrality at least, if not their support. I mentioned this merely as my opinion; but added that, in the contrary event, I was satisfied it would be absolutely impossible for them to take the people out of our hands. We then came to the army. He asked me, how I thought they would act? I replied, for the regulars, I could not pretend to say, but that they were wretched bad troops; for the militia, I hoped and believed that when we were once organized, they would not only not oppose us, but come over to the cause of their country en masse; nevertheless, I desired him to calculate on their opposition, and make his arrangements accordingly; that it was the safe policy, and if it became necessary, was so much gained. He said he would, undoubtedly, make his arrangements so as to leave nothing to chance that could be guarded against; that he would come in force, and bring great quantities of arms, ammunition, stores and artillery; and for his own reputation see that all the arrangements were made on a proper scale. I was very glad to hear him speak thus;

it set my mind at ease on divers points. He then said there was one important point remaining, on which he desired to be satisfied, and that was, what form of government we should adopt in the event of our success? I was going to answer him with great earnestness, when General Clarke entered, to request we would come to dinner with Citizen Carnot. We accordingly adjourned the conversation to the apartment of the president, where we found Carnot and one or two more. Hoche, after some time, took me aside, and repeated his question. I replied, ‘most undoubtedly a republic.’ He asked again, ‘are you sure?’—I said, ‘as sure as I can be of any thing: I know nobody in Ireland who thinks of any other system; nor do I believe there is any body who dreams of monarchy.’ He then asked me, ‘is there no danger of the Catholics setting up one of their chiefs for king?’ I replied, ‘not the smallest; and that there were no chiefs amongst them of that kind of eminence. This is the old business again; but I believe I satisfied Hoche: it looks well to see him so anxious on that topic, on which he pressed me more than on all the others. Carnot joined us here, with a pocket-map of Ireland in his hand, and the conversation became pretty general between Clarke, Hoche, and him, every one else having left the room. I said scarcely any thing, as I wished to listen. Hoche related to Carnot the substance of what had passed between him and me. When he mentioned his anxiety as to bread, Carnot laughed, and said, ‘there is plenty of beef in Ireland; if you cannot get bread, you must eat beef.’ I told him, I hoped they would find enough of both; adding, that within the last twenty years Ireland had become a great corn country, so that, at present, it made a considerable article in her exports.”—Vol. ii. pp. 14—18.

From this time to December, the patience of Tone was sadly tried, by necessary and unnecessary delays. He was appointed by the Directory chef de brigade, and afterwards adjutant-general, and was treated by Hoche with great kindness and confidence. Hoche was afraid of a monarchy or aristocratical government arising in Ireland. It must be agreeable to the Orange gentry of that country to know, how it was proposed to deal with them. “We then spoke,” says Tone, “of the aristocracy of Ireland; and I assured him, that what I apprehended was, not the aggrandizement, but the massacre of that body, from the just indignation of the people, whom they have so long and so cruelly oppressed; adding, that it was what I sincerely deprecated, but what I feared was too likely to happen.” He said, “certainly the spilling of blood was at all times to be avoided, as much as possible; that he did conceive, in such explosions as that which was likely to take place in Ireland, it was not to be supposed but that some individuals would be sacrificed; but the less the better; and it was much wiser to secure the persons of those I mentioned, or to suffer them to emigrate to England, as they would no doubt be ready to do, than to put them to death;” in which I most sincerely agreed, for I am like Parson Adams, “I do not desire to have the blood even of the wicked upon me.”

In September, Tone had quitted Paris for Rennes, where he lodged with the general's staff, in the palace of the ci-devant bishop of Rennes, "a superb mansion, but not much the better for the Revolution." He there became intimate with a Colonel Shee, who was attached to the expeditionary army, and who had been secretary to the Duke of Orleans (*Egalité*). It is worthy of remark, though the subject is too large to enter on in detail, that Shee, whom Tone represents to have been a man of integrity, was most zealous in defence of the duke, and succeeded in satisfying Tone "not only of that prince's innocence as to the accusation on which he was guillotined, but as to his general character as a man of honour, courage, and probity." Shee had nothing to gain by defending the duke's character—firstly, because he was ruined—secondly, because he was unpopular—thirdly, because he was dead. At the end of October they set out for Brest; and on the road Tone learned the arrest of Russell, his most intimate friend, and some others of his political associates, in Belfast. Villaret Joyeuse, the admiral, did every thing to impede the expedition, in the hope, according to Tone, of being sent to the Indian station, where there was greater chance of prize-money. At any rate, he was superseded, and the command given to Moraud de Galls. On the 2d of December, Hoche embarked on board the *Indomptable*, of eighty guns. The naval force consisted of seventeen sail of the line, thirteen frigates, and other vessels of war and transports, making in all forty-three sail, carrying thirteen thousand nine hundred and seventy-five soldiers of the expedition; forty-one thousand one hundred and sixty stand of arms; twenty pieces of field, and nine of siege artillery; with a great quantity of stores. On the fifteenth the fleet sailed. They soon parted company; and on the twenty-first, when they made Cape Clear, the first place of rendezvous, seven sail were missing,* among them the *Fraternité* frigate, which carried both Hoche and the Admiral. The general of the highest rank in that part of the fleet which continued together was Grouchy, afterwards the marshal. The following is an extract from Tone's Journal of the twenty-second:—

"This morning, at eight, we have neared Bantry Bay considerably, but the fleet is terribly scattered; no news of the *Fraternité*; I believe it is the first instance of an admiral in a clean frigate, with moderate weather, and moonlight nights, parting company with his fleet. . . . All rests now upon Grouchy, and I hope he may turn out well; he has a glorious game in his hands, if he has spirit and talent to play it. If he succeeds it will immortalize him." Poor Grouchy is immortalized, but not by his successes.

Fortunately for England, the instructions given to the members of the expedition were to cruise five days off Cape Clear, and then to make for the Shannon. Whether this order was intended to apply to the case of thirty-six out of forty-two ships having kept together, was a question about which Hoche, observed

Tone, "if he were in Grouchy's place, would not have hesitated a moment." A very short hesitation was fatal to the success of the expedition. On the twenty-first the troops might have been landed from thirty-six ships. On the twenty-second, the fleet was somewhat scattered—landing would have been difficult had it been decided on. In the night of the twenty-second it blew a gale, and twenty of the thirty-six ships were blown to sea; sixteen, including nine or ten of the line, anchored in Bantry Bay. In these sixteen ships were about six thousand five hundred soldiers, and with them at last Grouchy, with the advice of the staff, resolved to proceed. But a pertinacious east wind prevented them from reaching Bantry so as to land the troops. On the twenty-sixth, other ships were blown to sea, and the fleet was reduced to seven sail of the line and a frigate. With these, and four thousand one hundred and sixty-eight men, the remaining general (Grouchy was no longer among them) determined to proceed to the mouth of the Shannon. On the night of the twenty-seventh it blew a hurricane, three ships of the line and a frigate only remained together. On the twenty-eighth, and on the twenty-ninth, the commanders then remaining in command, made signal for them to make sail for France. They reached Brest in safety on the 13th January. In going or returning they saw not one English ship of war. Hoche, however, in the *Fraternité*, was returned to France, after his comrades, sailed twenty-four hours unobserved in the midst of the English fleet.

"Notwithstanding all our blunders," said Tone, "it is the dreadful stormy weather, and easterly winds, which have been blowing furiously, and without intermission, since we have made Bantry Bay, that have ruined us. England has not had such an escape since the Spanish Armada." But for this, in fact we think there is no one who considers the state of Ireland at that time, who must not conclude, that it would have been lost to England. Tone himself, was not at the time acquainted with the extent of the military organization, and state of preparation of the United Irishmen. It was at this time (December, 1796) that the people in Ireland were most generally provided with arms. In the beginning of 1797, great quantities were seized; and in the course of that year, according to Sir R. Musgrave, forty-eight thousand one hundred and nine guns, and seventy thousand six hundred and thirty pikes, were seized in the provinces of Leinster and Ulster. The English generals and troops then in Ireland, were in no wise comparable to the French for efficiency and discipline, nor would it have been possible to have collected, in a short time, a force that would have attacked thirteen thousand men under Hoche or Grouchy with any prospect of success. The Irish militia, who composed a great part of the force of the government, were not to be depended on: the yeomanry was not then organized. The French troops too, would not have needed to have left detachments in any of the places through which they passed. The whole of their force could have taken the field, as they might have relied on their Irish levies, and on the good wishes of the people of the country. In

* Of these, one had been lost coming out of Brest.

act, they would have had against the English not the disadvantages of invaders, but the advantages of men who defended their country against an invasion. This was remarkably proved in the subsequent expedition of Humbert, who, with less than a thousand men, was enabled to defeat double the number of King's troops who were brought against him—two hundred and fifty of the Irish militia enlisting with him after the battle. If Hoche, or even Grouchy had landed, in two months he would have been making demonstrations over against Liverpool with 100,000 men.

Hoche on his return, showed the same kindness to Tone as before; and unabated zeal to prosecute the objects of the expedition. He observed that the refitting of the fleet would require time; the republic could not afford to allow fifteen thousand men to be idle, and they thought he might serve them on the Rhine; but he would return, and embark with the first detachment. An expedition was prepared in Holland by the Batavian Republic, equal in magnitude to that which had sailed from Brest, and with a much better fleet. The intention was, that it should have sailed for Ireland, round the north of Scotland. It was through mere accident that it did not sail at the very time when the mutiny at the Nore would have prevented the British fleet from pursuing it. The east winds which drove the French out of Bantry Bay, would not blow to carry the Dutch out of the Texel. The expedition was locked up till the English were able to blockade the Dutch coast, and the winds, probably a second time, saved Ireland. Another auxiliary contributed to preserve it.

Hoche, who during the equipment of the Dutch expedition had showed as much disinterestedness as zeal, went to Holland to urge the Batavian Republic to the enterprise; but he gave up the command in favour of Daendels, in order that the activity of the Dutch might be stimulated by their pride. He still continued, while in the command of the army of the Sambre and Meuse, to give his advice, and employ his good offices, in behalf of the expedition, with the Dutch and French governments. In September (1797) Tone visited his head quarters, and was alarmed at the state of his health, of which the general and those about him took no heed. He observed in his Journal, that he should not be surprised in three months Hoche would be in a consumption. In six days Hoche was dead.

Bonaparte was the general to whom Tone now looked; but Bonaparte had no sympathy with the Irish—had not the honesty, or the practical good sense of Hoche. It was with difficulty Tone could persuade him that there were more than two millions of people in Ireland. He was bent on his expedition to Egypt.

Tone's son remarks, and others we believe have remarked before him, that Bonaparte threw away in two similar instances the means of benefiting himself and France,—by not securing the independence of Poland, and not promoting the independence of Ireland. He gives a reported saying of Bonaparte to the Directory, implying all they could hope from Ireland was, that it would be a diversion to the strength of England, and that the rebels

then, without French aid, afforded that diversion. That this diversion was death to him, did not enter into his contemplation. His neglect both of Poland and Ireland betrayed the other great defect of his mind—his preference of enterprises which had only their distance to recommend them. Overlooking Ireland, he would attack the English in the east—overlooking Poland, he would march to Moscow. The first reverses showed that he had made no friends, though he had compromised with many enemies.

We have not space to pursue Tone's history in detail. He sailed for Ireland in one of those petty expeditions which he had dissuaded; was taken in the Hoche, after fighting bravely in a desperate action; was tried by (God knows why) a military commission,* and was sentenced to be hanged. The Court of King's Bench ordered execution to be stayed. He cut his throat in prison, and after languishing a few days, died. His conduct before the court-martial was admirable for cheerful manliness. The letters which he wrote after his conviction to his wife breathe the same spirit. He seems to have been irreproachable in all the relations of domestic life and social intercourse; a man of sense, gaiety, courage, and talents; a man to make us suspect there is something rotten in the government which he was armed to overthrow.

The book is well edited by the son of Tone, who was an officer in the service of Napoleon, and is, we believe, now in America. Both father and son have some trash on the means taken by the government in Ireland to support itself against the associates of Mr. Tone, which are called cruel, and so forth. No doubt the expedients resorted to in Ireland were such as are not generally deemed justifiable in civilized countries; for instance, torture applied, not by judicial authorities, but by inferior functionaries, and almost *ad libitum*, by any man who had the physical force at his command. But the maxims which are generally applied to the conduct of civilized governments, suppose a disposition in the mass of the people to support the government, resulting from a watchfulness in the government over the welfare of the mass of the people. But in Ireland the hatred of the people to the government was so deep-rooted and general, that the ordinary maxims were inapplicable. In other countries it would be unjust to flog a man against whom there was no evidence, in order that he might confess treason, because in the worst times, it would be a thousand chances to one that he had no treason to confess. But in Ireland, the agents of government could scarcely flog amiss. Sir R. Musgrave justifies it on this ground, and shows the fatal consequences of an application to Ireland of the ordinary rules of justice:—"Many severe animadversions," he says, "have been made on a practice which took place in Ireland a short time previous to and during the

* Tone says, somewhere in his Journal, Erskine, who was deemed no great lawyer in England, knew more law than the twelve Irish Judges and the Chancellor to boot. Tone did not object to the commission, as he had a wish to be shot, not hanged.

Rebellion, of whipping persons notoriously disaffected, for the purpose of extorting evidence from them. Whoever considers it abstractedly, must of course condemn it, as obviously repugnant to the letter of the law, the benign principles of our constitution, and those of justice and humanity: but these principles, he goes on to show, had nothing to do with Ireland.—“To disarm the disaffected was impossible, because their arms were concealed; and to discover all the traitors was equally so, because they were bound by oaths of secrecy, and the strongest sanctions of their religion, not to impeach their fellow traitors. But suppose the fullest information could have been obtained of the guilt of every individual, it would have been impracticable to arrest and commit the multitude.”—Aye, there’s the rub. “Some men of discernment and fortitude perceived that some new expedient must be adopted to prevent the subversion of government and the destruction of society, and whipping was resorted to.”—*Memoirs of the different Rebellions in Ireland, Appendix, xxii.*

He gives the same reasons for free-quartering. In short, the atrocities practised in support of the government, were not more than sufficient to create a terror to counterbalance the effects of the hatred which the people felt towards it. The government was obliged to support itself—though Mr. Tone may say “*Je n’en vois pas la nécessité.*”

Whether it is wise to govern a country closely connected with us so as to have made it necessary to resort to these expedients—so as to have made it a mere matter of chance—a matter dependent on an east or a west wind, whether at the expense of any cruelty it could have been preserved—so as to have made traitors respectable, and loyal men odious? This is another question, which we shall not now discuss.

From the Monthly and European Magazine.

FREDERICK AUGUSTUS, KING OF SAXONY.

FREDERICK AUGUSTUS, King of Saxony, eldest son of Frederick Christian, Elector of Saxony, was born on the 23d of December, 1750. At the age of thirteen he succeeded his father, as elector; the administration being intrusted, during his minority, to his eldest uncle, Prince Xavier. In 1768, when he assumed the government, Saxony was still suffering from the consequences of the seven years’ war; but, under the rule of the young prince, directed by his minister, Gutschmidt, it soon attained a comparatively flourishing state. In the course of a few days, bank paper, which had been greatly depreciated, rose above its nominal value.

In 1769, Frederick Augustus married Mary Amelia Augusta, sister of the elector, afterwards King of Bavaria. The only offspring of the marriage was one daughter, Mary Augusta, born in 1782, and married in 1819, to Ferdinand VII. King of Spain.

In the early part of Frederick’s electoral

reign the ancient Saxon code, notorious for its severity in criminal cases, was greatly mitigated, and the torture was abolished. In 1776, a plot was formed against the elector’s person; but, through the information of the King of Prussia, it was discovered in time to prevent mischief, and Colonel Agnolo, a Transalpine, the chief conspirator, was arrested. The electress dowager, dissatisfied with her political nullity in the state, was supposed to be implicated in this affair. The sincere attachment to the elector, at this period, evinced by Marcolini, an Italian, belonging to the household, subsequently procured for him the rank of minister.

Maximilian, elector of Bavaria, the last male branch of his house, died in 1777. The nearest heir to his personal property was the mother of the elector of Saxony; and, to enforce his claims, as her representative, that Prince allied himself with Frederick II. of Prussia, in opposition to Austria, which, after a brief contest, withdrew her claim, and Frederick of Saxony became possessed of half a million sterling of the personal effects of the deceased elector.

By locality of situation, as well as by political connexion, the elector of Saxony was induced to join with Prussia to watch, if not to overawe Austria. He was also one of the first to accede to the alliance of princes, projected by the king of Prussia, ostensibly to support the neutrality of the secondary states of the empire, but virtually to operate against the schemes of Austria.

In 1791, Frederick of Saxony magnanimously declined the offer of the crown of Poland, proffered to him in the name of the Polish nation. In the same year, the memorable conferences, between the emperor Leopold and the king of Prussia, were held at Pillnitz, one of Frederick’s country houses. The elector of Saxony was unable to avert the projected war against France; but he entered into the coalition against that power with great reluctance. In the ensuing year, when the French troops invaded the Netherlands, and the districts on the Lower Rhine, he was compelled to furnish, for his own protection, as a prince of the empire, his contingent of troops to the general army. For four years he adhered to the allies; but when, after the treaty of Basil, between Prussia and France, the French General Jourdan in 1796, penetrated into Franconia, he proposed an armistice, and acted on the principle of neutrality. During the congress of Rastadt, from 1797 to 1799, he exerted himself to the utmost to preserve the integrity of the empire. In the contest between France and Austria, in 1805, he remained neutral; but, from his connexion with Prussia, he was under the necessity of granting to the troops of that power a passage through Saxony, and also to furnish, in the following year a body of 22,000 auxiliaries. The victories of Jena and Auerstadt laid open his territories to the French: the respect due to his personal character proved serviceable to his people; but, as the price of the elector’s neutrality, Buonaparte subjected Saxony to heavy requisitions, and to a contribution in money of 1,000,000 sterling. To relieve his subjects,

the elector made great advances to France, out of his own personal treasury, and from his own personal estates.

In consequence of the treaty signed at Pozen, in December, 1806, the fortifications of Dresden were levelled with the ground. Saxony, however, was constituted a kingdom; and, as a king, the elector acceded to the confederation of the Rhine. The subsequent treaty of Tilsit conveyed to the new king certain provinces detached from Prussia in various quarters. Frederick was, on the other hand, bound to maintain a body of 20,000 men to be at the command of Buonaparte for the defence of France. Consequently in 1809, he was compelled to march his troops against Austria; but it was evident that the proclamations which he issued from Frankfort, whither he retired whilst his states were occupied by the Austrians, were dictated by his French connexion.

The king of Saxony was obliged to quit Dresden on the approach of the Russians, in the beginning of 1813; but he was restored to France after the battles of Lutzen and Bantzen; and afterwards, his country became the seat of war. Numerous were the disasters by which its utter ruin was threatened. Ultimately, the king of Saxony was conducted to Berlin, while a Russian general commanded in Dresden. In October, 1814, the Russian officer delivered up his charge to the Prussians, a transfer supposed to have been long previously arranged. Against this arrangement Frederick made a most energetic protest, positively refusing his consent or acceptance of any indemnification whatsoever. At length, in February, 1815, the Emperors of Russia and Austria, and the King of Prussia, determined that the King of Saxony should relinquish to Prussia a tract of valuable country, containing 164,000 inhabitants—that he should lose his share of Poland—that he should cede tracts of land to Saxe Weimar and to Austria—and that his remaining territory should be reduced to an extent of country, inhabited by only 1,128,000. Soon afterwards, Frederick Augustus united his contingent of troops to the allied armies, and they formed a part of the army of occupation on the frontier of France. His efforts were henceforward sedulously employed in healing the deep and dangerous wounds of his kingdom. Through the influence of the King of Prussia, he, on the 1st of May, 1817, acceded to the Holy Alliance.

His Majesty, the king of Saxony, expired at Dresden, on the 5th of May, after an illness of two days. His successor, the present king, is his cousin, of the same name, the son of his uncle, Maximilian and Caroline Mary Theresa of Parma. He was born on the 18th of May, 1797. He accompanied the Saxon troops to France in 1815, and he was then contracted with a daughter of the Emperor of Austria.

from the Monthly and European Magazine.

WILLIAM MITFORD, ESQ.

WILLIAM MITFORD, Esq., whose name will stand to posterity, as that of the historian of

Greece, was the elder brother of Lord Redesdale, a descendant from the Mitfords, of Mitford Castle, in Northumberland; a very ancient family, the original name of which was Bertram. He was the son of John Mitford, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, by his wife, Philadelphia, daughter of Wm. Revely, of Newby, in the county of York, Esq., and first cousin of Hugh Percy, first Duke of Northumberland. He was born in London, on the 10th of February, 1744. The early part of his education was received at Cheam School, Surrey, whence he was sent to Queen's College, Oxford. There he made great progress in his studies, and became inspired with an ardent taste for ancient literature.

On leaving college, he commenced the study of the law; but quitted that profession, on obtaining a commission in the South Hampshire Militia, in which regiment he afterwards was Lieutenant-colonel. His father died in 1761, when he succeeded to the family estate in Hampshire. As early as the year 1766, he married Frances, daughter of James Molloy, Esq., of Dublin, whose wife, Anne, daughter of Henry Rye, of Farringdon, in the County of Berks, Esq., was related to the noble family of Bathurst.

About the year 1774, Mr. Mitford published anonymously an octavo volume, entitled "An Essay on the Harmony of Language, intended principally to illustrate that of the English Language." A second edition of the work appeared in 1804.

In 1778, Mr. Mitford was chosen Verdurer of the New Forest. The house which he rebuilt there, about twenty years ago, and in which he was accustomed to reside during part of the year, is delightfully situated, in the neighbourhood of, and between Lymington and Southampton, on the shore of the west channel, or Solerit Sea, nearly opposite Yarmouth, in the Isle of Wight. The beauties of the place have been illustrated by the pencil, and also by the pen, of the picturesque Gilpin.

While in the militia, Mr. Mitford published a "Treatise on the Military Force, and particularly of the Militia of the Kingdom;" and, in 1791, while the public mind was agitated with a grand national question, relative to the means of supplying the country with bread, he published another tract, entitled "Considerations on the Opinion stated by the Lords of the Committee of Corn, in a Representation to the King upon the Corn Laws, that Great Britain is unable to produce Corn sufficient for its own Consumption," &c. It was Mr. Mitford's opinion, that it was not only possible, but easy, for our Island to supply a sufficient quantity of wheat for the use of its inhabitants.

It was in the year 1784 that the first volume of Mr. Mitford's "History of Greece," in 4to. came before the public. The favourable manner in which it was received by the ablest and soundest critics, encouraged the author to proceed. The second volume was published in 1790; the third in 1797; but the work was not completed till the year 1810. As a whole, this production displays great research, and is executed with much judgment.

Mr. Mitford was twice elected M. P. for the

borough of Beeralston, in Devonshire; thirdly, for New Romney, in Kent. He first became a member of the Legislature in 1796; but he does not appear to have spoken in the House until 1798, when he delivered his opinion on a proposition, brought forward by Mr. Secretary Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville, for increasing the number of field officers in the militia, &c. He opposed the measure in its different stages; contending that the militia should be governed by the militia laws, and not by those of the regular army; and strongly recommending a salutary jealousy, relative to a standing army in this country. On a subsequent occasion he again advocated the cause of the militia, and strenuously opposed certain innovations which were then contemplated.

By his lady, Mr. Mitford had a family of six or seven; of whom his third son, Henry, after attaining the rank of a captain in the Royal Navy, perished in the service of his country. Mr. Mitford died in the month of February.

Miscellaneous Selections.

Cats' Eyes.—Observations seem to me sufficiently to prove, 1st, That the shining of the eyes of the cat, and of other animals which present the same phenomenon, does not arise from a phosphoric light, but only from a reflected light; that, consequently, 2d, It is not by an effect of the will of the animal, or by that of certain passions, that this light emanates from its eyes; 3d, That this shining does not manifest itself in absolute or too profound darkness; 4th, That it cannot enable the animal to move with security in the dark.—*Biblioth. Britannique.*

Sale of Coins and Medals.—Some unique specimens of English coins, in gold and silver, were put up to sale lately in the Strand. Among them were the following English coins, from the Conquest:—Stephen, with horseman's mace; sold for 13*l.*—Edward the First's groat, "Civitas London," weighing 84 grains, and in good preservation, 5*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.* These two were said to have been formerly in the collection of Thomas Hollis.—Richard the Third's half groat, inscribed "Ricardus," &c. "Civitas Cantor," a unique specimen, weighing 23 grains, sold for 7*l.* 10*s.*—Richard the Third's penny, struck at Durham by Bishop Sherwood, well preserved, 4*l.* 4*s.*—Henry the Seventh's penny, with the arched crown, the first coinage, struck at Canterbury, a very fine specimen, and said to be of great rarity, 6*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.*—Perkin Warbeck's groat, said to have been struck by the Duchess of Burgundy, sister of Edward the Fourth, date 1494, sold for 21*l.*—Henry the Seventh's shilling, with numerals, 3*l.* 11*s.*—Henry the Seventh's groat, inscribed "Henri Septim," &c. a unique specimen, 10*l.* 5*s.*—There were also some beautiful specimens of gold coins, many of which produced very large sums, as did also some curious and interesting coins of Charles the First, said to have been struck during his troubles. Among these latter were the half-groat struck at Aberystwith, with the date of 1646; and the Exeter half-crown, type of the Oxford money, 1644; the

latter of great rarity and interest, as proving that all the Exurgat money was not coined at Oxford. There were, besides, about two dozen specimens of the money of Charles the First and Second, including Blondeau's half-crown, and the famous petition crown of Charles the Second, by Thomas Simon. The Broad, or Twenty Shilling piece of Charles the First, was knocked down at 17 guineas and a half, to Mr. Bolland, the barrister, who also bought, besides many other lots, the proof guinea of George the Third, by Pingo, of the date of 1774, at 2*l.* 16*s.*

Discovery Ship.—The Hecla, Captain Parry, bound on a voyage of discovery to West-Spitzbergen and the North Pole, sails on the present occasion alone. Her burden is about 400 tons, and though a post ship, she only carries two six-pounders, and a complement of 64 men: namely, three lieutenants; first lieutenant, Mr. Ross; second ditto, Mr. Foster, who acts likewise as astronomer and surveying officer; third ditto, Mr. Crosier; master, Mr. Crawford, a gentleman well acquainted with the Greenland navigation and trade, who has made four voyages in the Hecla before; master's mate, Mr. Ware, lately returned from Africa; surgeon, Mr. Beverley; assistant ditto, Mr. Mac Cronick; three midshipmen: in all twenty officers and warrant officers, seven marines, and a fine crew of seamen. The ship carries nineteen months' provisions, forty-five chaldron of coals, and her water in tanks, instead of water casks, which constitutes a great saving in stowage. The greatest attention has been paid to the victualling department of the ship. Preserved meat, beef, pork, veal, and mutton, besides vegetables, are carried out in tin cannisters, besides 2000 pounds weight of pemican, a concentrated essence of meat dried by a fire of oak and elm wood, six pounds of the best beef being reduced to one pound, the contrivance of a Mr. Holmes. Samples of this quintessence of animal food were shown on board, having the appearance, and somewhat the flavour, of German sausages, with this difference, however, that the expense of it is said to be 17*s.* per pound. This is intended to be used in the boats after leaving the ship at Spitzbergen, as well as the biscuit powder. The strength of the rum is rectified to 55 per cent. above proof. The ship herself is secured by strong iron knees, both fore and aft. She is lined all over with a coating of cork, in layers of three inches thick, to protect the men against cold and damp. Iron flues of a semi-cylindrical shape, convey heated air to all parts of the ship, from a stove below the lower deck, as well as from a caboose between decks, subject to the regulation of a thermometer. From 60 to 70 dead lights, in various parts of the deck, convey light to not only all the officers' and warrant officers' cabins, but likewise to the crew. They are so arranged that they may be taken out, and ventilators screwed in their places to air the ship. The boards of the upper deck are not laid longitudinally, as usual, but diagonally, for the sake of the greater strength. A patent capstan, by Phillips, in a perpendicular position, with three multiplying wheels, is placed betwixt the main and mizzen

mast, besides a horizontal one aft of the foremast: the former being of a new construction. In comfort for the crew, the *Hecla* far exceeds any ship of her size. Every two men have a large box, like an arm-chest, assigned to them, duly numbered, which serves for a seat. The tables are covered with green baize. Light, airiness, elegance, and salubrity, characterize every part between decks. Two arm-chests, four pumps, three compasses, one of them an elevated stand, and five boats are upon deck, and three ice-boats have arrived from Woolwich, but are for the present deposited in the King's yard. Captain Parry's great cabin contains a library of a considerable number of miscellaneous works; and a large assortment of clothing, furs, and other equipments, calculated for the climate he purposes to revisit. Fur jackets, coats, or rather tunics, of Esquimaux manufacture, trowsers, and fur boots, in great variety, some lined with seal skins, others with wolf, racoon, or bear skins; some for wear in the day-time, others to sleep in on the ice, with caps attached to them; snow-shoes (Canadian) four feet long, with net-work of catgut, extremely light; eye-preservers of gauze wire, shaped like spectacles, but convex, and some two inches broad, to go round the temples and cheek bones. The ice-anchors differ materially from the common anchor, having but one hook, or rather only a hook, the other at the top being compressed somewhat like a Roman S. The ice-boats themselves are provided with large wheels of the same circumference as coach-wheels at the stern, and a pole projecting four feet a-head, to be drawn by rein-deer, or, in default thereof, by the crew when on the ice; and when in the water are rowed by ten or twelve oars; the iron keels, ornamented below, are perforated with holes, to admit ropes, for their being hauled off either way. They are of considerable length. The *Hecla* herself is abundantly found in every thing necessary, has two sets of sails, and new cloth to make one more, plenty of spare masts, spars, and yards, cordage, ropes, tackle, apparel, and furniture of every kind and description; instruments, both astronomical, optical, and nautical; time-pieces, &c.; but neither her construction, nor additional strengthenings, can make her sail well, for her greatest velocity never exceeded eight knots.

Luther.—Mr. Lemon, of the State Paper Office, has found, in his indefatigable researches, a portrait of Luther, in wood, and coloured. It appears to have been sent to England soon after that great reformer's death, in 1546; and represents him seated in his study, with a skull resting on a Bible before him, and a small clasped book in one hand. An hour-glass and pen and ink are on either side, and a German poem, beneath which is amplified the famous prophecy against the pope.

French Book Trade.—The demand for books and every species of literature in France, in direct opposition to the wishes of the High Court party, is increasing. It appears that seven times more books were printed in 1825 than in 1811; and the number for 1826 was one-fifth more than that for 1825. In the Cou-

rier Francis, there is a curious statistical account of the literature of France in 1811 and 1825, drawn up by Count Daru, of which the following is an abstract, being exclusive of official papers or daily Journals:—

In 1811 there were printed—		Sheets.
On Legislation	- - -	2,831,662
On the Sciences	- - -	2,214,363
Philosophy	- - -	413,298
Political Economy	- - -	131,133
Military Affairs	- - -	1,147,400
The Fine Arts	- - -	161,525
Literature	- - -	3,781,826
History	- - -	3,375,891
Divers subjects, Almanacks, &c.	- - -	1,885,869
Theology	- - -	2,509,752

In 1825, the number had risen to—		Total
Legislation	- - -	15,929,839
Sciences	- - -	10,928,927
Philosophy	- - -	2,804,182
Political Economy	- - -	2,915,826
Military Affairs	- - -	1,457,913
The Fine Arts	- - -	2,937,301
Literature	- - -	30,205,158
History	- - -	39,457,957
Divers subjects	- - -	3,886,973
Theology	- - -	17,487,037

Total 128,010,483

Reckoning eleven sheets to the volume, the difference in favour of 1826, amounts to more than ten millions of volumes.

German Literature.—In Germany, among the unaccountable number of non-political journals, there appear at this time, a morning, a mid-day, an evening, and a midnight gazette. The latter, so far from being sleepy, is the most lively and spirited of them all, being edited by the celebrated poet Mülner. There is also announced as nearly ready for publication, at Berlin, the *Fool's Gazette* (*die Narrenzeitung*), to appear three times a week, for the benefit of every description of fools.

The celebrated musical composer, Beethoven, died at Vienna, on the 31st of March; being deeply deplored, an immense crowd of persons attended his funeral; the file of carriages was endless.

The University of Gottingen counts at present 1460 students, of whom 352 study theology, 652 the law, 284 medicine, and 172 the philosophical sciences.

The University of Munich had on the 23d of December last 1342 students.

Russian Literature.—Since the introduction of printing presses into Russia, from 1553 to 1823, there have been published in the Russian and the Slavonic languages—which is the mother of the former—13,249 original works and translations.

Gold Mines of the Ural.—The Ural Mountains are divided into the large ridge and the Guberlinsk Mountains: the latter stretching far to the south among the Steppes of the Khirghises. The highest summit of these is

the Cliff of Padovinsk, which, according to Cassini's account, rises to a height of 6,365 feet above the level of the Caspian Sea. Several navigable rivers are highly advantageous to the inland navigation, such as the Kama, the Ural, and Betaja. On the banks of the river Holwa, which flows from the Ural, a battle was fought in 1472, the consequence of which was, that these countries fell under the dominion of Russia. The Ural Mountains may be divided according to their qualities into three departments; 1st, The high and rocky mountains; these are well supplied with wood and water, and are peculiarly well adapted for manufactories and mining operations of all kinds; 2dly, The hills; and 3dly, The cultivated valleys, the inhabitants of which have a good demand for their produce among the people higher up among the mountains, by which they gain the means of meeting the taxes they have to pay to the Government. The Ural range has a great number of caverns, many of which are well worthy of attention: one of these has four vaults, and pillars of ice; and in another, called Jermark's Cave, Jermark is said to have long found a place of refuge previously to the subjection of Siberia. The most productive iron mines are found in the Mountain Bladogat, seventy versts from the town of Orenburg; from Leadstone Mountain to the borders of the Khrighise country; and lastly, in the mountains of Tagilsk, where the old black iron, reckoned the best, is found. In the year 1719, there were twenty-six iron mines in the range of the Urals; now there are ninety-nine mines and founderies. According to the latest accounts, these works produce seven millions of poods of cast metal, and five millions of malleable iron. Skilful miners divide the iron into three kinds; the first and best is the black iron, much of which is worked from the private mines of Barons Demidof and Jakoff. It is soft and well adapted for steel-work. The first working of the mines in the Ural range began near the river Nizza in the year 1623. In the year 1719, there were, besides the iron houses, only one silver and five copper works. Now there are thirty-five copper houses, one sulphur, and one vitriol manufactory. Of copper there are worked annually 155,000 poods. No tin is found, and few traces of lead or silver.—The chief place for the sale of these products of the country is Nischney-Novogorod. Since 1822 a new production has become of importance, viz. the gold sand of the Urals, which formerly gave considerable returns. In the spring of 1823, a commission of mines was deputed, consisting of Senator Saymonoff, and Professor Fucha, of Casan, who, in the summer, searched the whole eastern part of the Urals, and made important discoveries; so that, since that time, this production has increased in quantity, and yielded great returns. The name of Gold Sand is not quite appropriate; for it is found rather in granite, quartz, and slate, dissolved by the operation of the atmosphere, than in layers of gold and clay.—The most important of these is the dissolved quartz, in which lumps of gold of several solotniks, nay, of several pounds, are frequently found. The process of washing is not expen-

sive, and the profit, therefore, the greater. In the year 1822, there were only 22 poods washed; in 1823, there were 114 poods; and in 1824, about 286 poods—in all, 420 poods; in value, nearly twenty-one millions of rubles in banco assignations. A pood is forty pounds, and a pound contains ninety-six solotniks.—*Politisches Journal.*

Pompeii.—A beautiful fountain has lately been discovered in this city, the interior ornamented with mosaic, and with shells arranged in a somewhat whimsical manner. Four Corinthian columns are introduced as ornaments, and the whole is so beautiful, that the King of Naples has paid a personal visit to Pompeii to see the fountain. In the immediate neighbourhood of this fountain have since been discovered five glass bottles, which have been deposited in the Borbonico Museum. Upon cleaning them, one was found to contain a sort of buttery or oily substance, which appears to have originally been olive oil. In another were found a quantity of olives, preserved in a species of buttery slime. These olives, which must have been plucked in the reign of Titus, are in as perfect a state of preservation, as if they had been taken from the tree in the reign of Francis I.

Ancient Calculation.—In the Musée Royale, at Paris, is an Etruscan stone, representing a man seated before a little chess-board, on which there are three small globes. He appears about to move one of these globes with one of his hands, while in the other he holds a tablet covered with ciphers. At the edge of the stone is the word "Apcar," in Etruscan characters. Professor Orioli, of Bologna, in a dissertation on this stone, states it to be his opinion that the figure is that of a calculator, and that the ciphers are Etruscan numerals. He supposes the word appear to be abacar, derived from abacus; and that the three little globes are the abaculi spoken of by Pliny as calculi vitrei. (Book xxvi. ch. 36.) M. Orioli proceeds to endeavour to determine the value of the numerical characters traced on the tablet.

Circulation of the Blood.—M. Milne-Edwards, at the last sitting of the Société Philomatique, at Paris, read a paper by Dr. Barry, on the application of the barometer to the study of vertebral animals. When Dr. Barry communicated to the French Institute his hypothesis with respect to the cause of the circulation of the blood, which he thought he had discovered in the pressure of the atmosphere, the committee, to whom the subject was referred, while they bestowed great praise on the English doctor, objected to his hypothesis, that it did not explain the circulation of the blood in animals, which, like reptiles, swallowed the air instead of respiring it. To meet this objection, Dr. Barry contrived some experiments, by the assistance of which he can render sensible the fall of the mercury in a barometer properly placed, at the moment at which deglutition of air occurs.

Voyage round the World.—The King of France has given directions for the immediate publication of the Journal of the Voyage round

the World made during the years 1824, 1825, and 1826, by the Thetis frigate and Esperance brig, under the command of the Baron de Bougainville. It will consist of a quarto volume, and will be accompanied by an atlas of eight large maps, and thirty plates; twelve of natural history, and eighteen of views, costumes, &c.

Magnetism.—By the aid of the very sensitive magnetic needle invented by M. Lebaillif, a singular property has been discovered in bismuth and antimony. On bringing these metals near the poles of the needle, they exercise on one pole as well as on the other a very evident repulsive power. After numerous experiments they appear to be the only metals which exhibit this phenomenon.

Compression of Gas.—By some experiments which have lately been made in France, it appears that several of the gasses, submitted to a high pressure, deviate sensibly from Marriotte's law, at the moment at which they approach liquefaction; particularly the ammoniacal and cyano-genic gasses, and the sulphurous and hydro-sulphuric acids. Hydrogen gas, on the contrary, under a similar pressure (twenty atmospheres) does not give the same result. It remains united with the air.

Population of France.—According to an official statement, drawn up by the Prefects of the Departments, the whole population of France now amounts to 31,845,428 souls—that of Paris, to 890,431; Lyons, 145,000; Bourdeaux, 93,000; and Marseilles, 116,000.

New Application of the Compass.—M. Lebaillif has communicated to the French Academy an improvement in the construction of the magnetic needle, which enables him to ascertain the presence of the smallest quantity of iron in metallic alloys. The sensibility of his instrument is such, that the very small quantity of iron contained in the alloy employed in coining, is sufficient to cause a variation in the needle of seven or eight degrees.

Poetry of the Friezelanders.—Although the language of Friezeland has never been admitted among the higher ranks, and only exists in the mouths of the peasantry, yet it has had its poets. Gisbert Japiks, a schoolmaster at Bolsward, (ob. 1666,) left works behind him which are still esteemed, have gone through three editions, and procured for the poet, a few years ago, a monument in the church-yard of Bolsward. In the year 1755, Jan Althnizen gave a collection of poems in that language; but these are not much worth. The Muse of Friezeland has since slumbered; but that she has still life and voice has been recently shown by R. Posthumus (minister of Waakins.) by the publication of an Essay upon the poetry of Friezeland. The songs in praise of Friezeland deserve particular attention; for instance, a song upon Edo Jongema, and Gemma, of Burmanian. The latter was the man who refused, at Brussels, to bend his knee before Philip II., saying, "We Friezelanders kneel only to God." Tydemann gave a glossary of Friezeland words, and Observations on the Grammar, and some old ex-

pressions were published by Hoeufft in 1825.—*Conversations-blatt.*

The Burning Cliff near Weymouth.—The smell has been remarked for two or three years past; steam began to issue forth about six months since, at ten, or more different points, in the space of five yards in length, about fifty feet above the level of the sea, where it now continues on a more extended scale, with an occasional appearance of fire below the several interstices of the rocks. It has been remarked, that at spring tides the effluvia emitted is much more sulphureous and disagreeable than at other periods. The heat is now such as to kindle a fire; and, as a proof of it, a bird (shot near the spot) was literally roasted there, of which a party partook. On clearing away some of the external rubbish, and digging about three feet downwards, a stratum of coal appeared, and so hot that it was impossible to stand thereon for more than two minutes; its temperature was that of an oven, issuing an intense and suffocating smell; on removing some of this coal, the heat became so great as not to be touched by the hand; a piece of it was put on a white cotton pocket-handkerchief, which was completely singed, as if burnt by a heater; matches were made of brimstone melted by the heat of the coal, which were tried, and found to ignite on applying them to the fissures from whence the steam issued. On removing more of the external rubbish, it gave fresh vent, and the fire was distinctly seen underneath, so that pipes were lighted from the coal itself without the assistance of a match; another hole was dug about four feet distant from the principal cavity, creating a fresh current of air, and a piece of furze took fire on being applied thereon. In placing the hand in a cavity, which could only be borne for the space of half a minute, it was quite dripping with the effects of the steam, and the appearance of those cracks are quite steamy. Several pipes of tobacco were easily lighted by matches, on their being applied to the hot substance produced. A species of sulphureous coal is considered to be on fire at a considerable depth, and of great extent, thereby rendering it hollow underneath, consequently due caution need be observed on approaching to view it; the cavities are overhung by large pieces of black stone and earth, so that its foundering might prove fatal to spectators; some of this mass has already foundered into the cavities from whence the steam issues.

Literary Intelligence.

The MS. Herbal of Jean Jacques Rousseau is, we understand, for sale in London. It consists of eight volumes in 4to., containing about 800 different sorts of Plants, in a high state of preservation, with their various descriptions, in the hand-writing of J. J. Rousseau. It is extremely curious.

A very superior edition, in 6 vols. 4to. (the price not to exceed 6 guineas), of Matthew Henry's Commentary on the Old and New Testaments, with an Introduction by the Rev. E. Bickersteth, Assistant Minister of Wheler

Chapel, author of *Scripture Help*, &c. is in the press, and will be speedily published.

Early in June will be published, *Rambles in Madeira and Portugal* in the early part of 1826, with an Appendix, illustrative of the Climate, Produce, and Civil History of the Island, in post 8vo.

A Solemn Appeal to the Common Sense of England, against the Principles of the Right Hon. George Canning, and his Associates, by an English Protestant, is on the eve of publication.

Mr. J. P. Neale will, in the course of the ensuing autumn, resume the publication of his work of *Noblemen and Gentlemen's Seats*, which has been suspended for a few months, in consequence of the time required to collect views and information relative to the respective mansions.

The *Angelo Anecdotes*, containing Memoirs of the celebrated Fencing Master, Angelo, from the middle of the last Century to the present time, with a multitude of Contemporary Notices, will be shortly published.

We perceive in the second edition of "Death's Doings," a considerable accession of letter-press and of new plates to illustrate it. The work is no favourite of ours, and we think it not at all the better for the six pages of laudatory criticism which introduce it, extracted from Bell's *Life* in London, and several other equally notable authorities. We have ourselves known of instances, where the same individual has written *puffs* of the same work in ten different newspapers, and these *puffs* we have seen appended to advertisements of the work, for the purpose of leading the public to suppose, that they expressed the unsolicited and concurrent opinions of ten unconnected literary tribunals. But the eyes of the public, of the reading public at least, are now opened to these arts; and the days of puff, like those of hair powder, are nearly gone by. We must do Mr. Dagley, however, the justice to say, that his second edition, which he has judiciously divided into two volumes, is very much superior to the first, and that those who were pleased with the one, cannot fail to be still more amused with the other.

A foreign Quarterly Review and Continental Literary Miscellany, which is to be exclusively devoted to foreign literature, has been announced.

The Rev. J. A. Ross is preparing a translation from the German of Hirsch's *Geometry*, uniform with his translation of Hirsch's *Algebra*.

A translation of some of the most popular Fairy Tales from the German is in the press; they will be illustrated by Cruikshank.

We understand that a new work is in preparation, to be entitled "The Theological Encyclopedia," embracing every topic connected with Biblical Criticism and Theology.

This seems to be the "age of reviews." We have a prospectus before us of "The Jurist; a Quarterly Journal of Jurisprudence and Legislation;" a work which, if well executed, would be extremely useful.

The Abate Romani has just completed his General Dictionary of Italian Synonimes, published at Milan; a work very much wanted, and of the greatest utility to the Italian scholar.

The society of publishers of the Italian classics, at Milan, having completed their edition of the great works on the arts, by the celebrated Visconti, viz. the two *Iconographies* and the *Museo Pio-Clementino*, have begun the publication of his minor works, mostly inedited or become very scarce. The learned Dr. Labus, of Brescia, superintends this edition, which will come out in numbers, and consist of four vols. 8vo.

The *Biografia universale antica e moderna*, which is in course of publication at Venice, has reached its thirty-first vol.—letters L. A.

A new Medical Journal has been announced by Dr. Strambio, of Milan, under the title of *Giornale critico de Medicina Italiana*. "His object," the Doctor says, "is to rescue the medical science in Italy from the state of anarchy into which it has fallen, in consequence of the exclusive doctrines of *Stimolo* and *Contrastimolo*."

A statistical, topographical, and historical Atlas of the Papal States, on a new plan, has been published at Rome, by Count Trestour, in thirteen sheets, one for each province, with the most minute account of the extent, population, soil, productions, and climate, as well as of the administration, commerce, industry, revenues, courts of justice, ecclesiastical authorities, with chronological tables, &c. On the map are accurately marked the roads, distances, stages, and resting places, which renders the work useful to travellers, as well as interesting to the general scholar.

A new edition of the collection of the *Scriptores Historie Byzantine*, is now publishing, under the direction of the Privy Counsellor of State, Niebuhr. Besides other encouragements to the completion of the great work, the Government has ordered it to be subscribed for, for all the public libraries in the Prussian dominions, as well as those of the Universities as of all the Gymnasias, and other learned institutions.

The two very splendid libraries of the Rev. Theodore Williams and of Mr. Dent, were sold by auction during the preceding month. Some of the most beautiful specimens of ancient and costly printing that we have in this country, and several invaluable manuscripts, were purchased at these sales. The prices were such as to show, that the appetite for those literary treasures is far from having subsided in England.

In a few days will be ready, *Belmour, a Tale of High Life*, in 2 vols. post 8vo. By the Hon Anne Seymour Damer.

An English Translation of the celebrated Chinese Novel—*Ja-Kiao-Li*, is announced to appear in a few days.

In the press, the *Memoirs of Lord Collingwood*, with the noble Admiral's Correspondence on various occasions.